April 9, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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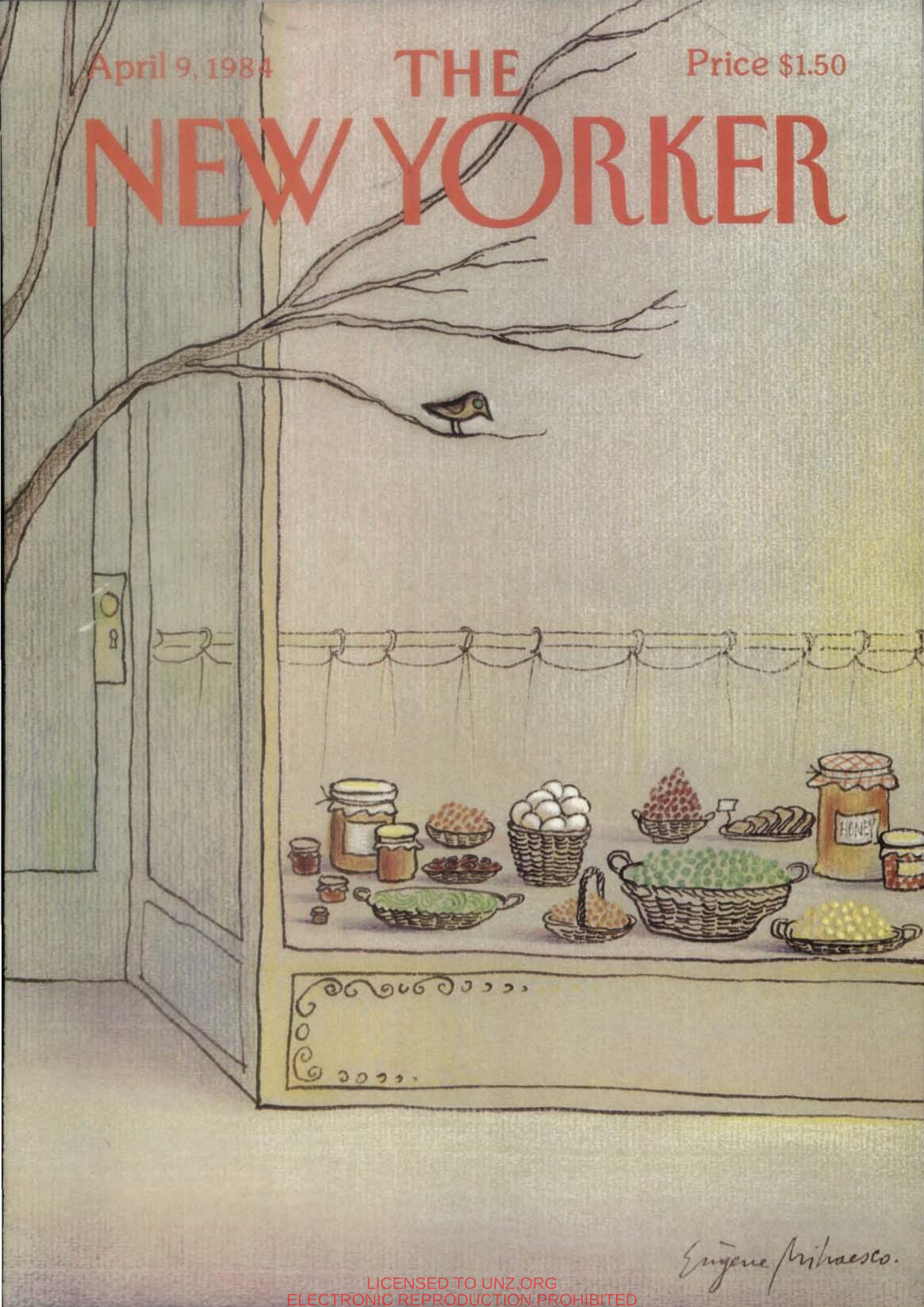
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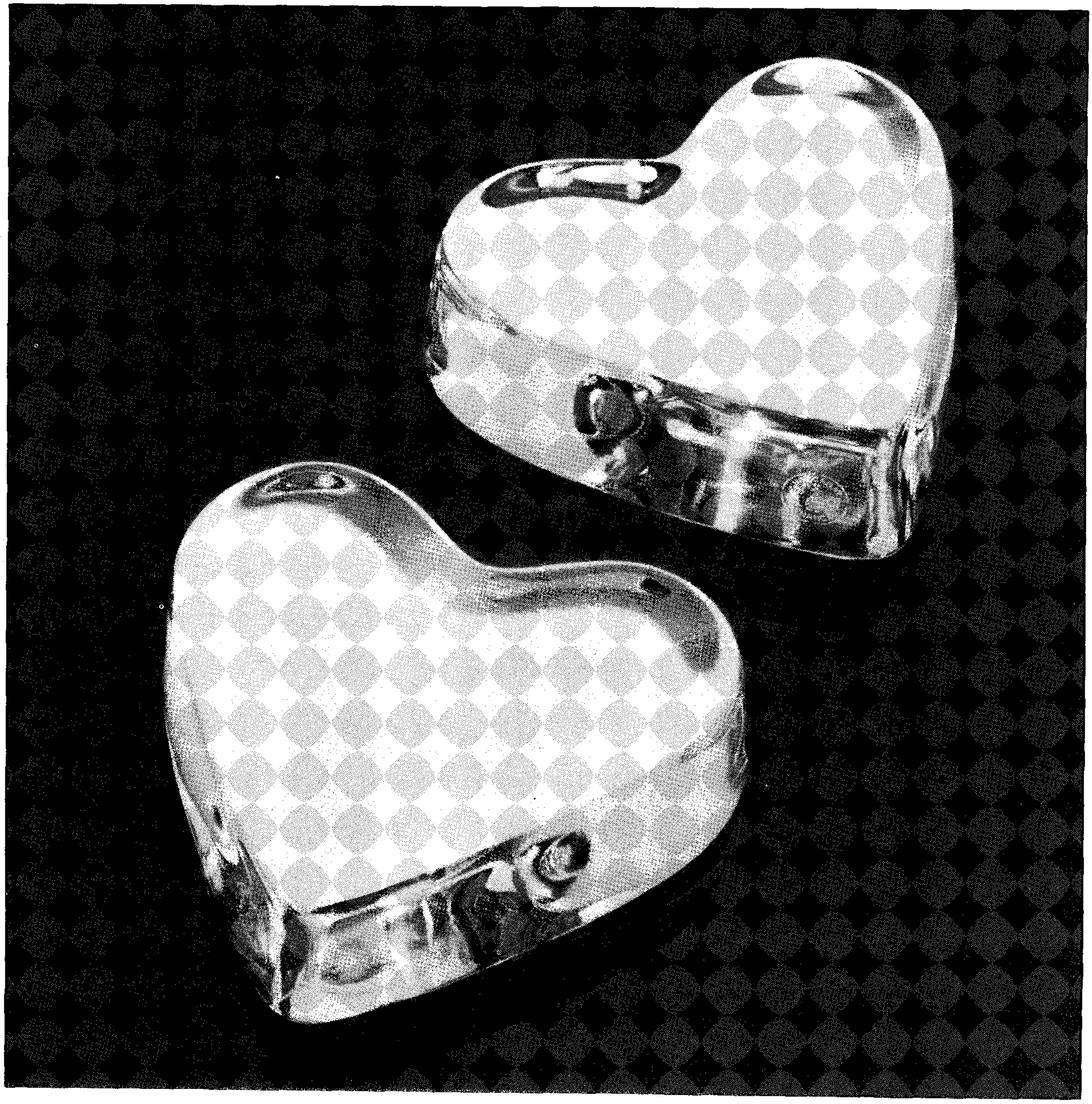

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A pleasant comedy about life in England during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor and directed by Terry Kinney. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Awake and Sing!—A revival of a play that is almost half a century old and that shows its age. Still, what a pleasingly ardent and optimistic writer Odets was at twenty-eight! The present production fails him on almost every count. (3/19/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a cheering musical for doctors if not for lay people. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cinders—This play, by the exiled Polish dramatist Janusz Glowacki, is set in a girls' reform school whose Orwellian atmosphere is enhanced by the arrival of a film director and his crew to make a documentary movie based on "Cinderella." With Lucinda Jenney, Robin Gammell, and George Guidall, among others. (3/5/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play written and directed by John Bishop, **the harvesting**, is the fourth in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 29.)

Death of a Salesman—Arthur Miller's thirty-five-year-old play about a sorry little failed salesman from Brooklyn remains as affecting as ever in this admirable production. The big cast is headed by Dustin Hoffman and, yes, he is just as memorable as Lee J. Cobb in the role of Willy Loman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fen—In spite of fine performances by Pamela Reed, Ellen Parker, and David Strathairn, among other American actors, Caryl Churchill's play about a farming community in East Anglia has lost some of its original mystery and force. Even so, there are many good scenes. Les Waters was the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Flight of the Earls—A play by Christopher Humble, with Christine Estabrook and Timothy Landfield. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fraternity—A play by Jordan Budde. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Thursday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Age—A new play by A. R. Gurney, Jr., with Irene Worth, Stockard Channing, and Jeff Daniels. John Tillinger is the director. Previews through Wednesday, April 11. Opens officially on Thursday, April 12. (Jack Lawrence Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Hell of a Town—Peter Riegert and Joanna Gleason in a two-character comedy by Monte Merrick. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hey, Ma . . . Kaye Ballard—A musical starring and written by Kaye Ballard. Original music and lyrics by David Levy and Leslie Eberhard, plus standards by George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and others. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Human Comedy—A musical adaptation of William Saroyan's novel of the same name, with music by Galt MacDermot, libretto by William Dumaresq, and direction by Wilford Leach. Previews Wednesday, April 4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was original-

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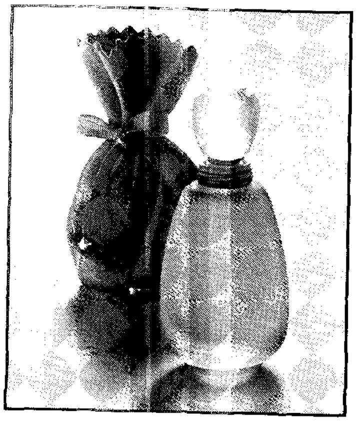

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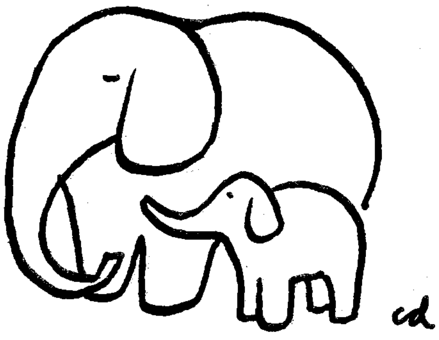
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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ly. With Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Chip Zien. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A revival of the 1970 musical, with some new material by the original lyricist, Will Holt, and composer, Gary William Friedman. Preview Wednesday, April 4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS;** Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST,** starring Geraldine Page; and John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN.** (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of **COLORED PEOPLE'S TIME,** by Leslie Lee, is the final production of the season. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 8, at 7:30.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 9, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rockaby—The presence of the witty and wonderful English actress Billie Whitelaw makes a special occasion of these three brief, extraordinary plays by Samuel Beckett. (2/27/84) (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 22.)

Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Talking Band—Presenting a repertory of two plays by Sidney Goldfarb. A return engagement of **HOT LUNCH APOSTLES,** with music by Sybille Hayn, Ellen Maddow, and Harry Mann: Saturday and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. . . . **PEDRO PARAMO,** based on a novel by Juan Rulfo: Wednesday through Friday at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—The ghost of a woman, dead for two years, continues to appear to her husband, who is immobilized by grief, and eventually straightens him out. The play, by Michael Brady, despite some good lines, may prove too sweet for most palates, but the performance is commendable. With Richmond Hoxie, Frances Conroy, David Rasche, and Noelle Parker, among others. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Performances in English on Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:30, and Wednesdays at 2:30 and 8:30; in French on Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

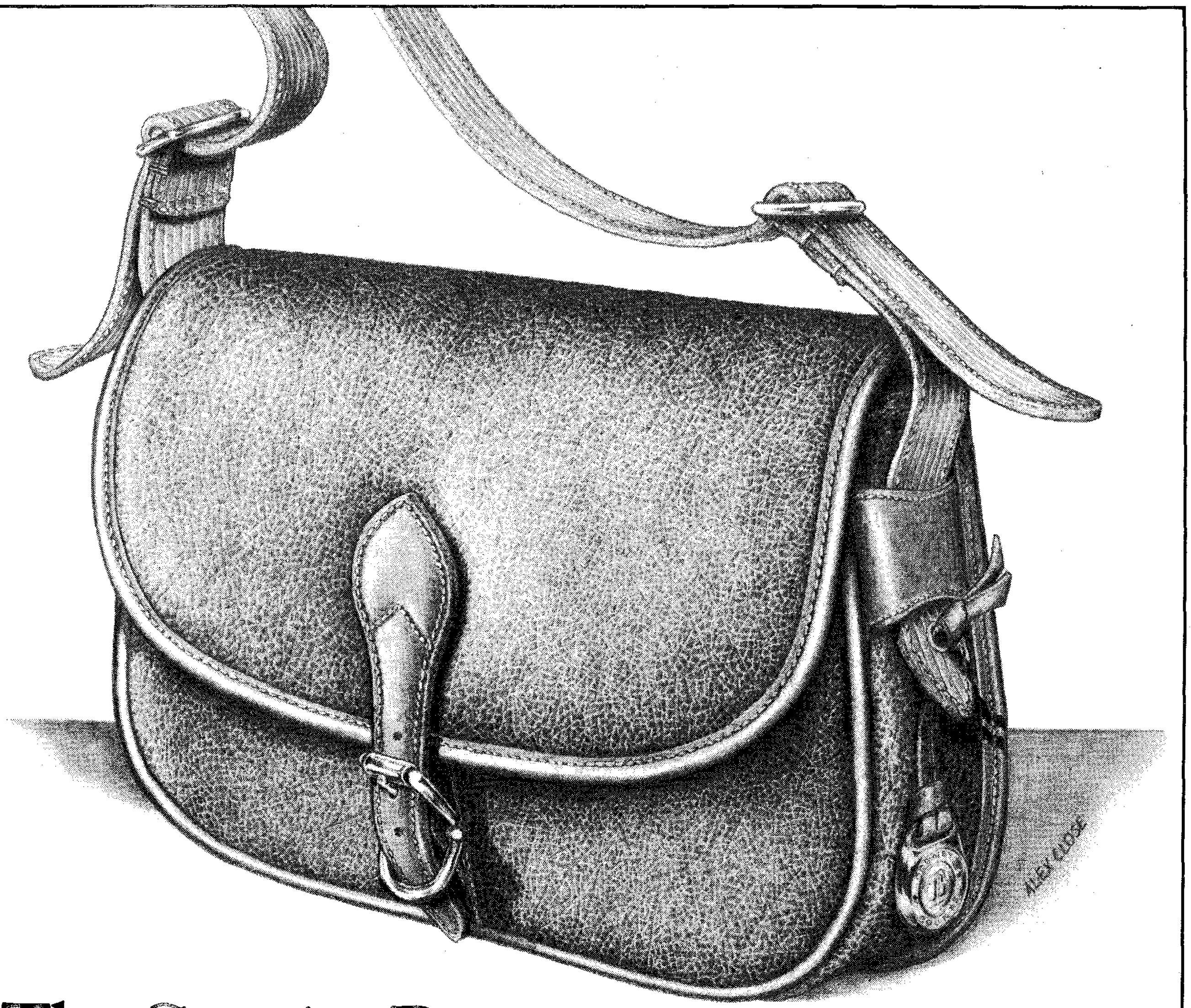
Woza Albert!—Percy Mtwa and Mbongeni Ngema, two adroit African actors, are the entire cast and also the authors (with their director, Barney Simon) of this spirited, heartfelt play about the coming of Christ to South Africa. (3/5/84) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. An oddly woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BECKETT PLAYS:** Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,960 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON YOUR TOES:** Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Philip Astor as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Charles Adler substitutes for Mr. Astor at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey in their annual paean to spring. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 4, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 5, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 6,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 1:30; Saturday, April 7, at 10:30 and 2:30; *Sunday, April 8, at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday,* April 10, at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesday, April 11, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 12, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 13, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, April 14, at 10:30 and 2:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the five-thirty performance on Sunday, April 8, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley *denizens. The lyrics to the song* parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Carey Cromelin, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting performances of "Ruddigore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, at 8; Saturday, April 7, at 3 and 8; Sunday, April 8, at 2; Friday, April 13, at 8; Saturday, April 14, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, April 15, at 2 and 7.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA *GREEK* DRAMA GROUP—Presenting Euripides' "Electra," in Greek. (Piccolo Teatro, Casa Italiana, Amsterdam Ave. at 116th St. Thursday, April 5, at 8; Friday, April 6, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, April 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-7171.)

DANCE

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, April 4: "Diggity," "Nightshade," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 5: "Diggity," ". . . Byzantium," and "Mercuric Tidings." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 6, and Wednesday evening, April 11: "Images," "Lost, Found and Lost," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 7, and Thursday evening, April 12: "Airs," "Big Bertha," "Duet from 'Lento,'" and ". . . Byzantium." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 8, and Saturday evening, April 14: "Arden Court," "Runes," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 10, and Friday evening, April 13: "Equinox," "Snow White," "Profiles," and "Esplanade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, April 15.)

FELD BALLET—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 13—Tuesday, April 10, at 7: "Straw Hearts," "Intermezzo," and "The Jig Is Up" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: "Anatomic Balm," "Summer's Lease," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday, April 13, at 8: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8: "The Consort," "Adieu" (première), and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

KARMON DANCE COMPANY OF ISRAEL—Final performances. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday, April 4, at 2 and 8; Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 2 and 7.)

ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, April 10, at 7; Saturday, April 14, at 8; and Sunday, April 15, at 2: "L'Estro Armonico," "Moments Shared," "Translucent Tones," "Lento, a Tempo e Appassionato," and "Pas d'Action." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 8, and Saturday, April 14, at 2: "Giselle." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

JOFFREY II DANCERS—Presenting five programs of new and repertory works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday, April 5, at 7; Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8; and Sunday, April 8, at 3 and 8.)

PILAR RIOJA—Programs of flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées at 3. Through Sunday, April 29.)

Anne Burgess

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KATHRYN POSIN DANCE COMPANY—Two premières—"Cast the First Stone" and "Koyaanisquatsi"—and "Galena Summit." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, April 5-8, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY—"Signals / Alarms," "Suite for Four," and "Jocose." (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Thursday through Saturday, April 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, April 5, and Saturday April 7, at 8, and Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and *night-club proprietors live complicated lives* that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is singing a program of Broadway show tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, **DAKOTA STATON** will turn up to sing some satisfyingly bluesy, up-tempo numbers; on Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** will be aboard with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**STANLEY TURRENTINE,** a compelling, funky tenor saxophonist whose music is accessible, fun, and sounds great on a car radio, leads his combo through Sunday, April 8; on Tuesday, April 10, tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will move in. Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions Tuesdays through Sundays; on Monday, April 9, *there'll be an early jam session, starting at* ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Wednesday, April 4, folksinger **TOM PAXTON** and Claudia Schmidt; Thursday and Friday, April 5-6, Van Dyke Parks and Michael O'Donoghue; Saturday, April 7, soul stirrers **SAM & DAVE** and the Nighthawks; Wednesday, April 11, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY** and blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND;** Friday, April 13, the **BUDDY RICH** big band; and Saturday, April 14, singer Julie Budd. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** work together through Saturday, April 7; on Monday, April 9, pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** will begin a six-night visit. Music from nine-forty-five. *Dining.*

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a very, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madision Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious between-songs patter—about herself, about Frank Sinatra, about Johnny Mercer (to whom she's paying tribute right now), or about anything at all—can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. She's in the Café Carlyle with pianist **TONY MONTE,** bassist **STEVE LA SPINA,** *and drummer* **AKIRA TANA** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmens Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** whose piano style was influenced by Tatum *and Chopin, performs nightly,* except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Thursday, *April* 5, Phillip Johnston's Idea and Chemical Wedding; Friday, April 6, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION,** Academy, and Regressive Aid; Saturday, April 7, Soviet Sex and the Service; Sunday, April 8, Mark Johnson and the Spencers; and Tuesday, April 10, Kid Trust, Bam Bam, and the United Statz. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**LORD BURGESS** sings songs of the Caribbean Tuesdays through Saturdays; **CARRIE SMITH,** a satisfyingly strong-voiced interpreter of blues, jazz, gospel, and Bessie Smith material, *can be heard Sundays and Mondays.* Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen; on Friday, April 6, at ten and eleven-thirty. Comedian-actor **JACK GILFORD** will give a special performance on Friday, April 6, at nine. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, April 4, John Bottomley; Thursday, April 5, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA,** guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG,** and company; Saturday, April 7, the Double Decker String Band; Thursday, April 12, Darol Anger & Mike Marshall; and Saturday, April 14, Walt Michael & Company. Music from nine on Saturdays and Thursday, April 12, and from eight on Thursday, April 5.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, April 8, the George Anders quartet will be present. Mondays and Tuesdays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; *and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio* performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Pianist and singer **MICHEL LEGRAND** will be accompanied by **RON CARTER** on bass and **GRADY TATE** on drums through Sunday, April 8; on Tuesday, April 10, folksinger **ODETTA** will take over. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, April 4, at eight and eleven, **BOYS OF THE LOUGH;** Thursday, April 5, at nine, Billy Jones; Friday, April 6, at eight and eleven, **MOSE ALLISON;** Saturday, April 7, at eight and eleven, Frank Maya & the Maya Choir; Sunday, April 8, at nine, Jane Brucker; Wednesday, April 11, at nine, Lenny Kaye; Thursday, April 12, at eight and eleven, singer-guitarist **PIERRE BENSUSAN;** Friday, April 13, at eight and eleven, Dave Swarbrick & Simon Nicol; and Saturday, April 14, at eight and eleven, Rachel Faro.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER;** Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, singer Val Eley; Sunday and Monday, April 8-9, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Tuesday through Thursday, April 10-12, pianist **RAHN BURTON'S** duo; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**ATTILA ZOLLER** and **JIMMY RANEY,** perhaps the best jazz guitarists to come out of Hungary and Kentucky, respectively, work together Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** performs with bassist John Belzaguy; Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten, and the same hours on Sundays are devoted to **BROOKS KERR.**

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist Keith MacDonald will be present through Sunday, April 8; Tuesday through Saturday, April 10-14, have been allotted to pianist Cyril Haynes. Monday's pianist is **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, April 7, and **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Tuesday, April 10. Music from ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The partial lineup: Wednesday, April 4, the Radiators and Topper Lilien; Thursday, April 5, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL** and Swing Fever; Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, Steel Angel and the Carter Brothers Band; and Sunday, April 8, **SLEEPY LABEEF.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his quartet, Alto Madness, are here through Sunday, April 8; pianist **GIL EVANS** will bring in his band on Tuesday, April 10. Mondays are devoted to pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S** New York Jazz Band, featuring tenor saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN.** Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Estelle Reiner performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Wednesdays through Fridays from five to seven, there's a jazz session presided over by **DICK SUDHALTER, MARTY NAPOLEON, FRANK TATE,** and **FRED STOLL.** Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The lineup: Wednesday, April 4, pianist **DANNY MIXON;** Thursday, April 5, Mirage; Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Monday, April 9, Jump Street; Tuesday, April 10, Love by Millions; and Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, benefit nights, with guitarist George Benson's band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, April 4, Peter Bliss, 3 Hearts to Kill, and Captured; Thursday, April 5, Street the Beat, Silver, Kim Parent, and Shirley Stewart; Friday, April 6, Dean Friedman, Bricks Mortar, the Janie Barnett band, and Syntax Error; Saturday, April 7, the Falgares, the Bandits, and **C-SHARPE;** Sunday, April 8, P. L. Courage and Silent Men; Monday, April 9, East of Fairmount, the Richie Blank band, and the Blokes; Wednesday, April 11, Michael Shaw, Rob Kramer, Off-Sync, and Feedback; Thursday, April 12, Decoca & Hot Chocolate and Right of Way; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at nine and midnight, **KENNY RANKIN.** Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, April 6, Let's Active; Saturday, April 7, the Del-Lords; and Friday, April 13, Green on Red and the Long Riders. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-9090)—Bassist **BOB HAGGART** leads his orchestra through Sunday, April 8; on Tuesday, April 10, **SY OLIVER,** trumpeter, arranger, and Professor of the Bounce, will return with his band. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Friday, April 6, Midnight Oil; Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, **GEORGE CLINTON & THE P-FUNK ALLSTARS;** and Saturday, April 14, Modern English. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, April 4, Ell's Kitchen; Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON'S** quartet; Monday, April 9, the Chuck Loeb–Carmen Questa band, with bassist **WILL LEE;** Tuesday, April 10, Ed Palermo's big band; Wednesday, April 11, the Fred Lite band; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, singer **SYBIL THOMAS.** Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

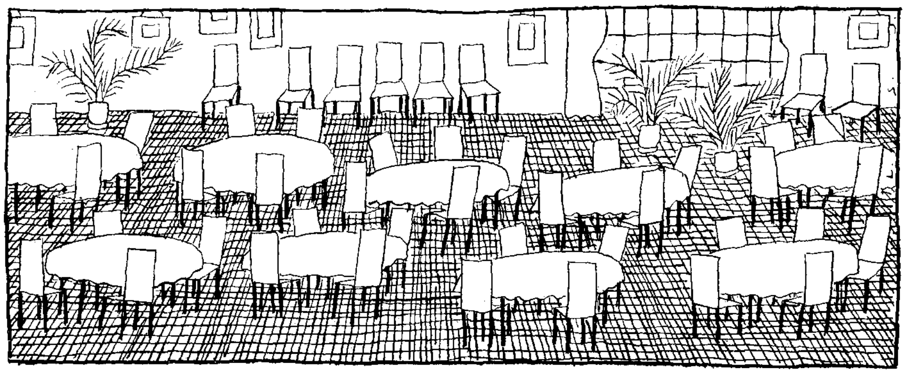
Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, April 4, **JORGE DALTO AND THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND;** Thursday, April 5, Mikata; Friday, April 6, the African Connection; Saturdays, **LOREMIL MACHADO AND THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, April 10, Corriente Caliente; Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, **OLATUNJI;** and Friday, April 13, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS** directs a quartet through Saturday, April 7; on Sunday, April 8, there will be a salute to Duke Ellington by saxophonists **NORRIS TURNEY, HAROLD ASHBY,** and **JOE TEMPERLEY** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS'** trio; and alto saxophonist **BENNY CARTER** arrives on Tuesday, April 10. Mondays are given over to South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his group, which features saxophonist **CARLOS WARD.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues hangout. Thursday, April 5, Firesign, an R. & B. band; Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, Loup Gurou, a Cajun outfit; Monday, April 9, pocket trumpeter **DON CHERRY;** Thursday, April 12, the Radiators; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, Buster Poindexter (a.k.a. **DAVID JOHANSEN**). Wednesdays belong to rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY.** Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on April 9, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and **JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ** will share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN.** Fridays, April 6 and 13, after midnight, are reserved for tap dancer **HAROLD NICHOLAS,** the Norma Miller Jazz Dancers, and **EDDIE BAREFIELD'S** Savoy Stompers. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** team up every night but Monday, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also here on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St., (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** and his quintet, featuring pianist **JOHN HICKS,** play through Sunday, April 8; on Tuesday, April 10, **JAMES MOODY,** tenor saxophonist, flutist, singer, and humorist, will move in with his foursome.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music after ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. *The musicians: Mondays through* Wednesdays Jim McNamara; Thursday through Sunday, April 5-8, Ted Chavis; and Thursday through Sunday, April 12-15, Sonelius Smith. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Don Lanphere heads a combo through Tuesday, April 10; trumpeter **BILL BERRY** will be here with his band Wednesday through Saturday, April 11-14. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists, bassists, and guitarists in it. Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** collaborate through Saturday, April 7; guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist Gary Mazzaroppi will perform Tuesday through Saturday, April 10-14. Sundays belong to bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts, and Mr. Roberts plays solo on Mondays. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GIORA FEIDMAN KLEZMER—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.

HELLMAN'S ANGELS—St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, April 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

RENAISSANCE—With Dave Mason. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 6, at 8.

ANTHONY DAVIS—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.

HANK DOUGHTY–RAY ABRAMS BIG BAND—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, April 8, at 2:30. For tickets, call 722-8223.

THEODORE BIKEL—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, April 8, at 3.

THOMPSON TWINS—Beacon Theatre. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 14, at 8.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The fourth in a series of five programs entitled "The Golden Decade of Song: The Tuneful Thirties," this one featuring Celeste Holm (narrator), Bobbi Baird, Priscilla Baskerville, Irving Barnes, and Willam Roy. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, April 8, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, April 9, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Thursday, April 5: Shockabilly with Eugene Chadbourne. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6: Urban Blight. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-life, figure, and portrait drawings dating from the fifties to the present. Through April 28. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Constructions. Through April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

FERNANDO BOTERO—Drawings in charcoal and in red chalk. Through May 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Cobras, chickens, lizards, Krishna, magic eyes, gongs, and songbirds are among the West and East Indian symbols incorporated in this new crop of pictographic paintings. Through April 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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ROBERT DE NIRO / JOHN R. GRABACH (1880-1981)—Semi-abstract still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes. Through Saturday, April 7. / Landscapes, cityscapes, and portraits. Through May 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Early abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 14. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Semi-abstract watercolor landscapes that reflect this German artist's recent trip through the American West. Through April 21. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JUAN NICKFORD—Stylized sculptures, evoking figures, in highly polished burnished metal. Through April 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

PETER PASSUNTINO / ARMANDO LONDOÑO—Fantasy paintings. / Works on paper depicting chairs. Through April 27. (Séguy, 61 W. 62nd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 7.)

THIJS RINSEMA (1877-1947)—Drawings, collages, and collage boxes, all abstractions, by a Dutch artist who also collaborated with van Doesburg and Schwitters. Through April 28. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

LARRY RIVERS—Oils, collages, and works on paper from the sixties. Through April 28. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOHN WALKER—Paintings. Through April 19. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

CHRISTOPHER WILMARTH—Sculptures in which simple forms are worked in glass and steel or bronze, primarily; also paintings and works on paper. The pieces fall into the period 1961-84. Through April 19. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Italian, Dutch, and Flemish baroque paintings, twenty-nine in all. Through May 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings and some sculptures representing more than three dozen American artists; chronologically the works range from 1752 (Joseph Blackburn) to 1942 (Arthur Dove). Through April 21. . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Alexej Jawlensky, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee. Through May 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by artists (Thomas Cole, Mary Cassatt, Walt Kuhn, and others) active in such movements as the Hudson River School, Impressionism, and modernism. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings, the majority pencil, by ten contemporary artists—Akira Arita, Simon Dinnerstein, Richard Hamwi, Nancy Lawton, and others. Through April 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS / KENNETH SNELSON—Abstract paintings. / Panoramic photographs, nearly four feet long, of Venice. Through April 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SIEGFRIED ANZINGER AND HUBERT SCHMALIX—Expressionist paintings by two young Viennese artists. Through April 21. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT BIRMELIN—Realist paintings of sidewalk dramas seen out of the corner of the eye; something has just happened, probably unpleasant, but you're not sure what. Through Saturday, April 14. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LOUISA CHASE—Large, colorful new paintings in which hands, feet, or torsos can be made out through a scrim of cross-hatching. Through April 21. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT—Cast-paper masks housed in Plexiglas boxes. Through April 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

TONY CRAGG—Architectural forms, landscapes, and figures composed from all manner of found objects, by a British sculptor. Through Saturday, April 14. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

STUART DIAMOND—Painted constructions combining found objects, terra-cotta, and wood. Through April 28. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

ÖYVIND FAHLSTRÖM (1928-76)—Seven painted works, with the movable magnetic cutouts for which he was known. Through April 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL FILMUS—Romantic paintings of the Berkshires. Through April 28. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

AL HELD—Geometric drawings in colored pencil, all executed eight years ago. Through Saturday, April 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Painted-metal sculptures in various abstract shapes that are accented with, in one case, a cast-iron dog, or, in another, real antlers. Through May 3. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MICHAEL LOEW—Geometric paintings and drawings. Through April 28. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

ANDREW LORD—Sculptural permutations of a jug and dish. Through April 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

ANN MCCOY—Fantasy drawings in colored pencil, the largest (nine feet by twenty-seven) showing an ancient Celtic barge embarking for the underworld with a load of sacred pagan creatures. There are also small, related bronzes. Through April 21. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

EUGÈNE MIHAESCO—Drawings and paintings ranging from political illustrations to quixotic watercolors, many of which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. Through Saturday, April 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

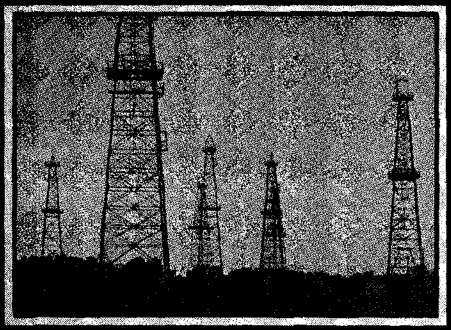
KENNETH NOLAND—Painted monotypes. Through May 5. (Prats, 29 W. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA (1902-82)—A group of the subdued abstractions for which the artist was famous. Through April 28. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

DARRAGH PARK—Still-lifes, landscapes, and cityscapes. Through April 28. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951—Etchings. Through Saturday, April 14. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PAUL THEK—Small acrylics on canvas board:



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MERCEDES-BENZ

The new gasoline-powered 190E 2.3 Sedan for 1984. It is designed to do anything a "sports sedan" can do—but

The new 190 Class: the quickest reflexes Mercedes-Benz has ever built into a sedan.

THE ADVENT of the new 190 Class marks the advent of an automotive phenomenon.

This $24,000* Mercedes-Benz sedan–in gasoline-powered 190E 2.3 and 190D 2.2 diesel versions alike–is as supremely civilized an automobile as any that has ever borne the name. Yet its over-the-road performance is fully as exhilarating as any sports car or so-called sports sedan sold today.

REVELATIONS ON A WINDING ROAD

Its 104.9-inch wheelbase, its 14½-foot length and its under 2,700 lb. weight help define the 190 Class as a new equation of space and mass and energy–the trimmest and lightest Mercedes-Benz sedan of the modern era.

Its new multilink independent rear suspension meanwhile defines the term "breakthrough." Each rear wheel is precisely located by five individual links, positioned according to the principles of *spatial kinematics* and meant to maintain each wheel constantly in an ideal relationship to the road.

Rear wheel "steering" tendencies are thus eliminated. "That means the back goes where *you* want it to go," explains one automotive journalist, "instead of where *it* wants to go. That, in turn, means better handling at no sacrifice in ride."

Small wonder that *Road & Track* has ventured the opinion that the new 190 Class "will challenge some of the finest sports sedans in the world on just about any road you choose."

The praise might be taken further yet. Of all the superbly roadworthy production cars Mercedes-Benz has ever built, this may be the most superbly roadworthy of all. As one quick run down a stretch of winding road can prove, far more eloquently than words.

ALMOST A RACING ENGINE

With its cross-flow cylinder head, hemispherical combustion chambers and overhead camshaft, the 190E's new 2.3-liter four-cylinder gasoline engine might almost be taken for a pure racing design. Nothing about its smoothness or torque suggests the typical four–nor does its test-track maximum of 115 mph-plus. Controlling it is an innovative fuel injection system *combining* the wizardry of electronics with the simplicity of a mechanical operation; Mercedes-Benz steals a march on the industry again.

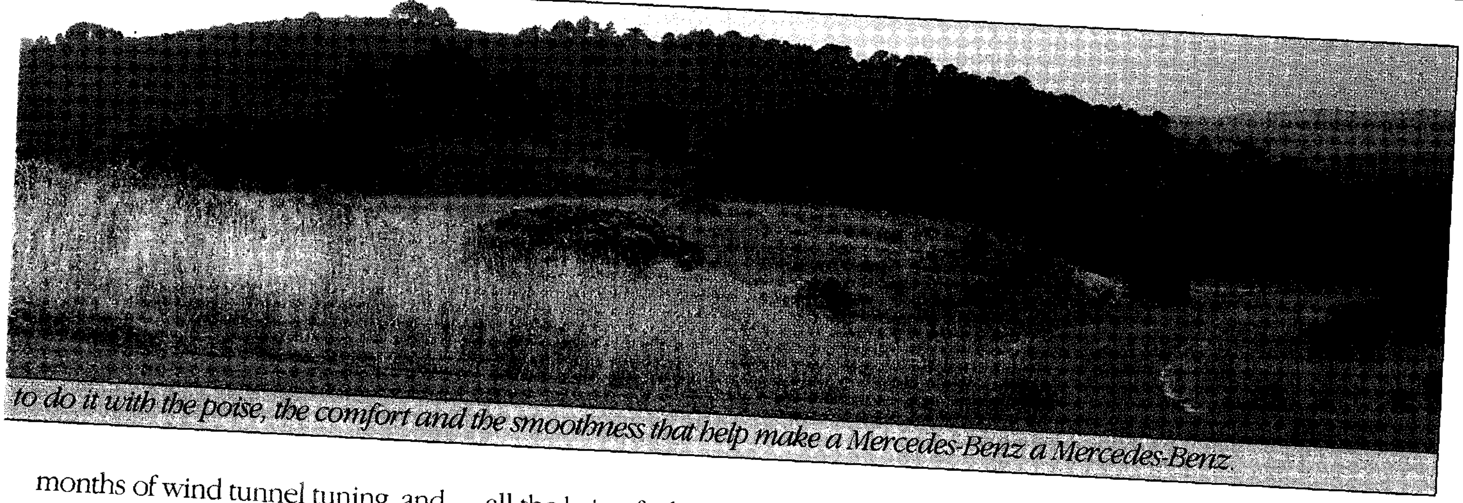
The 190D 2.2 Sedan not only introduces a brand-new four-cylinder diesel engine, but places it in new surroundings: *encapsulated* within sound-deadening paneling, even underneath. Factory tests reveal a drop in noise emissions of five decibels.

You can choose between five-speed manual and four-speed automatic versions of either model. Both are designed for quick shifting and spirited driving. The new hydraulically controlled torque-converter automatic, with its tunnel-mounted lever, can be flicked through the gears in manual fashion whenever you choose.

One of the key functional advances of the new 190 Class is its shape. It emerged not from a styling salon but from nine cumulative

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. ©1983 Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, N.J.

190E/190D



to do it with the poise, the comfort and the smoothness that help make a Mercedes-Benz a Mercedes-Benz.

months of wind tunnel tuning, and emerged with a 0.35 coefficient of aerodynamic drag–for comparison, within .01 of the sleek new two-seater Chevrolet Corvette. Even the forged light-alloy wheels play their aerodynamic part. They are flat, smooth, wind-cheating discs.

The 190 Class performs with all the brio of what is called a sports sedan, but, in truth, it is too versatile and practical a design to be one. Into that 14½-foot wedge have been cut four wide-opening doors. Inside is provided passenger space for five. There is even a large (i.e., 11.7 cubic foot) trunk. Inducements enough for the sports sedan aficionado to graduate at last to a Mercedes-Benz.

"GOOD SEATS. STRONG SEATS. MERCEDES SEATS." *–Autoweek*

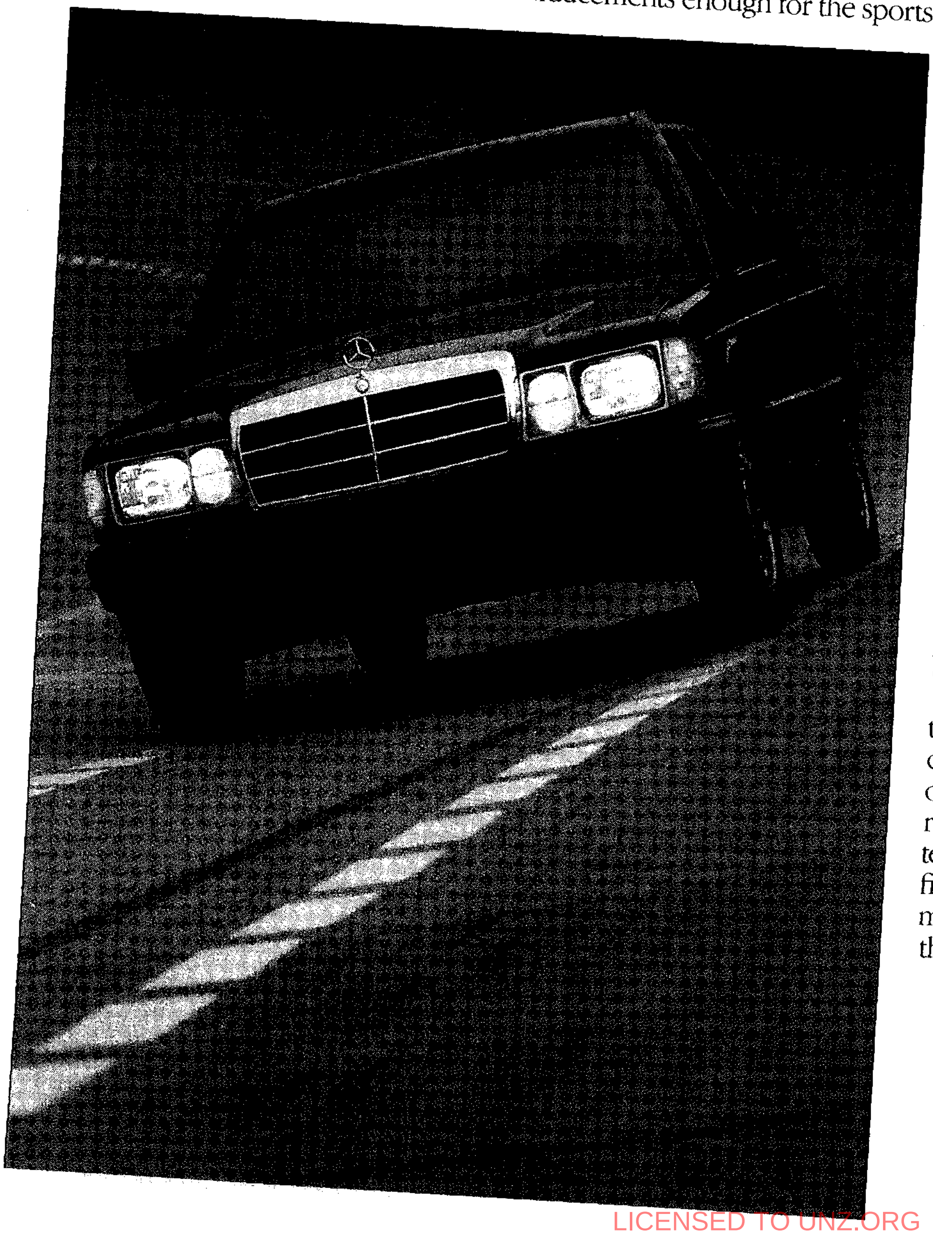
Interior design and layout are pure Mercedes-Benz–from steel-sprung, deeply padded front bucket seats, to almost three and a half feet of front legroom, to fillets of hand-finished wood trim.

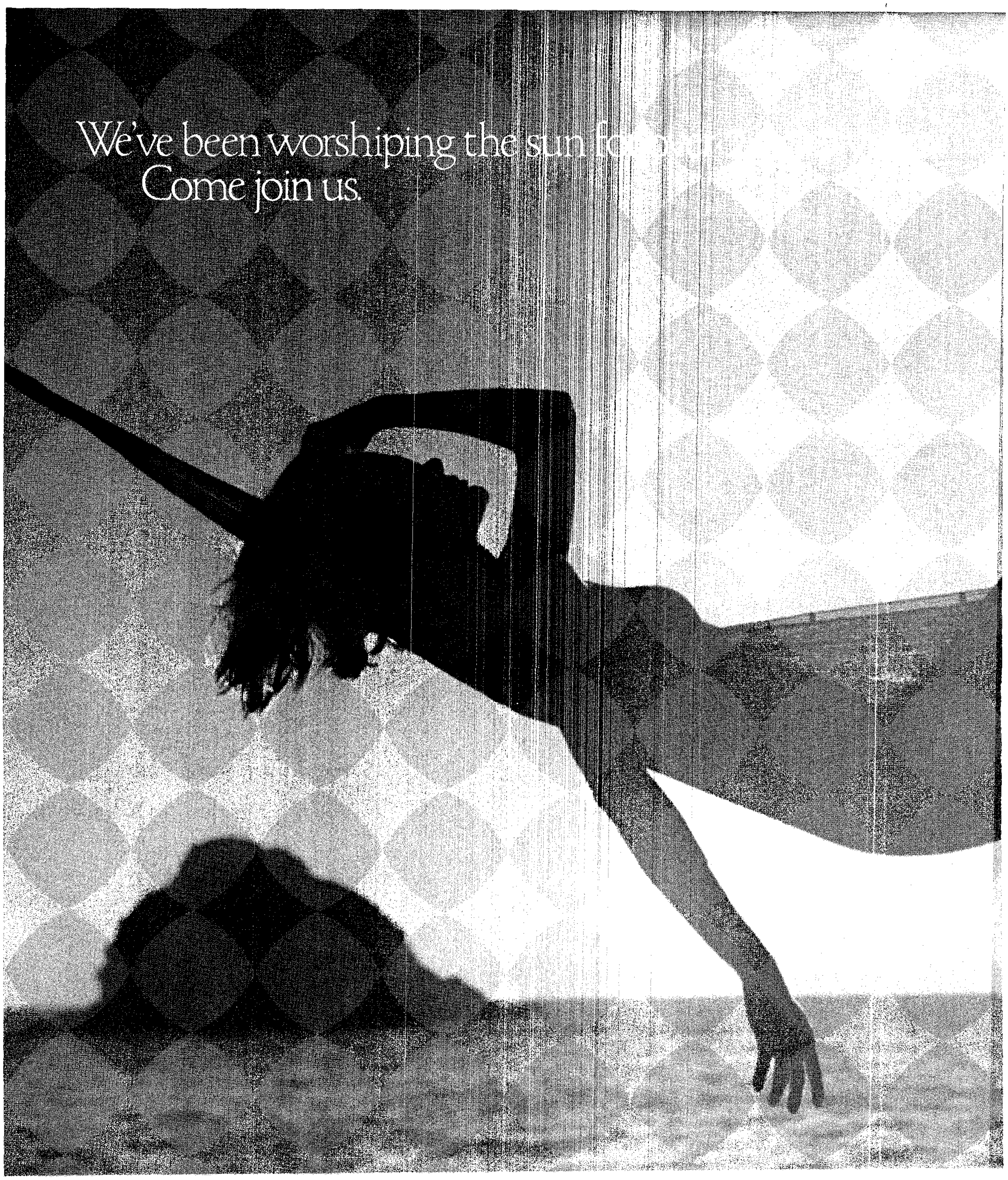
Your $24,000 brings you, among other things, an exhaustive list of amenities and conveniences as standard equipment. Even the electric sliding roof is a non-extra-cost option in the 190 Class.

Wind noise is suppressed to near silence at highway speeds by aerodynamic design and by scrupulous fitting of every door and window. A *second* firewall between the engine and passenger compartment serves to help muffle engine noise. Rattling and squeaking sounds are obviated by welding of the body and chassis into a rigid, single structural unit. Road rumble from beneath is soaked up by a 39-lb. blanket of plasticized undercoat.

The new 190 Class represents the most extensive research and development effort in the history of Mercedes-Benz. What has resulted from that decade of technological exploration and refinement ranks as one of the most remarkable automobiles in the history of Mercedes-Benz.

Engineered like no other car in the world




We've been worshiping the sun for [illegible]
Come join us.

Mexico's golden sun shines all year round, on over 6,000 miles of uncrowded beaches–from the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, all the way to the Pacific. And every beach is blessed by Mexico's incomparable vacation climate–from warm tropical sun and cool ocean breezes, to the pure, dry desert air of the Baja coast. Whether you come to enjoy our famous beach resorts–like Acapulco, Cancun, Puerto Vallarta and Ixtapa–or find a private stretch of sand all your own, there's a world of pleasure waiting under Mexico's sun. Like ancient ruins to explore. Markets brimming with handmade crafts. Enticing regional cuisines. And a people warm as the sun. So come sun worship with us, in Mexico. Where the sun's in season all year long. Our beaches are only a few hours away, with convenient flights from most major American cities. See your local travel agent for more information.

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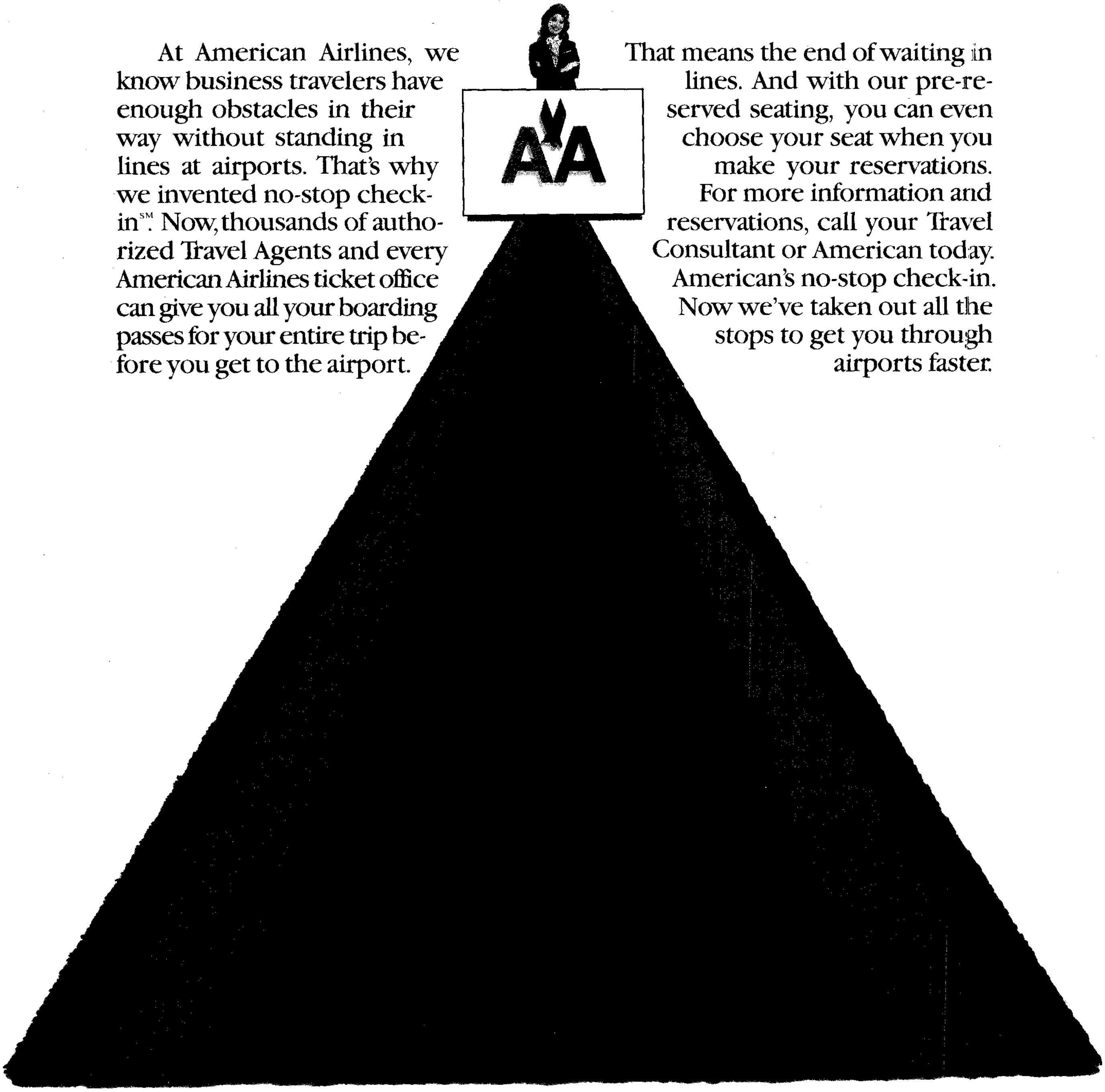
At American Airlines, we know business travelers have enough obstacles in their way without standing in lines at airports. That's why we invented no-stop check-in℠. Now, thousands of authorized Travel Agents and every American Airlines ticket office can give you all your boarding passes for your entire trip before you get to the airport.

That means the end of waiting in lines. And with our pre-reserved seating, you can even choose your seat when you make your reservations. For more information and reservations, call your Travel Consultant or American today. American's no-stop check-in. Now we've taken out all the stops to get you through airports faster.



American

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Fourteenth Street skyline at night, a pattern of rabbits, abstractions with a carnival air. Through Saturday, April 14. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Peter Vogel / Stephen Auger—Electronic sculptures described as "imaginary models of simple cybernetic systems taken from biology, engineering, and psychology." / Nonobjective paintings on handmade paper. Through April 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

George Wexler / Polly Kraft—Panoramic oils of the Hudson River Valley. / Watercolor still-lifes. Through April 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstractions in mixed mediums. Through April 28. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler**, 37 W. 57th St.: "The Decorative Continues," paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary artists (Joyce Kozloff, Rodney Ripps, Miriam Schapiro) and by their stylistic predecessors Henri Matisse and Florine Stettheimer. Through April 28. . . . **galerie maeght lelong**, 9 W. 57th St.: Paintings (some new, some not) by Guston, Mangold, Marden, Morley, and Twombly. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: Expressionist paintings by contemporary American, Italian, and German artists, Louisa Chase, Eric Fischl, Anselm Kiefer, and Sandro Chia among them. Through Saturday, April 7. . . . **sutton**, 29 W. 57th St.: A single drawing each by twenty-three contemporary American artists, including Anna Bialobroda, Robert Longo, and Ed Paschke. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **wunderlich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists Francis A. Silva, Charles Wimar, Thomas Moran, Alfred Bricher, and others. Through April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Paintings. Through April 28. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Bill Beckley—Paintings in mixed mediums whose informal aspects are indicated by their titles: "Mondrian's Phone Number," or "Truman's Hat and Shoe Size." Through April 24. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Lynda Benglis / Joel Shapiro—Wall sculptures in which lengths of metal mesh are tied into large, billowy bow knots and flounces and sprayed with vaporized metals—zinc, copper, nickel, aluminum. / Bold charcoal-and-gouache drawings done during the past three years. Through Saturday, April 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Arnold Bittleman—Figurative drawings in various mediums. Through Wednesday, April 11. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Arthur Cohen / Wayne Brown—Large abstract paintings and drawings. / Sculptures. Through April 21. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Judy Cuttler—Portraits and landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 11. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Lucien Day—Four cityscapes and one view of a spruce in the snow captured in watercolors on paper: first in two dimensions and hung on the wall; and then in a second version, in three dimensions, pasted on freestanding, curved, seven-foot bases. Through Wednesday, April 11. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Constance Dodge—Painted draped-fabric sculptures that have the appearance of meditating figures. Through Thursday, April 12. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

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Jean Feinberg / Don Hazlitt—Abstract paintings. / Painted wood and cardboard constructions, with apocalyptic themes. Through April 21. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Steve Gianakos—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from 1974 to the present, by a satirist who favors anthropomorphic objects and animals—penguins as waitresses, that sort of thing. Through April 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Shirley Gorelick—Realist landscape paintings based on a trip to the Gorges du Verdon, France. Through April 25. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs in painted wood. Through April 28. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Luis Jimenez—A two-gallery exhibit of sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 14. (Kind, 136 Greene St. . . . ¶ Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Barbara Kruger—Conceptual photographic works, combining found photographs and text. Through Saturday, April 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Gerald Marcus—Landscape views of Columbia County which take in the artist's house and barn. The mediums are oil and charcoal. Through Wednesday, April 11. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Kate Millett—Drawings and photographs constitute the artist's biographical study of photographer Cynthia MacAdams. Through April 22. (NoHo Gallery, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Lucio Pozzi—A three-gallery show of paintings and constructions from the past two years. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Through April 25. . . . ¶ Castelli, 142 Greene St. Through April 21. . . . ¶ Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Through April 21.)

David Salle—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, April 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka / Domenick Capobianco—Three-dimensional painted-paper works. / Abstract acrylics on paper. Through Saturday, April 7. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jim Sullivan—Figures in romantic poses and settings, plus a series of paintings in which urns built up with molding paste are seen against seascapes. Through Wednesday, April 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Anna Goth Werner—Paintings of building interiors—Tod Williams' office (a work entitled "Homage to Malevich") and a portrait of the living room and furniture collection of Barbara Jakobson—by an artist who specializes in architectural subjects. Through Wednesday, April 11. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Group Show—Expressionist paintings by ten women artists, among them Mary Beth Edelson, Jody Pinto, and Austé. Through April 21. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Button (1929-82)—Cityscapes. Through April 19. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

William Fares—A chevron wells up in the foreground of most of these works, in which oil paint is worked into a base of acrylic. Through April 19. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Kazufumi Homma—Shadowy figures silhouetted against a background of multicolored dots in a sort of reverse Pointillism, and a few abstract landscapes handled the same way. Through April 21. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Grégoire Müller—Big figurative paintings executed in the past couple of years. Through April 21. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Randal Rupert—Very large brush-and-ink drawings based on Flaubert's sanguinary legend of St. Julian, a deer slayer far removed from Fenimore Cooper's. Through April 19. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

James Surls—The Delahunty gallery is showing large, fanciful sculptures in wood by this artist, in two locations: 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St., and 112 Greene St. Both shows through Saturday, April 14.

The Figurative Mode—Paintings by six Bay Area artists—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, Richard Diebenkorn, Nathan Oliveira, David Park, and Paul Wonner—in a show that covers their work between 1956 and 1966. Through April 28. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **federal hall national memorial**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Images of childhood is the constant in stylistically diverse paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by thirty-three contemporary artists, including Emily Jennings, Don Eddy, and Don Rodan. Mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through May 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **new york studio school**, 8 W. 8th St.: Abstract paintings and drawings by Forrest Bess, Alfred Jensen, and Myron Stout, three artists known for their artistic independence. Through May 2. (Opens at 1.) . . . **pratt manhattan center**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: An exhibition in which works classified by the curator as either beautiful/pleasant or ugly/offensive are paired. Some of the mates are André Kertész and Sylvia Plachy, Al Held and Katherine Porter, and Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt and Alice Neel. Through April 28. (Open Mondays.)

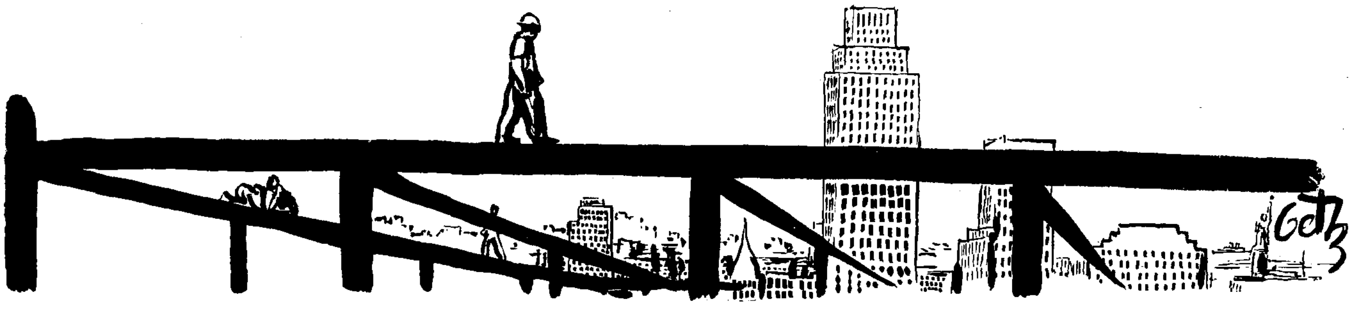
PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott and Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Fifty prints by each, documenting urban life. Through Saturday, April 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and Bowery, is showing fifteen prints by Abbott (and also fifteen by Harry Wilks). Through May 5.

Blythe Bohnen / Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Self-portraits done using three- and four-second exposures. / Selections from his series of animal-locomotion studies. Through Saturday, April 14. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Frank Horvat / Larry Fink—Fashion photographs from the fifties and sixties which appeared in *Vogue*, *Elle*, and so forth. / Nature studies, especially of the praying mantis at work and at play. Through April 21. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Eiichi Sakurai / George A. Tice—Soft-focus land-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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scapes. / Photographs of Lincoln icons, including two in Newark—a courthouse statue and a neon sign that reads "Lincoln Motel/Abe's Disco." Through Saturday, April 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Charles H. Traub—Nude figure studies of women who responded to an ad for models the photographer placed in the *Village Voice.* Through April 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Arthur Tress—A two-gallery exhibit. Abstract photographs of geometric plastic models, which are also being shown. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Surreal photographs. (Twining, 33 Bleecker St., between Lafayette St. and Bowery.) Both shows through Saturday, April 14.

Joel-Peter Witkin—Symbolic, hand-altered photographs and related drawings by an artist who uses grotesques as models. Through April 21. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—One-of-a-kind prints using photographic processes and materials, early and late: from daguerreotypes and photogenic drawings right up to works by experimenters Man Ray, Duane Michals, Naomi Savage, and others. Through April 28. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the French artist Balthus which was recently on exhibit at the Beaubourg. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. By Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations until May.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Picasso: A selection of about two hundred works from the last decade of his career, divided almost equally among paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show charting the history of the flower genre in American paintings and drawings, not the least example of which is the six-canvas series "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by Georgia O'Keeffe. Among the other artists represented are Audubon, Maria Oakey Dewing, John La Farge, Charles Demuth, and Lee Krasner. Through May 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Malcolm Morley retrospective contains fifty paintings. Through April 15. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred paintings by thirty artists who make their homes in Western states and employ diverse styles (not much lonesome-cowboy stuff). Among those already familiar here are Joan Brown, Robert Colescott, Raymond Saunders, and Gaylen Hansen. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

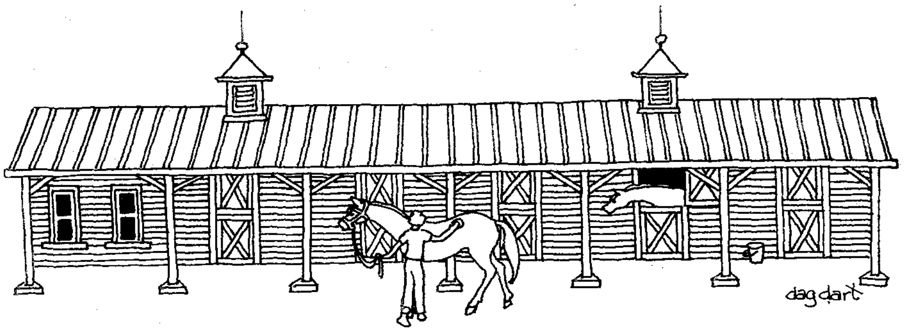
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The history of China's trade with the West from the second century B.C. to this one is documented in an exhibit of, among many other goods, textiles, jade, lacquerware, and furniture; they come primarily from the collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which organized the show. Through May 12. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ An exhibit of embroidered samplers which emphasizes the broad geographical scope of the craft (there are pieces from North Africa, Sri Lanka, China, Europe, America, and Mexico) and illustrates the European antecedents of American samplers. Through May 27. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke. Through Sunday, April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Etienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—A ten-year survey of paintings by Houston artist Earl Staley. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—The story of the Broadway theatre district told through exhibits about individual theatres—primarily their architecture (blueprints, renderings, photographs) but also their productions (cast pictures, playbills, set models). Through May 19. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)



EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Joe Lowery (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8:30; Teresa Tyszkiewicz and Zdislaw Sosnowski (films and performance), Thursday, April 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation of sculptural books (with text) by Gülşen Çalik. Through Saturday, April 14.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Vanalyne Green (performance), Friday, April 6 at 8:30; a week of programs of music, performance, and video by West German artists Sunday to Sunday, April 8-15, all at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolita Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hal 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; fo Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Raine Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexingto Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merki Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 12 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-offic numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 4, at 8 "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," wit Françoise Garner, Judith Blegen, Francisc Araiza, and Philip Creech; conducted b Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 7 "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pau Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6 at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett Vasile Moldoveanu, Allan Monk, and Ital Tajo; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, a 2: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, an Richard Fredricks; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: "Billy Budd," wit Dale Duesing, Richard Cassilly, and Jame Morris; David Atherton. . . . ¶ Monday, Apri 9, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Stefka Evstatieva Shirley Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pau Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Apri 10, at 8: "Billy Budd," with Dale Duesing Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Davi Atherton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 8 "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, Vasil Moldoveanu, Brian Schexnayder, and Ital Tajo; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12 at 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," wit *Françoise Garner, Gwendolyn Bradley, Francisco* Araiza, and Anthony Laciura; Juliu Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 13, at 7: "Do Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Shirle Verrett, Giuliano Ciannella, and Jerom Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Apri 14, at 2: "Billy Budd," with Dale Duesing Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Davi Atherton . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8 "Manon Lescaut," with Carol Neblett, Joh Alexander, Brian Schexnayder, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi.

Vienna Volksoper—*Karl Doench conducting th* opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunda April 22, by this company appearing here fo the first time. Tuesday, April 10, at 8, an Saturday, April 14, at 2 and 8: "Di Fledermaus." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, a 8: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Thursday an Friday, April 12-13, at 8: "Czarda Princess." (New York State Theatre. 870 5570.)

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "La Traviata. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2n St. 228-8200. Saturdays and Friday, Apri 13, at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Thomas Martin conductin Albert Lortzing's "Der Wildschutz," in English, with Joan Tirrell, mezzo-soprano; Michael McClennan, tenor; Stan Blair, baritone and Eugene Green, bass. Sopranos Mary Lynne Bird and Bonnie Kirk will alternate i

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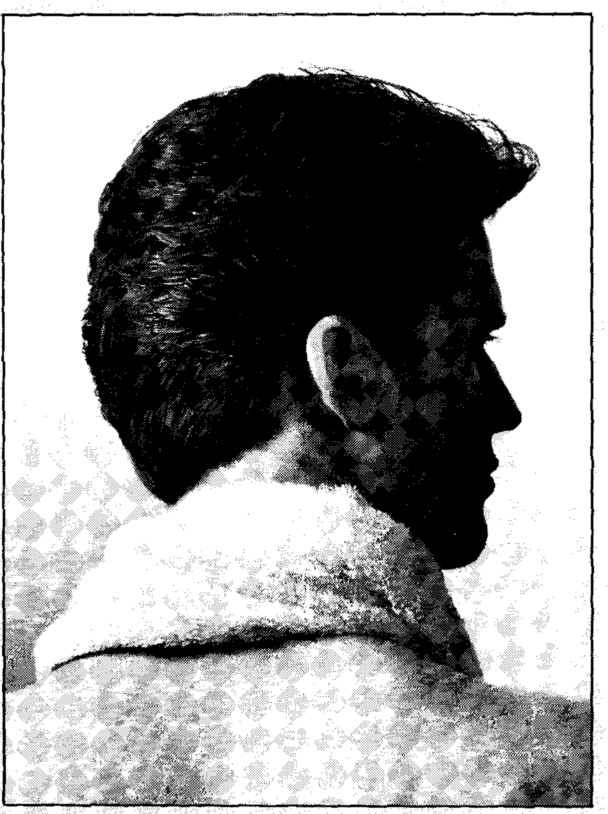

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the leading role. Staged by Christopher Angermann. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 752-4210.)

French Opéra-Comique Festival—Kenneth Montgomery directing a semi-staged performance of Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Gianna Rolandi and Colette Alliot-Lugaz, sopranos; Barry McCauley, tenor; Robert Lloyd, bass; and the Orpheon Chorale. The last in a series of operas. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Václav Neumann conducting a Franck-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, April 5, at 8; Friday, April 6, at 2; Saturday, April 7, at 8; and Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30 (all with Brigitte Engerer, piano). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting a Weber-Bloch-Shostakovich program on Thursday, April 12, at 8; Friday, April 13, at 2; Saturday, April 14, at 8; and Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Lukas Foss directing an Ives-Druckman-Mozart program, with Erie Mills and Irene Gubrud, sopranos; Barry Busse, tenor; David Berger, baritone; and the Wisconsin Conservatory Symphony Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra—Franco Mannino conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—Jean Lamon conducting, with Frans Brueggen, flute and recorder. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting a benefit concert, with Louise Russell, soprano; Robert Merrill, baritone; and Jule Styne, composer-performer. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Manticore Orchestra—Thomas James conducting, with Frances Schopick, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto Werner-Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Vittorio Negri conducting a C. P. E. Bach-Vivaldi-Pergolesi program, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and Eliot Fisk, classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Mary Burgess, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Jay Willoughby, bass; and John Challener, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Charlotte Bergen Memorial Concert—Dino Anagnost directing the Orpheon Chorale and an orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." With Susan Dunn, soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, mezzo-soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and Joyce Flissler, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 2:30. Free tickets, limited to two per person, are available at the box office.)

Yale Russian Chorus—An a-cappella program. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, April 8, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Johnson Flucker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke and William Carney, tenors; Wilbur Pauley and Glendower Jones, basses, and the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Columbia University Glee Club and the Barnard / Columbia Philharmonia Society—A joint concert of choral and orchestral works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

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Metropolitan Singers / The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing Parts II and III of Handel's oratorio "The Messiah," with Sheryl King-Lazzarotti, soprano; Judith Farris, contralto; Michael Handy, tenor; Matthew Lau, bass; and the Little Orchestra Society. (Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. For tickets, call 288-3215.)

RECITALS

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Nelson Freire—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Heidi Nitze—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Kevin Langan—Bass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—A Beethoven-Brahms-Martinu program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—An all-Bach program. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Wednesday, April 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in an all-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program called "Lully and His Legacy." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Newband—A contemporary music ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Fitzwilliam Quartet—An Ives-Shostakovich-Franck program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Joseph Anderer, horn; Edmund Battersby, piano; and Guillermo Figueroa, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Sarah Grunstein—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 2.)

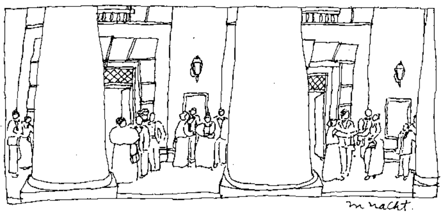
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Stephen Burns, trumpet; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 7, at 6. No seats, just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . ¶ The same artists will perform an extended version of the same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, April 8, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 9-10, at 7:30.)

Leonard Rose and Yo-Yo Ma—Cellos, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

John Browning—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Andras Schiff and the Panocha Quartet—Piano and string quartet, in a Smetana-Dvořák program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)



Endellion String Quartet—With Stephen Kates, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

Paul Olefsky—Cello, with John Perry, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

Olegna Fuschi—Piano, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 2:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 3.)

Sayuri Iida—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 5:30.)

New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—With Frederick Renz, keyboard, and Wilbur Pauley, bass. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 8, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Daniel Abrams—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—A Brahms-Debussy-Berg program. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Monday, April 9, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Narciso Yepes and Nicanor Zabaleta—Classical guitarist and harp. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 9, at 8.)

Benjamin Verdery—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 9, at 8.)

Randall Hodgkinson—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Berenice Bramson—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Milton Babbitt, Harvey Sollberger, and others, with Mr. Sollberger, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Stony Brook Contemporary Chamber Players—A program of music by Elliott Carter, Lukas Foss, Anton Webern, and Stefan Wolpe. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Badinage—A program of French baroque music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, April 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—A Beethoven–Max Reger–Dvořák program, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and Mitchell Lurie, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 8.) . . . ¶ An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—With Beverly Myers, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

Bruno Leonardo Gelber—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—The second of two Haydn-Mozart programs, performed on original instruments, this one with Judson Griffin, viola. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4037.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of five concerts, this one performed by Margaret Ahrens, soprano; Paul Alan Levi and Alan Feinberg, piano; Eberhard Blum, flute; and Rolf Schulte, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 12, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of English and French music, performed on original instruments. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Alliance for American Song—Laurie Carley, Isabelle Ganz, Mary Ann Hart, and Mihal Shiff, all mezzo-sopranos, in a one-hour recital, with assisting artists. (New School, 66 W.

12th St. Friday, April 13, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing an ensemble of singers and instrumentalists in the third in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of Handel's "Acis and Galatea." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 13, at 8. For tickets, call 869-0970.)

Gilbert Kalish and the Concord Quartet—Piano and string quartet, in a Haydn-Druckman-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Jo Ann Pickens—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First American League games at Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, April 10, at 2, and Thursday, April 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, April 13, at 8, and Saturday, April 14, at 3:20.

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Monday, April 9, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, April 14, at 9. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, April 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Sunday, April 8, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, April 10, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, April 13, at 7:35.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 14.)

Hockey—National Hockey League Patrick Division semifinals—Rangers vs. Islanders. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempsteatd Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5 at 8:05, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 10, at 8:05. . . . Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30, and, if necessary, Sunday, April 8, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Patrick Division finals start Thursday, April 12.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 7. The Bed o' Roses Handicap and the Gotham, Saturday, April 7, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Allen Ginsberg reading from his own works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Louis Simpson and Philip Schultz reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Lecture—"Plays, Concerts, Festivals, and the Ultimate Extravaganza," by Sarah Caldwell. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, April 8, from 1 to 5.) Saturday, April 7, at 2: French and other Continental furniture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 10, at 2, and Friday, April 13, at 10:15: Jewelry, watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Friday, April 6. . . . ¶ Four sales of British property. Wednesday, April 11, at 2: Paintings and prints. . . . Thursday, April 12, at 2: Silver. . . . Friday, April 13, at 10:15 and 2: Porcelain. . . . Saturday, April 14, at 2: Furniture. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, April 6. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, April 11, at 10: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 2: The Florence J. Gould collection of jewelry, plus jewelry from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 5.

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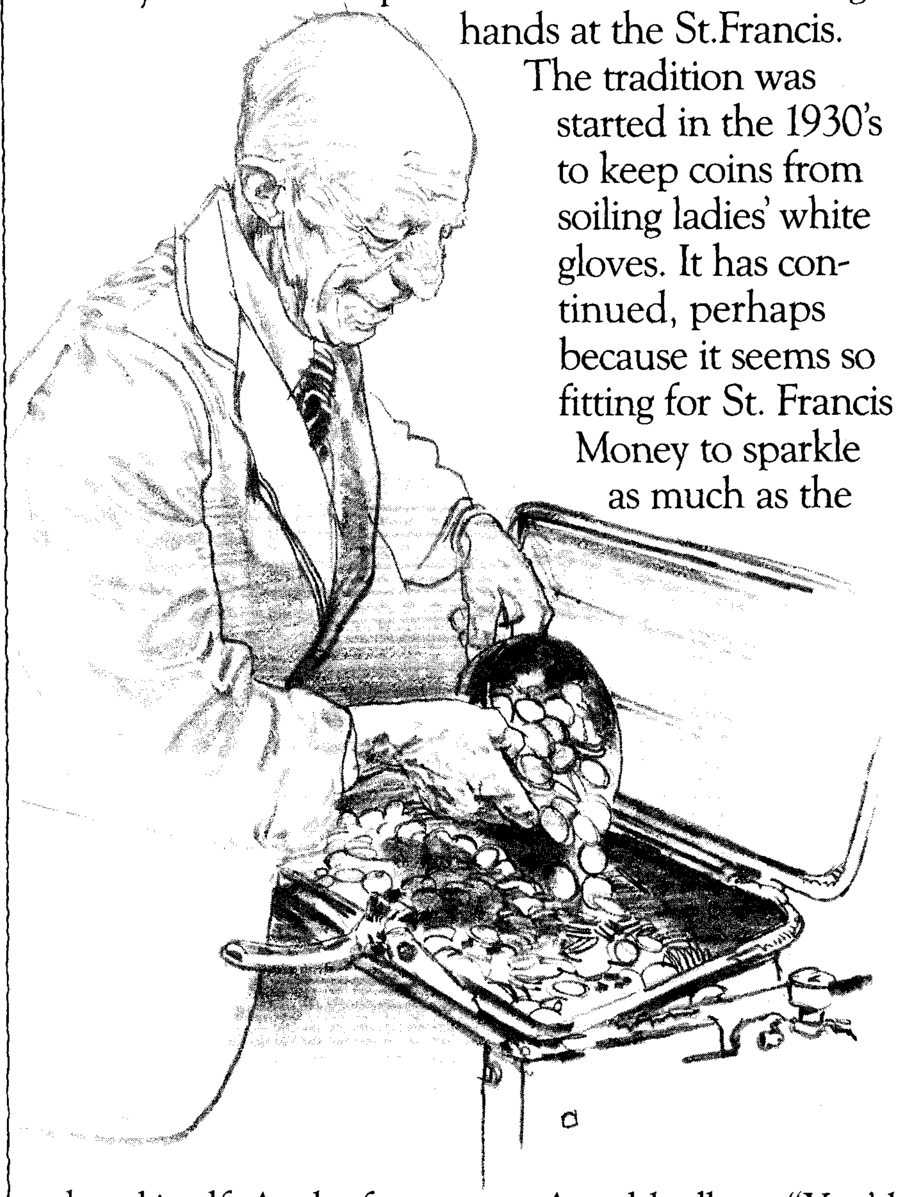

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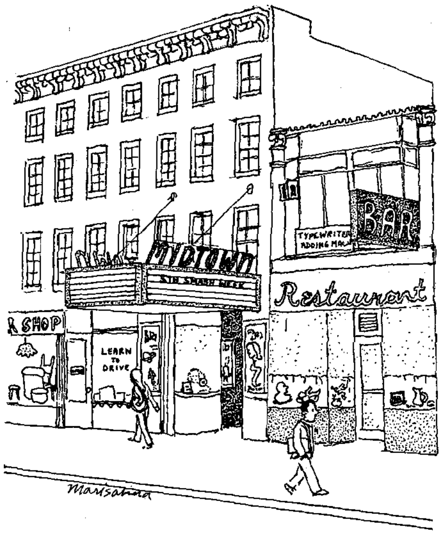

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through April 8: "A Woman Without Love" (1951; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Rosario Granados and Julio Villareal.
From April 10: A program of films from Portugal.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 12: "El Norte" (†).
From April 13: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 5: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.
April 6-12: "The Right Stuff" (†).
From April 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Splash" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Footloose" (†). From April 6: "Moscow on the Hudson" *(Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams.*
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Against All Odds" (†). From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 5: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
From April 6: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 12: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"My Best Friend's Girl" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†). From April 6: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 12: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine.
From April 13: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "The Dresser" (†). From April 13: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Educating Rita" (†). From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas. From April 13: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Footloose" (†). *From April 6: "Moscow on the Hudson"* (Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyongyossy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 5: "Silkwood" (†).
From April 6: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Splash" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton. From April 6: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan.
Theatre 2: "Against All Odds" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 5: "House by the Cemetery" (Lucio Fulci), with Katherine Maccoll.
From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas. From April 6: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "The Good Fight" (directed by Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Sam Sills). From April 11: "Turumba" (1981; Kidlat Tahimik; a Philippine film, in Tagalog).
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "The Lineup" (1958; Donald Siegel), with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson; and "The Narrow Margin" (1952; Richard Fleischer), with Charles McGraw and Marie Windsor. April 6-7: "Land of Plenty" (1982; Morten Amfred; in Danish); and "Nature's Revenge" (1983; Stefan Jarl; in Swedish). April 8-9: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau, Valeria D'Obici, and Laura Antonelli; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (†). April 10: "La Chinoise" (†) and "Band of Outsiders" (†). April 11-12: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†); and "The Window" (1949; Ted Tetzlaff), with Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale. April 13-14: "Milka" (1981; Rauni Mollberg; in Finnish); and "The Last Summer" (1984; Jon Lindström; in Swedish).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Compleat Beatles" (Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "And the Ship Sails On" (†). From April 13: "Suburbia" (Penelope Spheeris).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas. From April 6: "Moscow on the Hudson" (Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "Silkwood" (†). From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).
Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "Basileus Quartet" (†). From April 6: "Le Crabe Tambour" (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French), with Jean Rochefort.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 5: "Footloose" (†).
From April 6: "Educating Rita" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Antarctica" (Koreyoshi Kurahara; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Musical Passage" (Jim Brown), a documentary about Lazar Gosman.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 12: "New Directors/New Films," the final programs in a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.
From April 13: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Stone Boy" (Christopher Cain), with Robert Duvall and Frederic Forrest.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 5: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
From April 6: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; in French).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "That Sinking Feeling" (Bill Forsyth). From April 13: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant. From April 11: "Biquefarre" (Georges Rouquier; in French).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 12: "The Trouble

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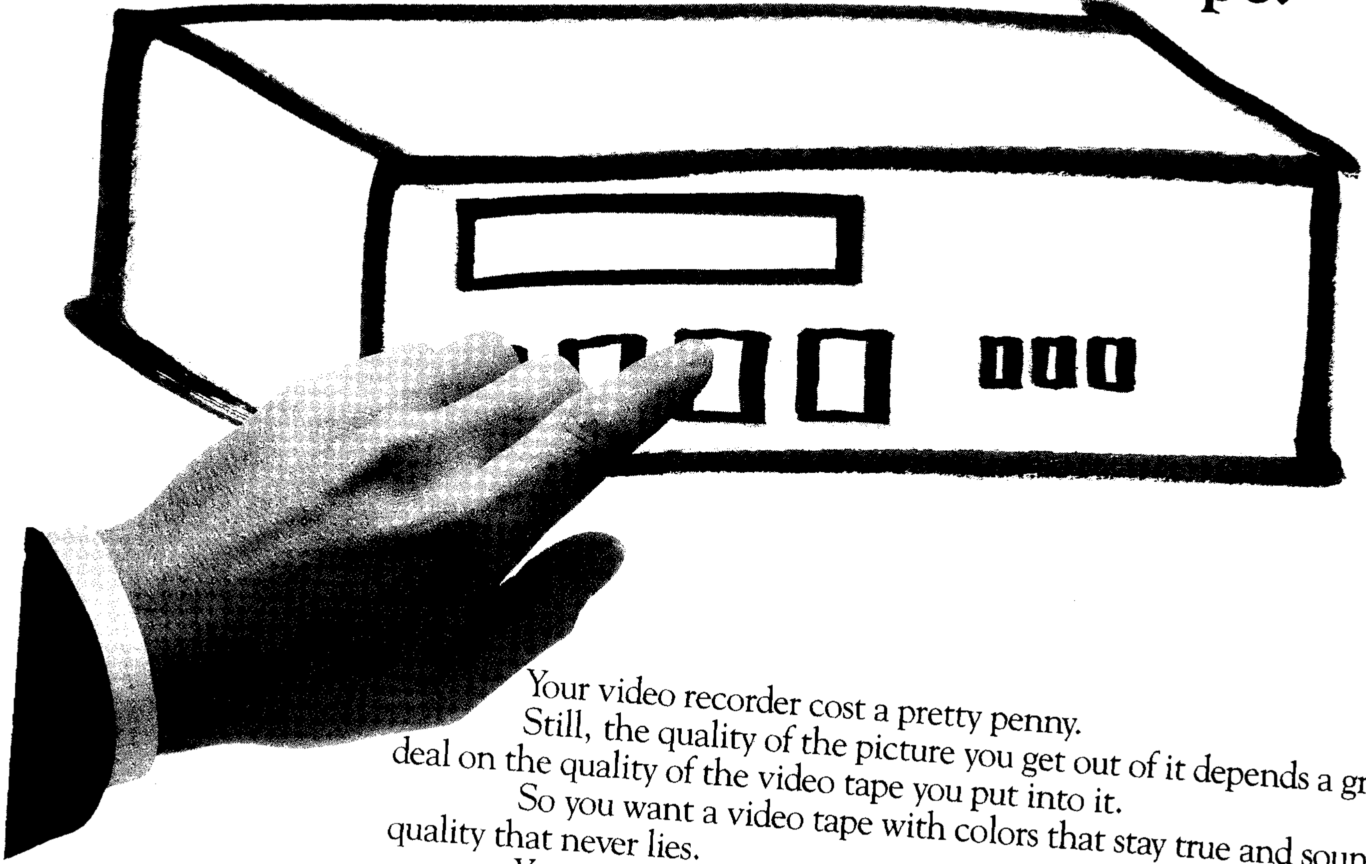

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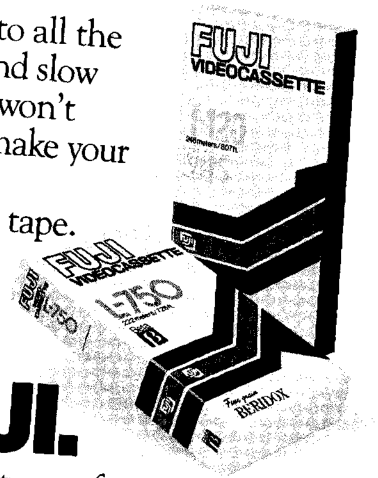

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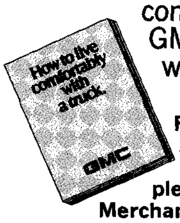

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Harry" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe, and Shirley MacLaine. From April 13: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Misunderstood" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Gene Hackman and Henry Thomas. From April 6: "Moscow on the Hudson" (Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Against All Odds" (†). From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.
Theatre 3: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 4: "Splash" (†).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From April 6: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "New York Nights." April 6-12: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti. From April 13: "Iceman" (Fred Schepisi), with Timothy Hutton and Lindsay Crouse.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 12: "Silkwood" (†). From April 13: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito), with Ted White.
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "El Norte" (†). From April 6: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), with Tim Matheson and Don Monahan.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (directed by Robert Zemeckis), with Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†). From April 6: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
Theatre 5: "Blame It on Rio" (†).
Theatre 6: Through April 5: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From April 6: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Ten Commandments" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Footloose" (†). From April 6: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Never Cry Wolf" (†). From April 6: "Footloose" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "The Big Chill" (†). From April 6: "Against All Odds" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through April 5: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges.
From April 6: "Moscow on the Hudson" (Paul Mazursky), with Robin Williams.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Children of the Corn" (Fritz Kiersch), with Peter Horton and Linda Hamilton.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Against All Odds" (†). From April 6: "Up the Creek" (Robert Butler), Tim Matheson and Don Monahan.

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NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through April 5: "The Smurfs and the Magic Flute."
From April 6: "The Big Chill" (†).

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "New York Nights."
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Alley Cat." From April 6: "Hard to Hold" (Larry Peerce), with Rick Springfield.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "The Ice Pirates" (Stewart Raffill), with Robert Urich and Mary Crosby. From April 6: "Where the Boys Are" (Hy Averback), with Lisa Hartman and Russell Todd.
Theatre 2: "Splash" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through April 12: "House by the Cemetery" (Lucio Fulci), with Katherine Maccoll. From April 13: "Swing Shift" (Jonathan Demme), with Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
To be announced.

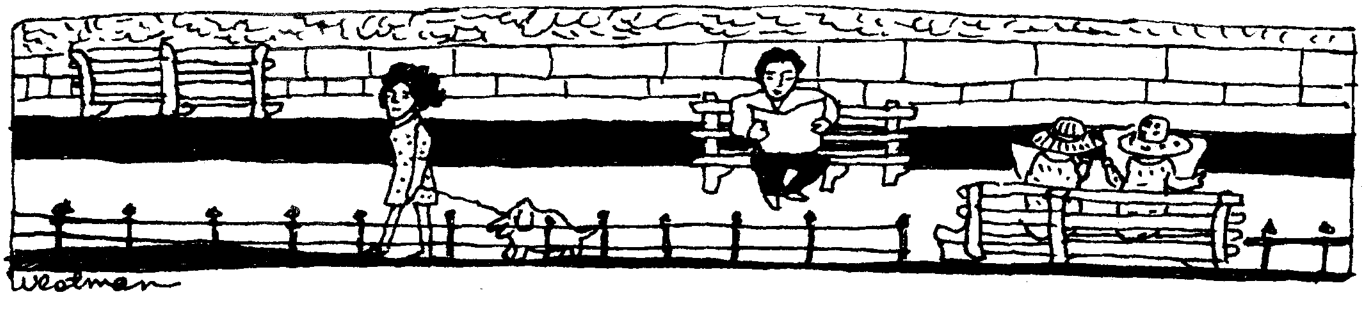
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 5: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura; and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
April 6-12: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
April 13-14: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 5: A program of musical films.
April 6-12: A program of films from the seventies.
From April 13: To be announced.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
April 4: "Drums" (1938; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Raymond Massey, and Valerie Hobson; and "Zulu" (1964; Cy Endfield), with Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins, and Michael Caine.
April 5-7: "Diamonds Are Forever" (1971; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "Live and Let Die" (1973; Guy Hamilton), with Roger Moore as Bond.
April 8-9: "Saps at Sea" (†); "Sons of the Desert" (1934; William A. Seiter), with Laurel and Hardy; and "A Chump at Oxford" (†).
April 10-11: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson; and "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards.
April 12-14: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through April 5: "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
April 6-7: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney; and "Staying Alive" (1983; Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.
April 8: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
April 9-10: "The Rose" (†) and "Divine Madness" (†).
April 11-12: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "The Fury" (1978 †).
April 13-14: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson) and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), both films with Malcolm McDowell.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
April 4: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1979; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).
April 5: "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal.
April 6: "City of Women" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni; and "Wifemistress" (1979; Marco Vicario; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli.
April 7: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
April 8: "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.
April 9: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (1975; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira; and "Chinese Roulette" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen.
April 10: "Pretty Baby" (†) and "The Lovers" (†).
April 11: "The Left-Handed Woman" (1980; Peter Handke; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt.
April 12: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and



Sandy Dennis; and "The Boys in the Band" (†).

April 13: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

April 14: "Brainstorm" (1983; Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken, Natalie Wood, Louise Fletcher, and Cliff Robertson; and "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 4: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974; Sidney Lumet), with Albert Finney as Poirot.

April 5-7: "Brigadoon" (1954; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse; and "Silk Stockings" (1957; Rouben Mamoulian), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, and Jules Munshin.

April 8-10: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

April 11-14: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 4: "Zatoichi and a Chest of Gold" (1964; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Five Men of Edo" (1951; Daisuke Ito; in Japanese), with Tsumasaburo Bando.

April 5: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Macbeth" (1948; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall.

April 6: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.

April 7: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

April 8: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton; and a program of Keaton short films.

April 9: "The Spiders, Parts I and II" (1919-20; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "Spies" (1929; Fritz Lang; a German silent film).

April 10: "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "Desperate Characters" (1971; Frank D. Gilroy), with Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars.

April 11: "The Silent Avenger" (1968; Masahiro Makino; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura; and "Sword of Vengeance #5" (1974; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese).

April 12: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles); and "Between the Lines" (1977; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Lindsay Crouse.

April 13-14: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 4: "Easy Living" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland; and "History Is Made at Night" (1937; Frank Borzage), with Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer, Colin Clive, and Leo Carrillo.

April 5: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

April 6-7: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

April 8: "Rain" (†) and "Of Human Bondage" (1934 †).

April 9: "Jour de Fête" (1950; in French) and "Playtime" (1968), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

April 10: "What Every Woman Knows" (†) and "Stage Door" (†).

April 11: "Theodora Goes Wild" (†); and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

April 12: "Rhinoceros" (1974; Tom O'Horgan), with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Karen Black; and "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

April 13-14: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

New Directors/New Films—The final programs in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—April 4 at 6: "Straight Through the Heart" (Federal Republic of Germany; Doris Dörrie). . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30: "Skyline" (Spain; Fernando Colomo). . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Zappa" (Denmark; Bille August). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30 and April 6 at 6: "Biquefarre" (France; Georges Rouquier). . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30 and April 7 at 1: "Sugar Cane Alley" (France/Martinique; Euzhan Palcy). . . . ¶ April 7 at 3:30: "The Fiancée" (German Democratic Republic; Günter Reisch and Günther Rücker). . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "Tukana" (Papua New Guinea; Chris Owen). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: "Kaddish" (United States; Steven Brand). . . . ¶ April 8 at 1: "The Terence Davies Trilogy" (Great Britain; Terence Davies). . . . ¶ April 8 at 3:30: "Tukana." . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "The Fiancée." . . . ¶ April 8 at 8:30: "Just a Game" (Canada; Brigitte Sauriol). . . . ¶ April 9 at 6 and 8:30: "The Ballad of Narayama" (Japan; Shohei Imamura). . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "Just a Game." . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30 "The Terence Davies Trilogy." . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "From Somalia with Love" (France Frederic Mitterand; narrated in English) . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30 and April 12 at 6 "Improper Conduct" (France; Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in English French, and Spanish, with English subtitles) . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "From Somalia with Love." (For information about tickets cal 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St (570-0537)—Through April 8: "Progres (Memory)" (1983-84), a video installation b Margia Kramer. Continuous showings fron noon to 6.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditoriun will be closed for renovations until sometim in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Against All Odds—This revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. The plot has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State; through April 5. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 6.)

And the Ship Sails On—The year is 1914. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation and facile critical analysis. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Waverly; through April 12.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime-and-violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. The crime does not fit the daydreamers or their milieu: we half expect to be told it's all a joke—that they can't really be committing an armed robbery. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie—a gangster movie as students in an espresso bar might remember it or plan it. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; Godard re-creates the gangsters and the moll with *his* world of associations—seeing them as people in a Pari café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka Alice in Wonderland. This lyrical tragi comedy is perhaps Godard's most delicatel charming film. Script by Godard (he is als the narrator), based on the novel "Fool' Gold," by Dolores Hitchens. Cinematograph by Raoul Coutard; music by Michel Legrand In French. (Film Forum; April 10.)

Basileus Quartet—This movie about a strin quartet turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating th perils of asceticism, but it's fairly pleasing anyway. The quartet has toured together fo thirty years when the first violinist (Françoi Simon) has a fatal heart attack. He is replaced by a twenty-year-old virtuoso (Pierr Malet) with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, an the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev The life in him is too much of a shock to th three older men, and, with no ill will on hi part, he brings them to grief. The writer director Fabio Carpi is somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach, and th material sags when one of the three (Miche Vitold) deludes himself that the young fiddle is his lover. But the other two—Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio, both with trim lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity. With Gabriele Ferzetti and Alain Cuny In Italian. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema; throug April 5.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that' ostensibly about how the late-sixties campu activists have adjusted to becoming the kin of people they used to insult—but it isn' really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Embassy; through April 5. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting April 6.)

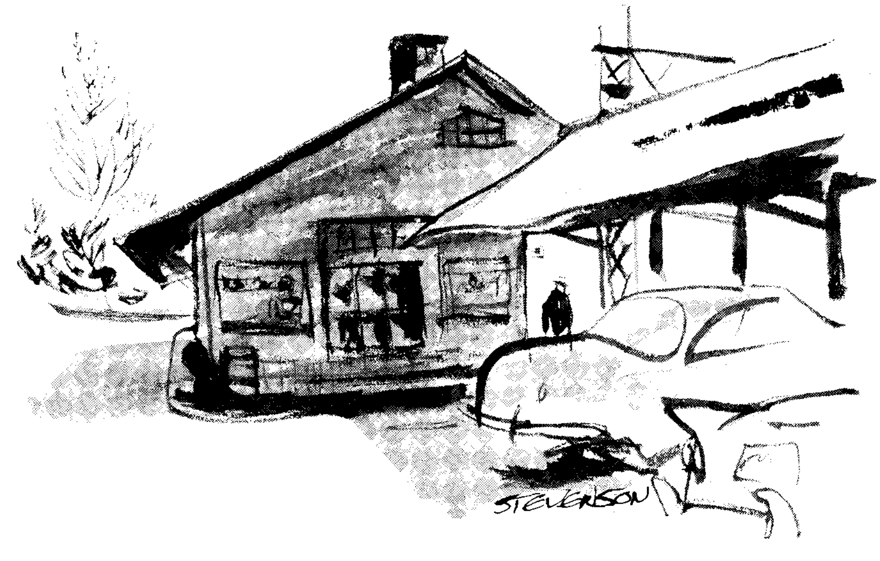
BLAME IT ON RIO—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over to them, laughing at their discomfort and hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (2/20/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through April 5.)

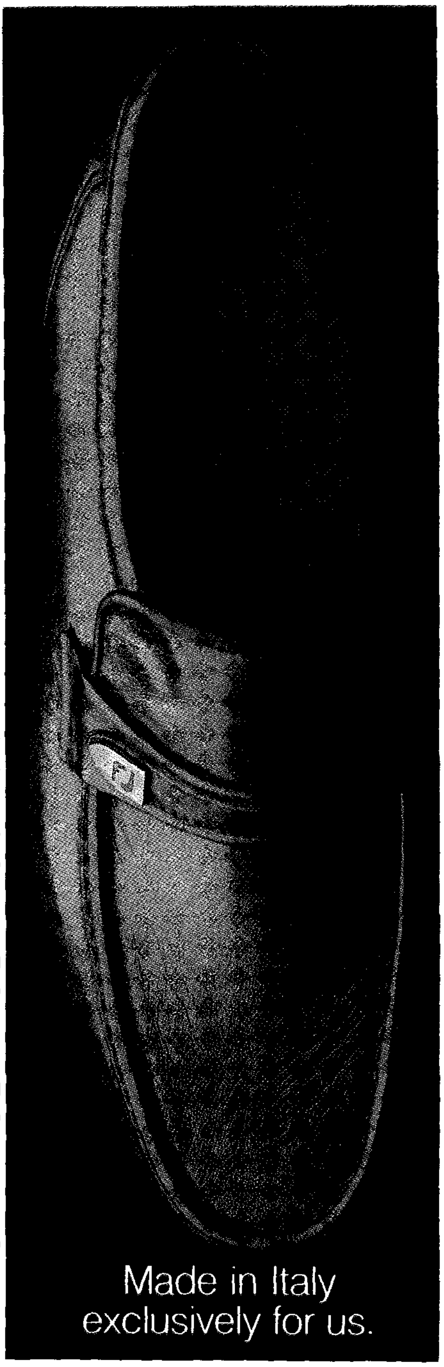
BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—A miscast Gary Cooper in a flat comedy, adapted by Brackett and Wilder from the Alfred Savoir play, and directed by Lubitsch. The gimmick is that Cooper has been divorced seven times; his eighth wife, Claudette Colbert, tries to make their marriage last by the supposedly hilarious expedient of refusing to consummate it. Her ruses, which include munching on scallions, finally drive him to a nervous breakdown. The cast includes David Niven, Herman Bing, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, Franklin Pangborn, and Warren Hymer, so there are some alleviating comic moments. The film bears a heavy mark of the studio, but there are background shots of France. (Sacha Guitry may be glimpsed coming out of a hotel in Cannes.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13-14.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party; it's like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play; Crowley preserves the text as if the quips were ageless. With Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill. (Metro Cinema; April 12.)

BROADWAY DANNY ROSE—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres; through April 5.)

LA CHINOISE (1967)—The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy (and elegy) about the late sixties' incorporation of revolutionary heroes and ideas into Pop. The film is made in a new, semi-satirical shorthand; it centers on the terrorist actions of a group of young French Maoists—naïve, forlorn little ideologues who live out a Pop version of "The Possessed." Anne Wiazemsky (married at the time to Godard) plays the affectless killer Véronique, a teen-age philosophy student; she and the four other members of her Maoist group share the apartment where most of the movie takes place. They study Marxism-Leninism and chant Chairman Mao's sayings from the Little Red Book like nursery rhymes. Godard's hard-edged visual style is stripped down for speed and wit; he wants you to be able to read the whole picture (and the words) at once. He uses words here in more ways than any other filmmaker has; they're in the dialogue and on the walls, on book jackets and in headlines; they're recited, chanted, shouted, written, broken down; they're in commentaries, quotations, interviews, narration; they're in slogans and emblems and signs. Those who dislike verbal allusions will be irritated, and those who want only straightforward action may be driven wild by Godard's neo-Brechtian displacement devices (his voice on the soundtrack, a cut to Raoul Coutard at the camera) and by his almost novelistic love of digression—his inclusion of anecdotes, of speculations about movie art, and of direct-to-the-camera interviews. In a section toward





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the end, Godard brings in Francis Jeanson playing himself—an older radical from a humane tradition; Jeanson asks Véronique the political questions that resonate through the movie—questions about the consequences of terrorism. The movie is like a speed freak's anticipatory vision of the political horrors to come; it's amazing. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Juliette Berto, Michel Sémianko, Lex de Bruijn as Kirilov, and Omar Diop as Comrade X. In French. (Film Forum; April 10.)

A CHUMP AT OXFORD (1940)—Laurel and Hardy, in pretty good form, in a feature with a story line that makes it possible for them to do a retrospective of their own careers—brief reenactments of routines from several of their earlier shorts. (There are bits that recall "Another Fine Mess," "The Second Hundred Years," "Wrong Again," and "Towed in a Hole.") As a reward for catching a bank robber (actually, he slips on a banana skin they have dropped), Stan and Ollie are sent to Oxford for an education. The bank that rewards them is called the Finlayson National Bank, in tribute, no doubt, to James Finlayson, who once again appears with them. Alfred Goulding directed; Harry Langdon was one of the scriptwriters. The cast includes Peter Cushing as one of the Oxford students. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 8-9.)

DIVINE MADNESS (1980)—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but like Craig Russell, she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She really gives a song a workout—she may swing it, wait it, shout it, rock it, and throw in some scat, gospel, funk, and punk. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is hugely entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning; the last quarter—when Midler comes on as a boozing bag lady who is trying to capture the bird of happiness—has a sodden inspirational quality. Directed by Michael Ritchie; cinematography by William A. Fraker. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 9-10.)

THE DRESSER—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney) and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. With Lockwood West, Edward Fox, Cathryn Harrison, Eileen Atkins, and Zena Walker. (1/23/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 12.)

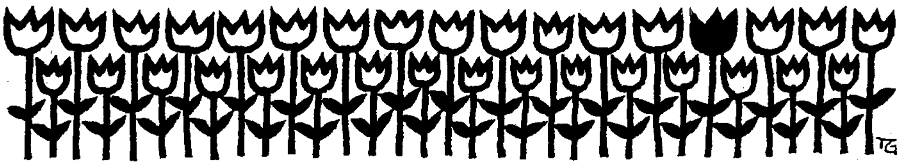
EDUCATING RITA—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gemini; through April 5. . . . ¶ Guild; starting April 6.)

ENTRE NOUS—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

FOOTLOOSE—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Guild; through April 5.)

THE FURY (1978)—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, John Cassavetes, and Charles Durning. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 11-12.)

GREYSTOKE: THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing; the actors playing the apes are very well made up (so that each has distinguishing features), and they comport themselves convincingly. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. Men who look like villains appear and are never seen again; the hero is given portentous advice that never has any application. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation—the apes are constantly batting him around—



that young kids are likely to be horrified. From infancy to adulthood, this Tarzan is more sufferer than hero. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique—muscular yet graceful—but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport as a gun-happy British major, and Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

The Lovers (1959)—The romantic sex film that made Jeanne Moreau infamously famous. As a modern-day Emma Bovary, she makes love very elegantly in water—maybe because the director, Louis Malle, was once Jacques-Yves Cousteau's assistant. In French. (Metro Cinema; April 10.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Embassy; through April 5.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Olympia Quad; through April 5. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through April 12.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Remade by Edmund Goulding in 1946, with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker, and by Henry Hathaway and Ken Hughes in 1964, with Laurence Harvey and Kim Novak.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (Metro Cinema; April 10.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), might be an exercise in conventional fine writing; it's a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. And the movie doesn't feel first-hand. It's too smooth, and it's square. (4/2/84) (34th Street East, and Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; starting April 6.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously, the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (St. Marks Cinema; April 6-12.)

The Rose (1979)—Bette Midler plays "the Rose," a character loosely based on the singer Janis Joplin, who died of pills, alcohol, heavy drugs, and tiredness in 1970. The director, Mark Rydell, puts Miss Midler's considerable talent at desperate odds with the film itself, by trying for a wall-to-wall finale—one long seamless high. When Miss Midler's Rose is not screaming to be heard somewhere in the bad music, she is screaming in anger, or in tears, or in alcoholic fugue states, or in a phone booth shooting heroin—all hyper, none of it really in Miss Midler's own style. With Frederic Forrest as the Rose's AWOL Army-sergeant lover, Alan Bates as her manager, and Harry Dean Stanton as a country-and-Western composer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; April 9-10.)

Saps at Sea (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy which, unfortunately, draws on the same kind of material others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; April 8-9.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scar-

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face" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (72nd Street East; through April 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through April 12.)

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Film Forum; April 11-12.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84)

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(Gramercy, Manhattan, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes the supremely regal (and supremely funny) Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching, Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Samuel S. Hinds, Jack Carson, William Corson, Grady Sutton, Phyllis Kennedy, Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Mary Forbes, Huntley Gordon, and Theodore Von Eltz. Directed by Gregory La Cava; from the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, adapted by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 10.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets and a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Embassy 1.)

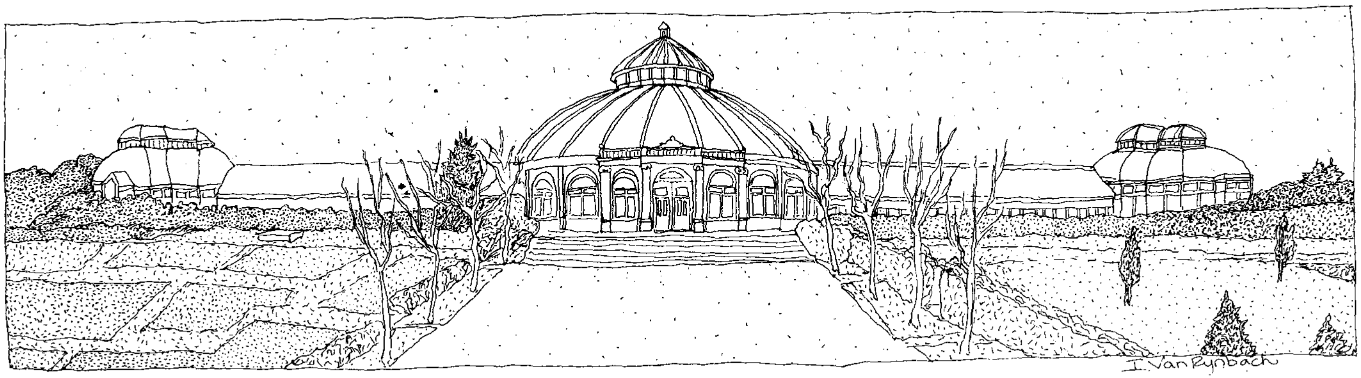
Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and *Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Baronet. . . .* ¶ Loews Paramount; through April 5. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 6.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavsky directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11.)

Unfaithfully Yours—Sloshed, Dudley Moore is a star (as he proved in "Arthur," which kept him happily stewed throughout); this film takes too long getting him there. It's an uninspired remake of Preston Sturges' 1948 film, which was a great musical joke. Directed by Howard Zieff from an ingenious script by Valerie Curtin, Barry Levinson, and Robert Klane, this version isn't a total dud, but it's a coarser piece of slapstick, and not at all memorable. Moore is the symphony conductor who thinks his young wife (Nastassja Kinski) is betraying him; he fantasizes how he will handle the situation while he conducts the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with his supposed betrayer (Armand Assante) as the soloist. Assante's bedroom voice and sleek, well-pleased-with-himself manner are a serviceable contrast to Moore's apoplectic (and ineffectual) rage, and Albert Brooks, who plays the conductor's manager, is really brilliant; he gives the film a crazed, hip subtext. (He came up with some of his own dialogue.) Toward the end, Moore shows his slapstick virtuosity, but he hasn't been as well protected by the director (or by the script) as he might have been; he's rather too pitiable and elfin—and at the very end he's needlessly infantilized. (The Russian Tea Room footage was shot on a Los Angeles sound stage; so were the interiors of Carnegie Hall and the Plaza Hotel.) (4/2/84) (Manhattan, and Criterion Theatres; through April 5.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff, blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (Film Forum; April 8-9.)

What Every Woman Knows (1934)—Helen Hayes making nice. The mousiest First Lady of the theatre in a classic mouse role. Gregory La Cava directed this version of the James M. Barrie play, a prestigious little number from M-G-M with a cast that includes Brian Aherne as the opaque husband of the little darling. With Dudley Digges, Donald Crisp, and David Torrence. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 10.)



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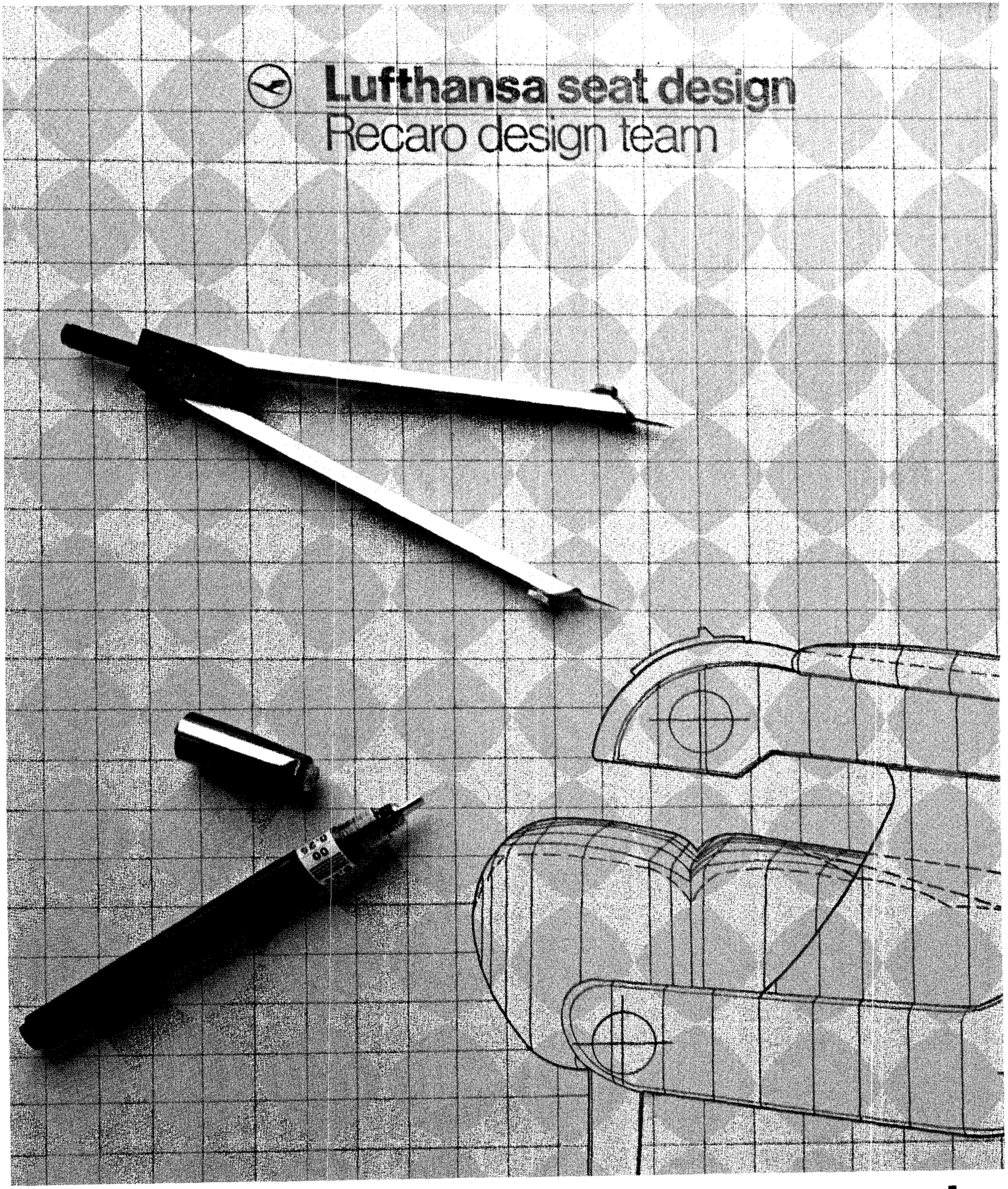
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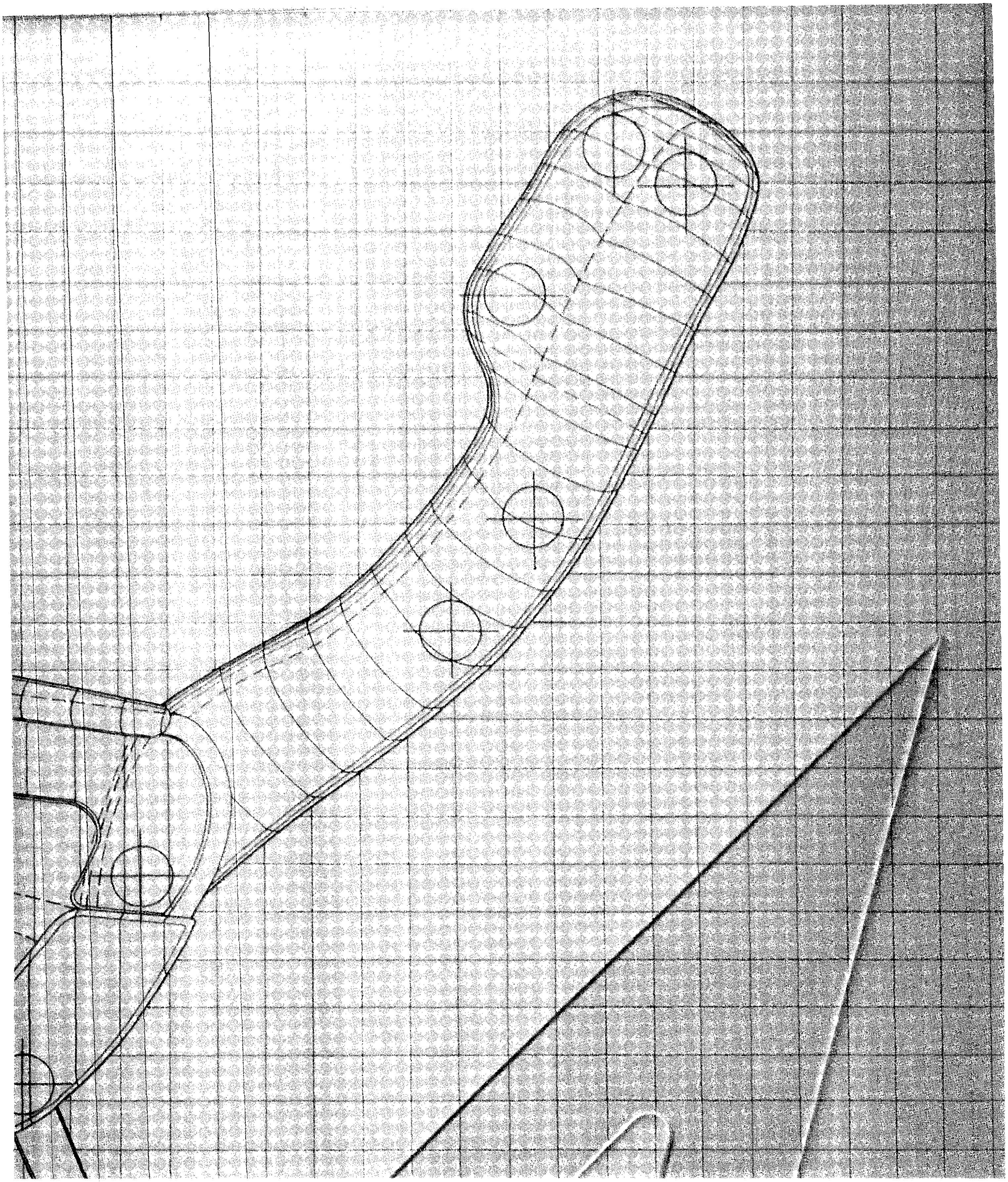

the seventh hour of flight. Not the first.

Lufthansa

A reluctant customer arrives in his Peugeot

VILLAGE
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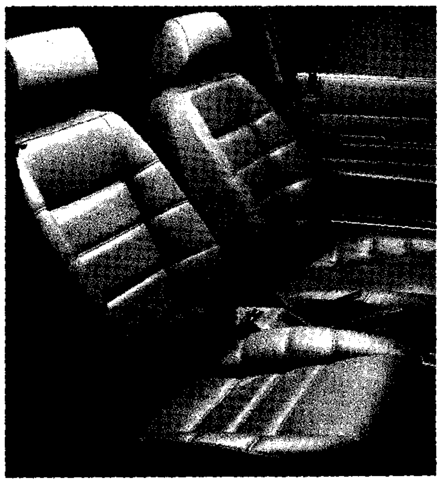
It isn't fair, the boy thought, he had distinctly heard "ice-cream cone" mentioned, and now here he was, instead, perched high in the air wearing a sheet while somebody named Joe pretended to be his friend and made the hair fall off his head and tickle his nose so he sneezed.

It isn't fair, his mother thought, he's still a baby! The curls were so sweet. Now he looks like a little stranger with his ears sticking out like that. And there's the back of his neck, so defenseless. She must remember to keep one of his curls, maybe tie it up with a ribbon and put it in the family album.

"Well, I'll be darned, the boy actually has a forehead!" said the father, and laughed.

The boy didn't know why it was funny, but he laughed too.



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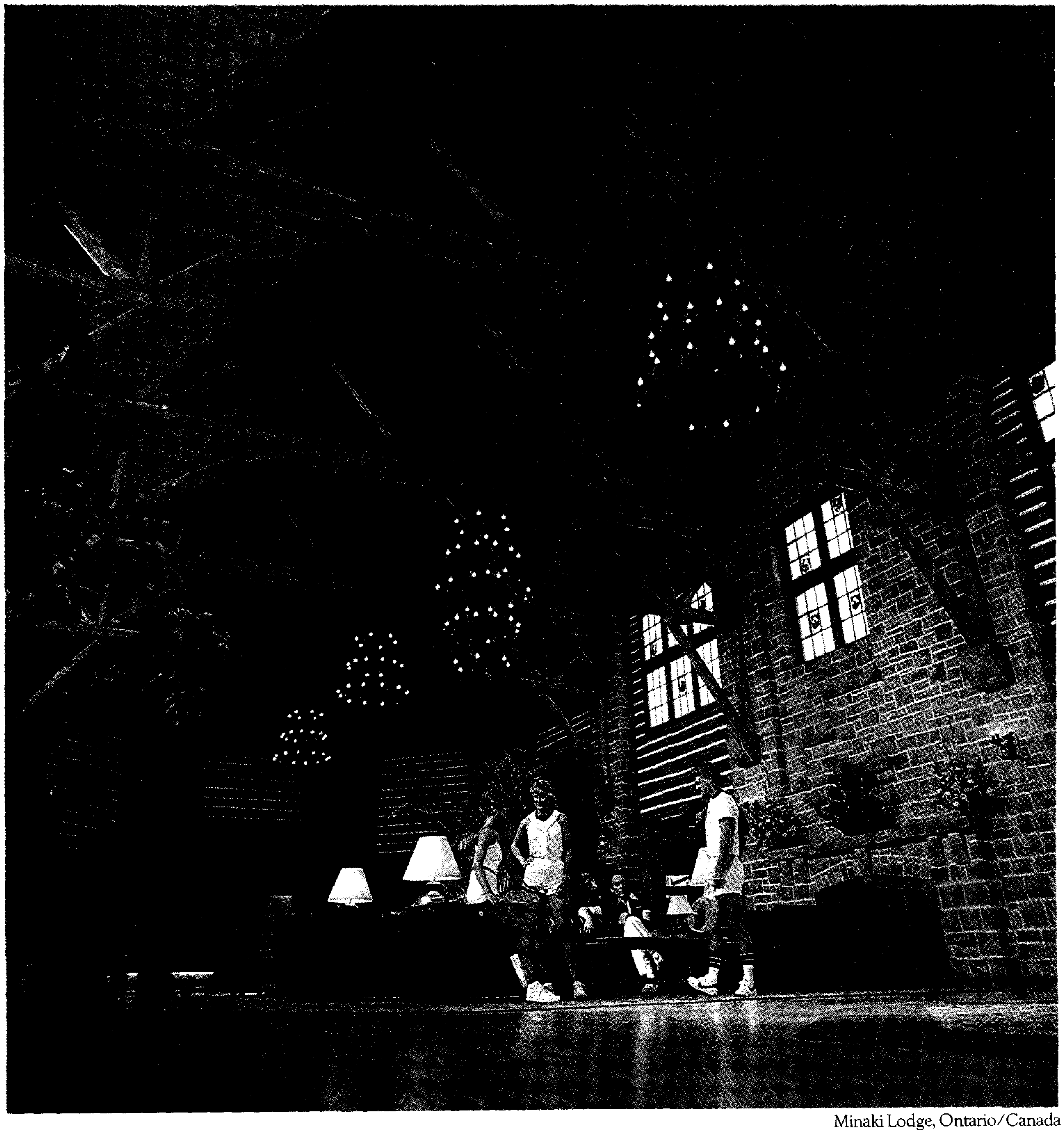

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

About five o'clock last Sunday evening, my son burst into the kitchen and said, "I didn't know it was so late!" He was due at a party immediately—a sixties party, he said—and he needed something from the sixties to wear. My son is almost fifteen years old, the size of a grown man, and when he bursts into a room glassware rattles and the cat on your lap grabs on to your knees and leaps from the starting block. I used to think the phrase "burst into the room" was only for detective fiction, until my son got his growth. He can burst in a way that, done by an older fellow, would mean that angels had descended into the front yard and were eating apples off the tree, and he does it whenever he's late—as, being my son, he often is. I have so little sense of time that when he said he needed something from the sixties it took me a moment to place that decade. It's the one he was born toward the end of.

I asked, "What sort of stuff you want to wear?"

He said, "I don't know. Whatever they wore then."

We went up to the attic, into a long, low room under the eaves where I've squirrelled away some boxes of old stuff; I dug into one box, and the first thing I hauled out was the very thing he wanted. A thigh-length leather vest covered with fringe and studded with silver, it dates from around 1967, a fanciful time in college-boy fashions. Like many boys, I grew up in nice clothes my mother bought, but was meanwhile admiring Roy Rogers, Sergeant Rock, the Cisco Kid, and other sharp dressers, so when I left home I was ready to step out and be somebody. Military Surplus was the basic style then—olive drab, and navy-blue pea jackets—with a touch of Common Man in the work boots and blue work shirts, but if you showed up in Riverboat Gambler or Spanish Peasant or Rodeo King nobody blinked, nobody laughed. I haven't worn the vest in ten years, but a few weeks ago, seeing a picture of Michael Jackson wearing a fancy band jacket like the ones the Beatles wore on the cover of "Sgt. Pepper," I missed the fun I used to have getting dressed in the morning. Pull on the jeans, a shirt with brilliant-red roses, a pair of Red Wing boots. A denim jacket. Rose-tinted glasses. A cowboy hat. Or an engineer's cap. Or, instead of jeans, bib overalls. Or white trousers with blue stripes. Take off the denim jacket, take off the rose shirt, try the neon-green bowling shirt with "Moose" stitched on the pocket, the black dinner jacket. Now the dark-green Chinese Army cap. And an orange tie with hula dancers and palm trees.

Then—presto!—I pulled the rose shirt out. He put it on, and the vest, which weighs about fifteen pounds, and by then I had found him a hat—a broad-brimmed panama that ought to make you think of a cotton planter enjoying a Sazerac on a veranda in New Orleans. I followed him down to his bedroom, where he admired himself in a full-length mirror.

"Who wore this?" he asked.

I said that I did.

"Did you really? This? You?"

Yes, I really did. After he was born, in 1969, I wore it less and less, finally settling down with what I think of as the Dad look, and now I would no sooner wear my old fringed vest in public than walk around in a taffeta tutu. I loved the fact that it fitted him so well, though, and his pleasure at the heft and extravagance of the thing, the poses he struck in front of the mirror. Later, when he got home and reported that his costume was a big hit and that all his friends had tried on the vest, it made me happy again. You squirrel away old stuff on the principle of its being useful and interesting someday; it's wonderful when the day finally arrives. That vest was waiting for a boy to come along—a boy who has a flair for the dramatic, who bursts into rooms—and to jump right into the part. I'm happy to be the audience.

• •

Ultimate

ON a raw, gray, drizzly Sunday afternoon recently—a day better suited to staying indoors and watching the college basketball playoffs on TV—we had the good luck to happen upon the Ultimate Frisbee team from the Bronx High School of Science practicing at the Ninety-eighth Street football field in Central Park. There was a suitcase-size radio on the sidelines, blasting out songs by the Specials and the Police, and down by one of the goal lines the players, sixteen or seventeen young men dressed in warmup clothes of Dickensian shabbiness—baggy shorts and sweatpants, layers of worn-out T-shirts and sweaters, woollen gloves on one hand—were running through some short-passing drills. Shouting, waving their arms, they dodged and cut around each other, and dived after a gray Frisbee that—thrown with a sidearm snap—seemed never to rise more than a foot or so off the ground. Ultimate Frisbee, it should be pointed out, bears only a slight resemblance to the mellow, free-form, do-your-own-thing version of Frisbee played on beaches and in front of college dorms. It's a fast, disciplined game, in which each of two seven-man teams attempts to pass a Frisbee the length of a seventy-yard field without dropping it or being intercepted—a point is scored every time a team gets the Frisbee across the opposing goal line—and when it's played well, with fast-breaking offenses and elaborate man-to-man and zone defenses, the game is a little like basketball without baskets or dribbling. In Ultimate, as it's called, the Frisbee rarely floats in those lazy, looping, parabolic arcs that make a Frisbee sometimes seem lighter than air; the passes are hard and flat, and a good player, in addition to mastering the standard backhand flipping motion, must be able to "air-bounce" the Frisbee—make it dip under a defender's arm and then swoop up again—and also throw it forehand (as if skipping a stone), overhand (like a tomahawk), and discus style (for showing off).

We were filled in on these and other fine points of Ultimate by Larry Geismar, the team treasurer for Bronx Science, who was on the sidelines that afternoon, nursing a sore back (he had hurt it the day before: a noble injury, incurred during the team's 21–19 comeback victory over Columbia University) and minding the jackets. He also explained that the team was then about three and a half hours into a projected seven-hour marathon practice and intra-squad game to raise money for trips to a Frisbee tournament in Syracuse the following weekend and to the Eastern High School Championship (Bronx Science has won the tournament the last two times it's been held), in Washington, D.C., later this spring. "We don't get any money from the school administration, so all our players have lined up people to sponsor them for this marathon," Larry said. "The idea is that they'll pay a certain amount for every hour we play. Our whole school is really into Frisbee—it's like a cult thing. We've got five teams now: A, B, D, freshman, girls'. The A team—that's most of us here—beats *everybody*. We beat all the other high schools; we even beat college teams. You know, our school has this reputation for being very high-powered academically, and sports don't really play that big a part. We're the only championship team in the whole school, in *anything*. It's interesting that in this area the best schools academically—Science, Stuyvesant, Scarsdale, out in Westchester—are also the best in Frisbee."

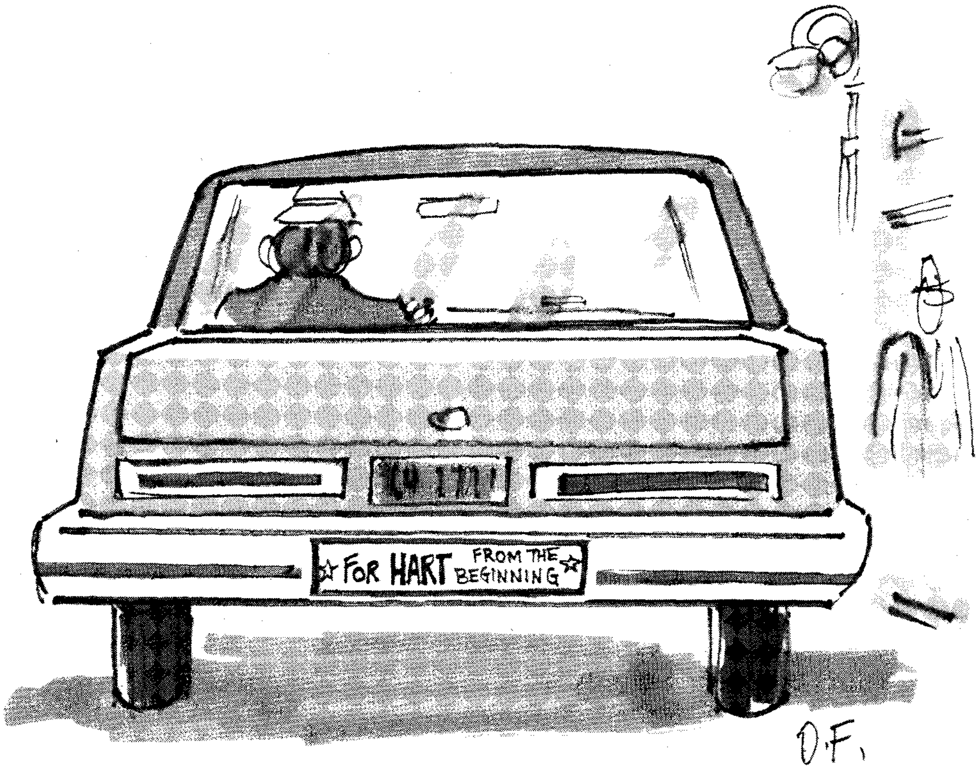
"Does that mean you have to be smart to play Frisbee?" we asked.

"Do you have to be smart?" Larry thought for a second, and then reached out and put his arm around a player who happened to be coming off the field just then. "Nah," he said, smiling. "Just look at Kenny Miller, here."

Kenny (who had already caught our eye as the smallest but probably the most energetic player on the field) grinned back, and said, "You don't have to be tall, either."

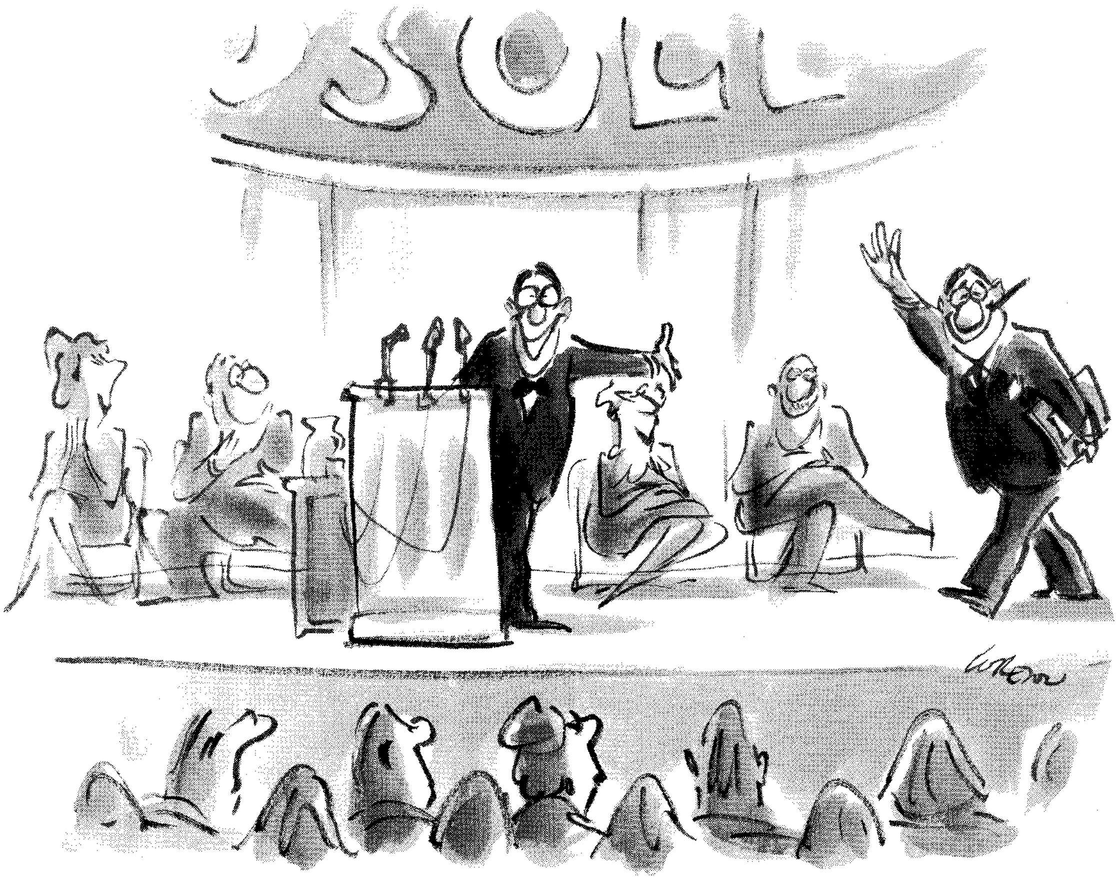
"What you do need to play Frisbee," Larry went on, "is determination, quickness, agility. You have to want to run. If you don't run, you don't play on this team. You also want to throw smart passes. Mike, over there—he's the best at that." He pointed to a short, curly-haired young man who had an unnerving way of looking in one direction and throwing in another, the way Bill Bradley used to. "That's Mike McManus, one of our co-captains," Larry said. "Whenever I'm playing with him, I know that if I'm open, somehow he'll get me the Frisbee. It's just a feeling you develop—like trust."

By now, the team had separated into two groups and had begun to scrimmage, and some of the other players we noticed—all of them, it turned out, with great names as well as great Frisbee skills—were William Chen, a stocky young man who was tirelessly aggressive on defense, crowding the man with the Frisbee and forcing him to throw off balance; Phineas Baxandall, tall and Nordic-looking, in a knit Icelandic cap, with a long, loping stride and a way of pumping his arm which immediately suggested Joe Morgan in the batter's box; Wyeth Hunnable, an astounding jumper, wearing a pirate's red bandanna on his head; Alex Gottschalk, another strong defender, who covered practically the entire middle of the field by himself; and Sal Sanchez, a player so smooth and graceful he seemed able to disappear now and then and to beam himself invisibly to another part of the field, where he would suddenly materialize again just as the Frisbee arrived. At one point, the Frisbee changed hands six or seven times, sailing up and down the field, without a single point being scored. Then Mike McManus, trapped along the side, turned and swung a quick pass back across to William Chen, who


FOR HART FROM THE BEGINNING

wound up and threw a bomb—a long, soaring pass that travelled on a line more than half the length of the field. Down at the other end, Alex Gottschalk, crouched, sprang for it, and just missed. The Frisbee, for once behaving like one, simply hovered there—in that magical way Frisbees do—spinning about ten feet above the goal line, until Wyeth Hunnable, after waiting what seemed much too long, finally leaped up and grabbed it. For a second, he seemed to dangle in the air, as if the Frisbee were supporting him.

"The great thing about Frisbee is that it's just something to let loose with," Larry Geismar said. "There's no authority, no grownups. We all coach each other. Most of us do other stuff as well—I'm a musician, Mike canoes, a lot of the players have jobs—and we don't have time for organized sports. But Frisbee is different. We have practice every day, but you don't *have* to go. We do it just because we like to. And something else: for some reason, girls really like Frisbee players. It's like they *worship* us. At school, all the time, we have these freshman girls coming up to us in the halls and saying, 'Oh, I know you—you're on the A team.' "



"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Chairman of the Board, and I don't mean Ol' Blue Eyes."

Night Life

A LARGE and joyous cocktail party was still in progress the other Sunday in an apartment across the street from Carnegie Hall when our friend Alexis Gregory began to round up our little group. It consisted at that point of Gregor von Rezzori, whose novel "The Death of My Brother Abel" will be published in English by Viking in January of 1985; his wife, Beatrice (pronounced the Italian way), who for well over twenty years ran the Galleria dell'Ariete, in Milan, and is now a contributing editor with Condé Nast Publications; Mimi Romanoff, who, under the name Mimi di N—— (she was born Mimi di Niscemi), is a talented and successful designer of costume jewelry, married to Prince Alexander Romanoff; Alexis Gregory, who is a publisher (the Vendome Press) and has recently become a shareholder and director of Sotheby's as well; and us. We were all going on to Brighton Beach, which is often referred to as Little Odessa, because close to ten thousand Soviet Jewish émigrés have settled there in the wave of the Third Emigration which began in 1970. We had a reservation for eight o'clock at a night club *called* Odessa, for dinner and dancing, and it was now close to nine.

"Do you want to join us?" Alexis Gregory asked a tall man with a mustache.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going home to cook for my wife," he said.

"How *nice!*" said Mimi Romanoff. "A man who goes home to his wife."

"And who can cook," said an unidentified passerby with a glass in his hand.

Alexis Gregory approached the producer-writer Chandler Cowles. "Would you like to come with us?" he asked.

Chandler Cowles immediately looked at his watch. "I'd love to, but I'm about to have dinner with my son and my daughter-in-law," he said. (His younger son, Matthew, is at present appearing in a revival of Clifford Odets' "Paradise Lost," and his daughter-in-law, Christine Baranski, is in Tom Stoppard's "The Real Thing.")

Interrupting Mimi Romanoff, who was deep in conversation, Alexis Gregory asked, "Are you coming, *Princesse?*"

A tall woman of great presence with long, wraparound eyes, Mimi Romanoff was dressed in black and brown—a black skirt printed in brown flowers, a black cashmere sweater with a flowering spray of rose diamonds pinned to the bosom, and, tightly bound about her head, a kerchief of the same print as her skirt.

Beatrice von Rezzori, a small, precise blonde, was all in black silk—wide trousers, satin slippers with delicate heels—and she had a mythical animal's head in gold studded with tiny stones at her throat. She exited. Her husband, tall, elegant, slanting forward, quickly followed.

THE night was chilly, and there wasn't a taxi in sight. Beatrice von Rezzori shivered in her sable jacket. "There never are taxis on Sunday night," she complained. Gregor von Rezzori covered Fifty-seventh Street. Alexis Gregory, in a long raccoon coat, stood on Seventh Avenue. "We need a Checker, as we're five!" he shouted back to the three of us who stood on the sidewalk. Mimi Romanoff looked snug in a *Finnish* raccoon—a close relative of Alexis Gregory's raccoon.

Finally, a Checker came down Seventh Avenue and was successfully hailed. Alexis Gregory went into a protracted conversation with the driver, from which he emerged, triumphant, to shout, "The driver's Russian! He knows exactly where we're going!"

Gregor von Rezzori sat in front with the driver, who turned out to be Polish, but who could speak Russian. Alexis Gregory was on the jump seat, his raccoon trailing on the floor. We sat at the back between Beatrice von Rezzori and Mimi Romanoff.

Alexis Gregory turned to the three of us and said in a loud whisper, "When I said to the driver 'Do you know a night club called Odessa?' he immediately said 'Absolutely. Are you sure you want to go?' I wonder what he meant by that."

"It's a hell of a way," said Mimi Romanoff. There was a long pause. Then she turned to Beatrice von Rezzori and said, "There's a castle in Ragusa. I don't know how to describe it. It's very much a fortress. Most beautiful thing I've ever seen. You must go there."

"How's Alexander?" Beatrice von Rezzori asked Mimi Romanoff.

"Alexander is staying with his mother in the South of France," said Mimi Romanoff. "The longer he stays in the South of France, the slower his pace becomes. I call him up every once in a while, to sort of speed him up."

"Wednesday, I have to go to Palm Beach for a Sotheby's board meeting, then up to the White House for the Mitterrand state dinner, then back to Palm Beach. It's going to be an agitated three days," said Alexis Gregory, who is about to be invested with the Légion d'Honneur.

The driver took a turn at full speed. Alexis Gregory swayed dangerously but held on. Gregor von Rezzori turned around. "This thing is at the end of the world," he said.

"And we're not there *yet*," said Mimi Romanoff. "There's a plastic factory in Brighton Beach I go to, so I know."

We rode in silence until Mimi Romanoff said, "You can't imagine how beautiful the sea is at Brighton Beach. It's like the South of France. It's like *Nice*. Of course, Coney Island gets crowded in the summer."

At last, we approached our destination, and the driver slowed down. Suddenly, Alexis Gregory said, "There! It says 'Odessa'!" We trooped out. "Don't you think we should invite the driver?" he asked. We all agreed. The driver was young, tall, thin—a good face. He said he would be delighted to join us.

THE six of us entered a dingy little café: a bar; a couple of video games; dark; nothing going on. Two young men in black leather and turtlenecks crossed us on their way out. A waiter greeted us in Russian. "It's upstairs," he said. "Go upstairs. Leave your coats here."

We walked up a flight and were suddenly hit by a glare of blinking white lights, a blast of music, and the color red. An immense and crowded room. Alexis Gregory, who was leading the way, turned around, looking astonished. His eyes were wide, his eyebrows raised. "I don't believe it," he said, with awe in his voice. "It's *Moscow*."

The room was a vibrant red, with about thirty tables of different sizes, seating anywhere from six to twenty people. It was filled. There must have been close to three hundred people in that room. A waiter led us to our table, which was set for eight. Two place settings were removed, and still the table couldn't be seen for the food.

IMPORTED · DOMESTIC
NUTS & CANDIES
NUTS & CANDIES
CANDIES · NUTS · CHOCOLATES
DRIED FRUITS · ICE CREAM
ICE CREAM
Stuart Leeds

Alexis Gregory asked the young driver his name.

"Andrew," the driver said.

"I'm Alex," said Alexis, and then he introduced the rest of us by our first names. Gregor, in the process, became Grisha.

There was a revolving silver ball on the ceiling, from which beams of light shot out. The band was so loud that anything said had to be either shouted in a neighbor's ear or screamed across the table. A girl in a pailletted miniskirt announced the musical numbers, but she took her time about it, so she must have been some sort of compere. A Russian word managed to slip through every once in a while, but otherwise she was unintelligible. A black girl sang in what was intended to be Russian but sounded like nothing the human ear had ever before heard. A man in a black pailletted jacket and with a very black mustache also sang. As for the diners, the women's toilettes were elaborate, their eyes heavily rimmed in black pencil, their mouths very red. We spotted two picture hats. The men were more relaxed and for the most part tieless. A solitary couple on the dance floor dreamily swayed to the din.

We passed the plates around: charcuterie, herring, balls of cottage cheese with garlic, sturgeon in jelly, a plate of raw onions, peppers and tomatoes, sweet peppers, red and white slivers of pickled cabbage, and giant pirozhki. Our paper napkins were red. In the middle of the table stood a hot plate piled with meatballs, stuffed peppers, and potatoes. At one end of the table, there was a three-tiered stand with the desserts: apples and pears on the first, and largest, tier; pastries on the middle tier; and huge clusters of black grapes on the smallest, top tier. Two bottles sat on the table—American seltzer and Gordon's vodka. On neighboring tables we saw bottles of champagne, and also cognac, which Soviet Russians often drink *with* their meals.

"Andrew looks like someone out of a European movie," Beatrice said.

"Yes, something like Gérard Philipe," Mimi said.

"Don't exaggerate," said Grisha.

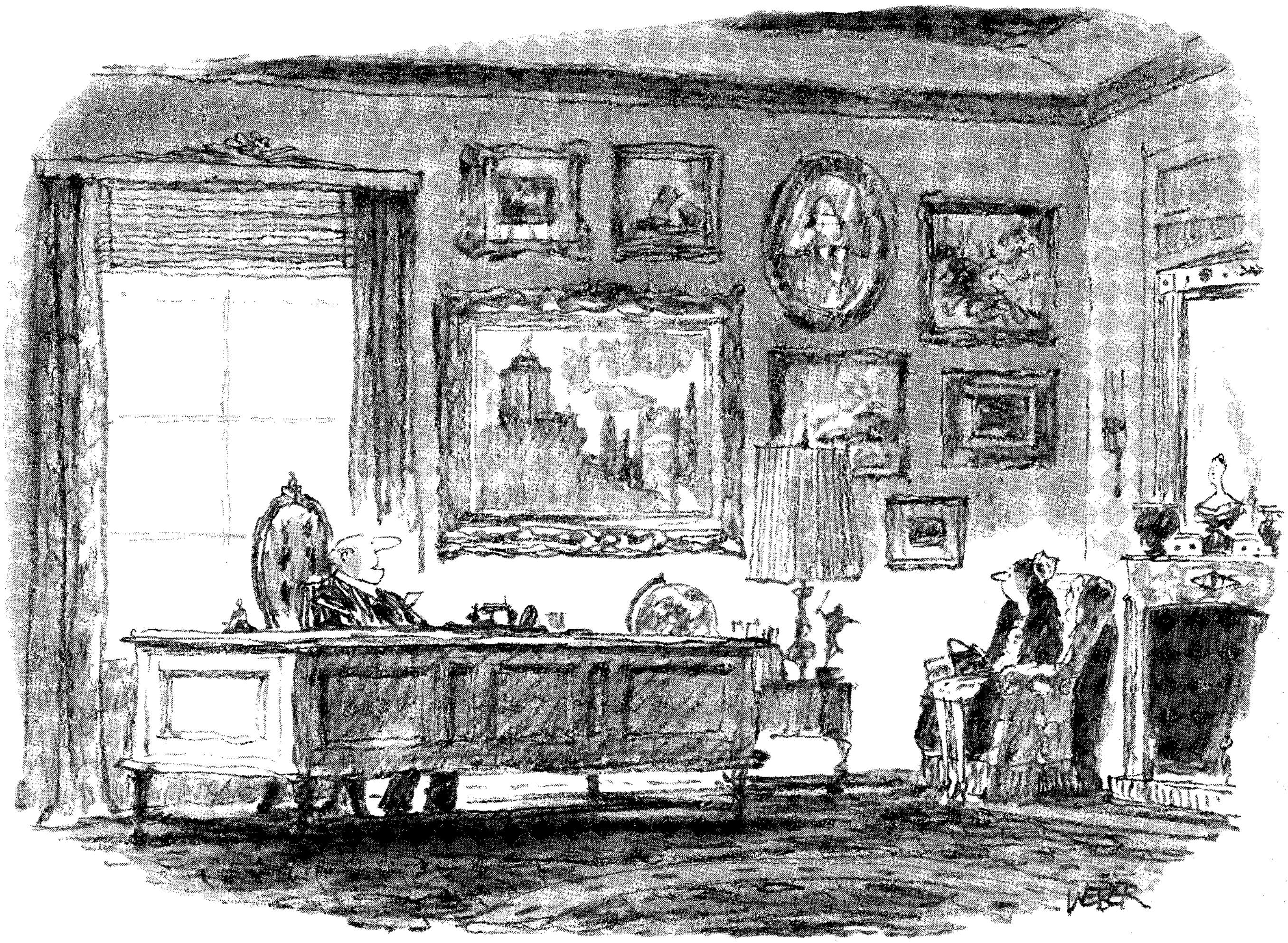
Alex asked Andrew how old he was.

"Thirty-four," Andrew said.

"You look like twenty-six," said Beatrice.

"So would you if you were Polish," Andrew answered.

Then Alex asked Andrew how



"Of course I'm a good lawyer, Mrs. Wagstaff. Can't you tell?"

• •

long he had been out of Poland. "Twelve years," Andrew said. "My mother is still there. My mother is a poet. I only drive a cab on Sundays. The rest of the time I study business administration. I was on my way to a night club in the East Village when you stopped me." He added, with a chuckle, "This isn't my idea of night life, but I'm having a *very* good time."

Mimi gently patted the flowering spray of rose diamonds on her bosom. "I'm beginning to feel the garlic," she said.

The band started playing "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön," and Grisha, whose last novel was entitled "Memoirs of an Anti-Semite," enthusiastically joined in the singing. His Yiddish was fluent. When the band was finished, he poured himself a vodka and said, "I spoke Ukrainian as a child." After a pause, he continued, "I was born in a province of Austria that became part of Rumania. Once, the consul in Hamburg handed me a passport, given out by the military government of Germany and issued by the British, on which it said, 'Individual of doubtful nationality.' "

At a table next to ours sat identical twin boys thirteen or fourteen years old. They were pale, morose, silent, and unmoving. Next to them sat an identical father, also pale, morose, silent, and unmoving. Across the table from them sat the twins' little brother, his legs dangling. He looked livelier.

"Why do they look so *gloomy?*" asked Grisha, and he mimicked the gloom.

"Don't eat too much," Alex suddenly said. "Don't forget this is only the zakuski. The main dish is still to come."

A loud moan rose all around. We had forgotten. "I'll never eat another thing," said Mimi.

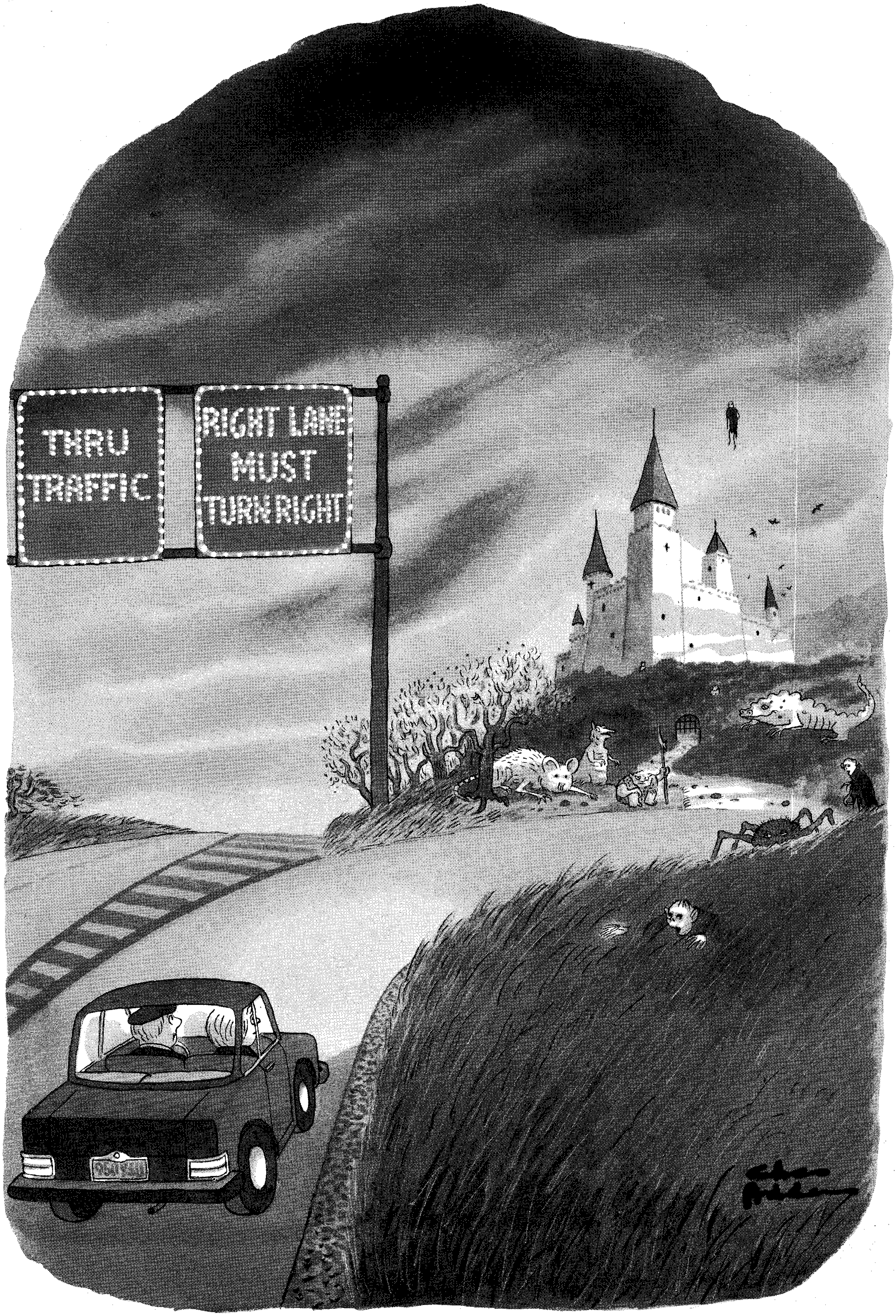
The music was unplaceable. It must have been a Russian idea of American pop. We took turns dancing. Andrew, loose-limbed and easy, moved wonderfully well. Mimi had the thrust of a figurehead on the prow of a ship. Beatrice laughed when she danced with her husband. Grisha kissed his partner's hand at the completion of each dance. Alex was, as usual, enjoying himself.

Grisha said, "When they bring in the main course, it will be breakfast. They give you the whole night in between."

A waiter eventually arrived with a big platter of pozharskie cutlets, shashlyk, and chicken stuffed with rice. We all helped clear the zakuski. "I'll have half a leg," said Mimi.

Suddenly, a waiter appeared at a nearby table bearing an enormous dish piled high with steamed lobsters. Once again, Alex looked astonished—eyes wide, eyebrows raised. "I've never seen so many lobsters," he said. He had barely finished speaking when another waiter appeared, with a second dish piled high with steamed lobsters. Once again, Alex said, with awe in his voice, "I don't believe it."

Mimi gently patted the flowering spray of rose diamonds on her bosom. "I feel the garlic," she said.


THRU TRAFFIC
RIGHT LANE MUST TURN RIGHT

FINNEGAN WAKES AT YANKEE STAGEUM

OPINING day in the east! A day for prophesigh. Stars forgathered all trade and true, but a soreawful story scene in the heavens of yesteryears dyingfall and all of the auntyhero Jawrge Stonebreaker and his powerful farces. List now to the talebearer, one Mr. Finnegan, deseized, and his woewaking starrytelling deep in centerfeel. . . .

From the feat of the Hoist to the mouth of the Brenner, out! Hear them out Clearasbelle, in the staydoom of our aintcestors. It's a tale told of Shame and Shorn, a terrorbull cleaving in the land.

Shipshape jarge lay along the great locks spinning endtails of ironyore, that faze whut launched 1000 crypts. Armada who art in heaven, seas our fate and woe betides. The kink is caught innit, his subjinx cast down.

—Oi! Keel the empire!

—Badder up and wurst to come. Lay down a suckerface on the outfolders matt or soft on the windfield sown with smalley, O. . . .

We're reigned out. Murcer on our soles and godspeed. Our goose is caked. What is is past, few cheer to come what may, bury it and get on. Shirts up, stroke too! Nationall chimps were and will be, ah men. Write in the exces on your scarecard. Cipher it so, X for O, Tit for Tut. Unkemp in their cuneiform. Lighten me, Chlorabell. O rude he may for the shane of it all. O the jaw urge of his Akronym!

—Massochrist! Spalpeen! Luckatim go. Lachrymoses! Down, down to the miners.

Ah, lesson to me, lad. Wasteward ho the grand licknames. Howmany months and hominy ears since Jack's sun sat in the whist? Wares the sins of it, tale me now men of Akadeem, French letters, spurts riders? Holy Roody mumisfree. Ruff warder in hir womb, lists now to starbored. List! Now I lay me down to slip. Follow the pollster to the buryall mound, the Griffey dumbed up, the River Hoist rising in its george.

—Who is Abel now in a spot of brother?

Pullup the peanunt lusty forget, casey forgot. Pitchin in's cap flue. A thinkers chance, bought for a song. O come ye wealthy gentrymen. And he played his chords as suite as any bee, face down, strings up, pixiscardo, and dealt them from the bottom, lewd and sharp. Gave them the tip of his boat he did and ho ho heaved, all sighs sick. The mannish depressive.

—And now prey, who's to whelp? A fistfull of dullards.

(apes me not of moneygerial cerebration, drycleaned his clock of acid reign [one-hour martinizing, no delivery] and left for the party of the second part. Here we go round the mulledberra bush, oily in the mourning. A toast lads! Prose it. The games not over till its over over there, hey?)

Up! Up lads! A wreckoning is upon us. Bust the boil for mangersake, for the job of it. It's not dayett but take your Phil, eventho he wooden buy a oneslow homer pitcher off a pinetar like that on a brett. Puir dogsbuddy at the bankit table. Vinegar to ketchup, father ordures ruining down from the havens. Don the mosque on banded needs. The cold meets on, the sickerface laid on. Bray for Olaf branches, alltogether now and peace meal. Lucklost orfans at the dumbell header, capped in hand howling who's on forced, where's me pair of new pliers, Tit for Tat, Muck for Jeff, all bedight in their union forms.

—Here Comes Anybody.

Alas in wanderland, O the winnerlust cummin off the high C's full of tryst to that great eyeland, Madhatter. (Party of one, Merrio, expecting kamerads.) Pur innosent, afoot in his bespike tallerin, gold plattened criss across his tea skirt to word off the vampire. Holy Cruces Mother Merry, rise me now in the everages. Nut to be! Night. Darkness monster and all uprower under the Lites. Natifs howling Koch it! Hit the drek! A boll of chickenettle soup and the minnycheers o' the mannycolleens, stewing up at the seventh kenning.

—Clarobelle! Beseek me now our lost orisons.

Bitterup! O the rain of tearoar, the breach of premise. All on the tiddlyvision, all in choler. Sent down wan by wan, off their wages wealthwards. Guru, Watt's son, Torrids, a cowpull of cicerones and Bob's your ankle. Chypre by the duzzent. Gone to Bablegum, playpins of babesball, durst up in different coolers, his own fitter wouldn't suit him.

—Caesars cut pauper, isinitt?

Wake! Awake! Think June now and the paycheck, goddesst of allofus, Allalulu, Allaly. The ideas of March are upon us, the improar's wraith beheld. Come now, the bier's drawn. Cover your aureoles. Drinkup to our prowed hystery, what is shall be, as it was in our Biginning. Come now, come a cross! Wunst more for old long sign. Wake! Tis the bells of evening martins.

—Rise up in your standins, me buys, or I'll do us a deel for Tony Lazarus.

—KENNETH LASH

In the Dell

BUDDY

THERE were footsteps on the stairs, flights below, and I tried to guess if it was a man or a woman, young or old. It might have been my sister’s landlady, Madame Lansky, a spinster who lived in the ground-floor apartment. Years before, the brownstone had been divided into apartments; closets were made into kitchens, hallways into closets, the curving wooden staircase covered by a patchwork of dark carpeting. Skinny and full of wrath, Madame Lansky spied on everyone who came and went, and though she didn’t mind my brother-in-law’s admirers or the people my sister helped with problems, she dreaded family. She’d stopped me once on my way upstairs, accusing me of trying to move in with Marilyn and Alan, saying, “You, you,” as if I’d committed a crime against her in the past. Now, I thought, she’ll see my suitcase and make a fuss. I looked around the landing for a place to hide the suitcase, but before I could drag it to the corner Marilyn came up the last half-flight of stairs.

She was beautiful, my sister. I’d spent years of my childhood staring at her, waiting for her beauty to disappear. She was carrying two bags of groceries, and her head was lowered in an unaccustomed, tired way. Her expression, when she reached the landing and looked up, was abstracted and uncertain, like a dreaming child’s.

“Louise,” she said. “How did you get into the building? I hurried as fast as I could and then you weren’t downstairs, so I thought you’d come and left.”

“Let me take those bags,” I said, trying to be another person, one who wasn’t angry with Marilyn and never would be.

My sister had a different sense of time than I—for her, days passed as hours, minutes as seconds. I’d waited on the street until another tenant let me in; then I’d climbed four flights of stairs and assumed my place on the dusty landing. Once or twice, I’d kicked my suitcase, moving it an inch at a time.

“There’s more downstairs, Weasel,” she said. “If you wouldn’t mind.”

I WAS imposing on Marilyn and Alan, which put me in a weak position for indignation. The night before, I’d telephoned from Boston after midnight. My brother-in-law answered out of a deep sleep.

“I’m sorry I woke you,” I said, but he insisted that he was glad to hear my voice.

“I guess I’m at the end of my rope,” I said. I didn’t tell him I’d been crying as I sat there, and trying not to telephone. I asked if I could speak to Marilyn, though I knew that Alan would have listened patiently and would have found a word to say to help me past a trouble he would regard—as he did all trouble and all happiness—as a momentary transition.

“Of course,” Alan said, and I thought I could hear the rustle of bed linen, the groan of the bed, the fissure my call created in the solid wall of flesh that was Marilyn and Alan. At times, talking to them, I felt that they loved me as much as they loved anyone, yet my presence or absence was the same to them, and that they might be wishing I’d leave, so they could be alone again.

When Marilyn came on the phone, sleepy and thick-tongued, I asked if I could visit for a few days. “Come tomorrow,” Marilyn said, and then she promised to be in the apartment waiting for me.

Once I’d called, I felt a little foolish for begging to be let inside their warm circle. As I settled down for sleep, I waited for this blow to my pride to jolt me awake or to start up the tears that had plagued me for weeks. But I slept deeply through the night.

When Marilyn and I were growing up, it was unthinkable that we’d live far apart, unimaginable that we’d go through a day without talking several times. We were close when I’d lived in New York, but I’d been in Boston for three years. I wondered what we’d find to talk about this visit, now that we had nothing in common day to day. Traditionally, when we ran out of things to say we’d turn to the topic of my boyfriend Josh. But in the month since Josh and I had parted company I’d decided not to talk about him anymore—not one memory of him in happier times, not a mention of his status, his opinions, his good or bad qualities, no small reference to the fact that I still loved him. I would try to act as if I were all right, even content. If I couldn’t stop thinking about Josh until my heart was sore, I could keep it to myself and hope that my silence would help me through this time which I saw as a chasm too wide to jump, too deep to walk.

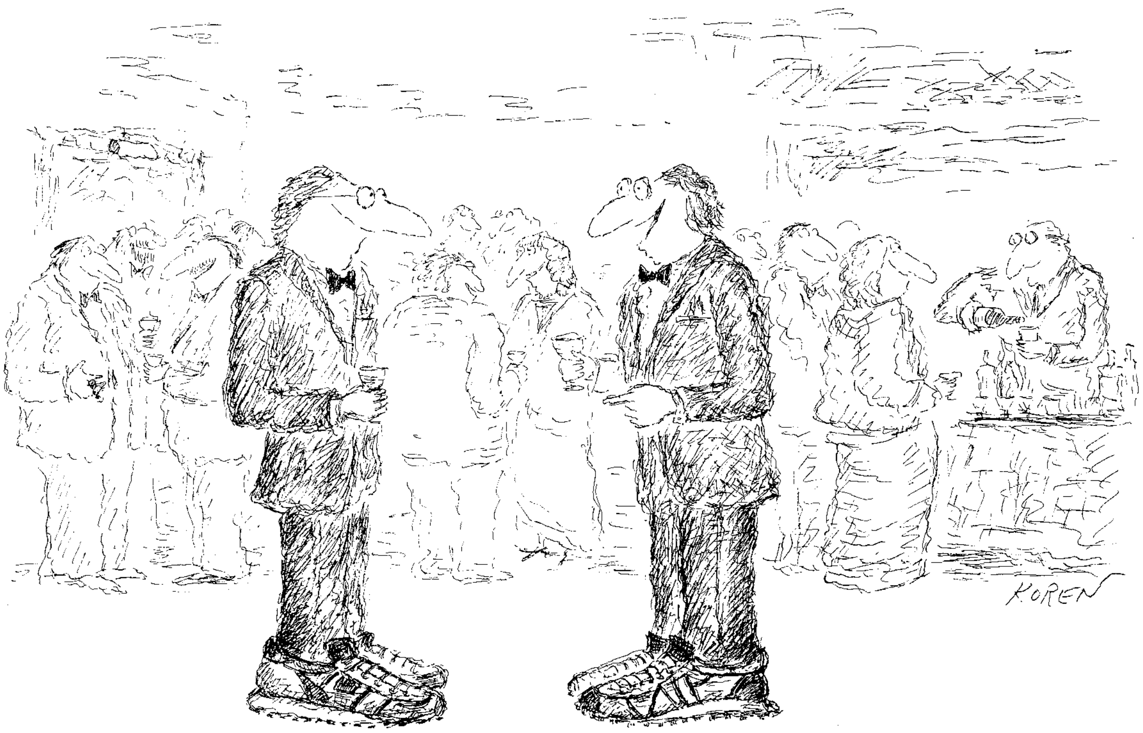
IN the fourteen years I’d been with Josh, I’d grown used to everyone I knew treating me as though I had a slight but crippling infirmity. If there was a general discussion of love and I spoke, my friends and family listened, paused, and resumed the conversation as if there had been no interruption. I knew I loved Josh more than he loved me, but this was only another form of love. What other people thought, or where the balance of affection was achieved, didn’t matter so long as he and I were together. Josh was a folksinger, with a small following in places like Saratoga Springs and Burlington. He was on the road a lot, and even when he was home, in Boston, we didn’t see each other every day, sometimes not every week, but it didn’t matter. He was in my life, if he was there or not, and when he did come around or we travelled together I was happier than my friends, happier even than my sister. Because I was so empty when he wasn’t there, pitched so far forward toward the reunion, when the moment came for us to be together I was sometimes sick with excitement. “Are you all right?” he’d ask. “I’m great,” I’d answer, and then Josh would tell me about a new song he was writing or a performance he’d given. “Never argue when you’re on the road,” he liked to say, finishing up a story of bad food or a car accident he’d witnessed, any of the obstructions a traveller faces. I took this to mean that I should never argue, or attempt to quarrel with my fate.

I’d met Josh when I was sixteen and he was twenty, and since then my time had been divided into good time when he was there and disposable time when he was gone. For years, I lived in New York, taking classes, working at one thing after another: typing for a temporary agency, waiting on tables in restaurants, or selling in department stores at Christmas. I thought I was living like this until I discovered what I really wanted to do. When I moved to Boston, I saw that I was doing what I wanted already.

Much of the time, I waited: for Josh's set to be over, for the tour to end, for him to wake from travel-weary sleep. Forever, it now seemed, he was up onstage, a small, red-haired man with a light tenor and an adequate ability to play guitar. I would sit at a table a little too close to the stage, a little too tall for Josh, plain-looking, grateful when someone recognized me as his girl. Josh sang old Carter Family songs, like "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," and sometimes he dedicated "I'll Fly Away" to me, and I'd feel as though he were touching me as he sang. It made my skin crawl now to think of myself that way. My time was good only for marking off the calendar, and I lived for his return, which might come days or even a week past the promised hour because, as it turned out, Josh wasn't counting.

Women are fools, to judge from my experience. Josh was married now to a pretty little girl from Maine whom he'd got pregnant on one of his short hops around New England. The girl's parents owned a club he sang in. One Thanksgiving, years ago, Josh had taken me to see them. I'd been one of twenty or more people at tables they'd set up all over the big hay barn they'd made into a house. The ceiling extended without a break to the peak of the roof. The men and women at the tables were a few years older than I, and they looked hearty in their country clothes. I could disappear and no one would notice, I thought. There was a diamond ring on the hand of our hostess, a former débutante, now a housewife in the woods. Her husband, like most of the other men, was going to fat a little from all the homegrown, home-cooked food, his plaid wool shirt straining at the buttons. The men wore long graying beards and braids, as if nothing would ever change. Across the table from where Josh and I sat, my hand on his knee for comfort, was a girl of eleven or twelve, with almost coffee-colored skin and almost blond hair, staring at us. I smiled, but it wasn't me she was looking at.

When he came home a month ago, Josh told me she was pregnant. I asked him if she was out of high school yet, and he straightened his shoulders and said she was going to get an equivalency certificate. "I feel like I'm getting old," he said, "and it's time to start a family." He would live with the girl and her parents in the barn until spring, when the child was born. And then? He shrugged. We'd always been so careful. He'd worried that I would get pregnant, and then what would we do? I would have had his baby, gladly, had I only known what he wanted. And I would have laughed at the idea that he was going for good had I not felt a rush of blood to my head that I thought would blind me. I didn't know what to say, so I followed him speechless around the apartment as he packed up his third-best guitar and made a pile by the door of his books and shirts, the laundry he'd left behind. He called that night, from a phone booth on the road, to see if I was all right. He was sad, too, he said, but I'd get along without him. I'd find someone better. "Don't worry about it," I said. "It isn't your business anymore."



"Did you do the marathon?"

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BY the time I got back upstairs with the shopping bags, Marilyn was in the kitchen, unpacking groceries. She'd left the apartment unlocked, and when I opened the door I saw that she'd put my suitcase in the guest room, a nook of the living room that Alan had framed in. Its one window saved it from being a closet with a bed. I stood for a moment, recovering from the stairs. "Close the door! Quick!" Marilyn called from the kitchen.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Close the door," Marilyn said. "It's Buddy. Madame doesn't know we have him."

I looked down, and there was a white cat, half grown, looking up at me with eyes like cracked green stones. He turned from me to the door, but I brought it shut just in time. Buddy sank to his back legs and licked a front paw energetically, as if that was what he'd meant to do all along and he hadn't been thwarted.

Marilyn came and took the bags from me. "Alan went to Savannah to visit his folks," she said, "and he found Buddy wandering around the streets, just a little kitten then, wearing a red collar with bells. He must have belonged to someone. He would have been run over for sure."

"So Alan stole him," I said.

"He saved him."

"Who named him Buddy?" I asked.

"Alan's dad. They had a dog named Buddy when Alan was growing up."

"Cute," I said. I reached down to pet him, and Buddy stiffened, waiting politely for me to stop. When I did, he hid beneath the round oak table.

"We're eating a little meat now and then," Marilyn said. "I bought a chicken for later in the week. Don't worry—I'm going to freeze it."

Marilyn worked in a luncheonette on Broadway, not far from the apartment. Passing it, you'd think it was a regular place: frozen orange juice, American cheese, thin hamburgers with grease popping from every pit. But the luncheonette served only fresh vegetables, virtuous steroid-free meats, juices thick with authentic pulp. Marilyn cooked lunch there weekdays; for holidays she baked pies with whole-wheat crusts and fructose-sweetened fruit.

I watched as Marilyn unpacked food in the cramped galley kitchen and put it away. She was shorter than I, more like our mother, Sadie. Marilyn had bright-blue eyes that made Buddy's look like counterfeit gems, the curly locks of someone pure and modest, and dark, smooth skin. I had my father's lean frame and fast metabolism. Like Sadie, Marilyn was a food lover, always looking for ways to deprive herself of what she wanted to eat. I never gained weight, no matter what I ate, but then I didn't care much for food.

"You have to wash a chicken, Louise," Marilyn said, turning on the faucet. Her square hands opened and then closed the chicken's wings and legs, raised the flap of skin over its empty neck, and forced water in and out of the plucked carcass, gently, as if the bird might feel it. "And before you freeze the chicken," she said, "dry it well, then wrap it in freezer paper. You wouldn't believe some of the chickens we see at work." When she was finished and the chicken was swaddled in white paper, taped up neatly, Marilyn said, "O.K., we're taken care of for the next few days, except for lunches, until Alan gets back."

"We can always send a scout out for supplies," I said. "Where's Alan gone?"

"Oh, Alan's very busy these days," Marilyn said. "He's in Philadelphia—he teaches there once a week. Then he flies straight up to Boston. There's a conference in Concord of transcendentalist scholars and writers. Alan's giving the keynote address."

A philosopher by training, a naturalist by inclination, Alan had written a book of meditations on a year he'd spent alone in Vermont, just before he married Marilyn. The book, brought out by a small press, did surprisingly well, and every week some backpacker appeared in search of Alan.

"I wonder if Henry David Thoreau would have made a good keynote speaker," I said. "Probably too shy."

"For Christ's sake, Louise. He has to pay the rent," Marilyn said.

"Of course he does," I said. "So do I. So does everyone. Should I help with dinner?"

Marilyn's expression softened. "Let's have tea. Then I'll cook. I'm sorry, I just hate being late."

AFTER we'd had a cup of tea, it was more like old times. Marilyn lounged on the chintz couch and I took the armchair that used to be in the library at home, where we'd sat and talked before dinner every night. Buddy sat on Marilyn's lap. She had changed into a dark chenille robe, and when the cat purred, stretched, and ambled to the end of the couch he left behind ghostly white hairs.

"How did you smuggle Buddy in?" I asked.

"Their vet in Savannah gave him a knockout dose, and he travelled in a box. Then it was late when Alan got in from the airport, so Madame was asleep."

"And she still hasn't caught on?"

"Buddy hasn't gone anywhere." Marilyn pulled on a lock of hair, an old signal that she was about to say something disagreeable. "I worry if it's good for him, being in the apartment."

"What do you mean? He has you and Alan. It's better than being road pizza."

"That's disgusting," she said, laughing.

"Or being put to sleep at the humane society, or whatever they do to strays."

"Buddy's a cat," she said. "He needs room to roam around, things to climb besides furniture. I wonder sometimes if I shouldn't just hand him over to Sadie, so he can be outdoors." She lifted Buddy to her face, giving him a squeeze. He let out a small squeal and rearranged himself on her lap.

"If you love him," I said, "why not keep him?"

"It seems wrong," she said. "I don't know why."

I reached for my cup, and Marilyn

FAR WEST ONCE

Aloud, I said, with a slight stir of heart,
"The last time"—and thought, years thence, to a moment
In memory when only I might
Repeat this last tramp up the shadowy gorge
In the mountains, cabinward, the fall
Coming on, the aspen leaf gold, sun low
At the western end of the gun-barrel passage,
As though waiting, waiting, the trigger-flick
And the blast of darkness, the target me.

I said, "I'll try to remember as much
As a man caught in Time cannot forget,"
For I carried a headful of summer, and knew
That I'd never again, in the gloaming, walk
Up that trail now lulled by the stone-song of waters;
Nor again on path pebbles, noon-plain, see
The old rattler's belly twist and distend
As it coiled, and the rattles up from dust rise
To vibrate loose dust in the bright sun;
Nor again, from below, on the cliff's overthrust,
Catch a glimpse of the night-crouching cougar's eyes
That, in my flashlight's strong beam, had shone
Their coal-bright glitter as they turned,
Contemptuous, detached, and slow,
Into the pinewoods' mounting mass
Of darkness that, eventually,

• •

Ahead, would blot out, star by star,
The slot of the sky-slice that now I
Moved under—and on to dinner and bed.

And to sleep—and even in sleep to feel
The nag and pretensions of day dissolve
And flow away in that musical murmur
Of waters. Then to wake in dark with some strange
Heart-hope, undefinable, verging to tears
Of happiness and the soul's calm.

How long ago! But in after years,
On other trails, in the shadow of
What other cliffs, in lands with names
Crank on the tongue, I have felt my boots
Crush gravel, or press the soundlessness
Of detritus of pine or spruce, and heard
Movement of water, far off, how far?

And I have waked under nameless stars
To such redemptive music threading
Starlight, distance to distance,
And able yet, as long ago,
Despite scum of wastage and scab of years, to touch,
Again, the heart, as though at the dawn
Of dew-bright Eden's promise—with,
Far off, far off, in verdurous shade, first birdsong.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

• •

stretched to touch my hand. "It's good to see you," she said.

I pulled my hand away before she got to me, pretending I was fixing my hair. While her mind was on wrongs, I was tempted to tell Marilyn about Josh and his bride; all she knew was that it was over with us.

"Is he deaf?" I asked.

"What?"

"Is he deaf? White cats are frequently deaf," I said.

"Blue-eyed white cats," Marilyn said. She brought the cat to her face again, kissing him on his long white whiskers. I smiled at the two of them despite myself, then felt foolish for regretting the smile.

FOR dinner, Marilyn said that she'd cook peas in a cream sauce over buckwheat noodles, and I could sense the start of the home feeling that overcomes me when I'm with my mother or sister: the feeling that everything else in the world is inauthentic compared with home, making home no less irritating a place to be.

I sat on the kitchen stool and watched Marilyn chop and mince proficiently. From the refrigerator she took a package wrapped in newspaper and opened it, spreading the paper over the counter. She began shelling the mound of peas, placing the pods in a pile, the peas in a glass bowl.

"Here," I said. "Let me do that. Only you could find fresh peas in October."

"I just bought them," she said, "I didn't grow them. Sadie always said she'd settle for peas out of all that stuff she planted."

Sadie planned her garden over every winter, drawing a new scheme, sending away for seed. In the spring, she planted in the same plot, and every time deer would come down from the woods behind the house and little by little eat everything in the garden. Sadie tried a higher fence each year and invented more elaborate cages for the rows of tender vegetables. She spread blood meal. She buried pop bottles in the ground, their necks sticking up, to make an eerie music when the wind blew. The summer before I moved into the city to go to college, I used to wake early to watch a doe and her fawn come to feed in the garden, the doe alert, the fawn so small that I wanted to cry at the sight of such a baby. With no trouble, they were able to leap the fence, and they left as easily as they entered.

"I don't know why she persists," I said. "I think she does it to have the same stories to tell every summer."

"She always believes that the garden will work if she just manages to think up the right fence."

"Maybe," I said, because Marilyn wouldn't abide anything that sounded like criticism of our mother.

There was something melancholy about shelling peas, though it reminded me of the joy of a similar task. "Do you remember all the corn we shucked?" I asked. At sunset on summer evenings, Sadie would give me the newspaper from the day before and six ears of corn from the farm stand down on Route 17. I used to sit on the kitchen steps, listening to the crickets and the birds, watching the lawn grow deeper and the light recede as I stripped the shucks and golden silk from pale kernels.

"I remember eating corn," Marilyn said, "but not shucking it."

"Never mind," I said, and I shelled more peas. "What's so terrible if Madame Lansky finds out about Buddy?"

"She could claim we broke the lease and kick us out—but she likes us. She might try to raise the rent. Meantime, she'd scream, for certain. She must never find out. I carry Buddy's used kitty litter out every morning and throw it away at the corner." Marilyn made a face in imitation of crabby Madame Lansky as she searched her tenants' garbage and listened at their doors. "She trapped me on the stairs this week and demanded that I let her in the apartment. She hasn't been inside since we first moved in."

"You said she liked you," I said.

"She does," Marilyn said. "She likes me fine. She can't help it. She's just a mean person."

I cleared a spot on the newspaper and came upon a four-day-old horoscope. For me, there was love trouble, which I knew all about, and vehicular trouble as well. Marilyn was a Taurus, same as Josh.

"For you," I read aloud, "it says, 'Avoid arguments.' "

"Those things in the newspaper are fraudulent," Marilyn said.

"I know," I said, "but reading it here like this with peas all over it, isn't it fate?"

"Everything's fate," my sister said briskly. "If you want your chart read, I know a terrific woman here."

"That's O.K.," I said. "I had my chart read in Boston." I'd had it done when Josh left—his and mine—but nothing changed.

"Speaking of fate," Marilyn said, "I wanted to tell you—I don't know what you're going to do now, but in case you'd even consider moving back here, there's an apartment right in this building. In a month or so. The cellist who lives in the front apartment one floor down is moving to Milwaukee."

I looked at Marilyn and she looked down at the shallots she was chopping. I saw circles beneath Marilyn's eyes that hadn't been there the last time I'd visited, the beginning of lines on her brow. We would both grow old, I thought, believing it for the first time.

"I don't know," I said. "All my friends are in Boston, except you and Alan. I don't know if I can keep moving back and forth this way. Not back and forth—just back. Let me know, O.K.? If she really is moving to Milwaukee, I'd *like* to know."

"There's something else I have to tell you," Marilyn said. "I should have told you as soon as you got here."

"Is it Alan?" I asked. "Is everything all right?"

"Alan?" she asked, looking puzzled. "It's me. I'm going to have a baby, Weasel. What do you think?"

I thought it couldn't be true, she couldn't be pregnant without my knowing, but I felt very calm, as if the worst had happened and, having happened, was over at last.

"When did it happen?" I asked. "How far along are you?"

"Only *nine* weeks," she said. "The baby's not even due until spring. When I found out for sure, I cried. I've always wanted babies, but this seemed so final, as if I'd never have another thing to say about anything ever again. Then I told Alan and it was all right. You think it'll be all right, don't you?"

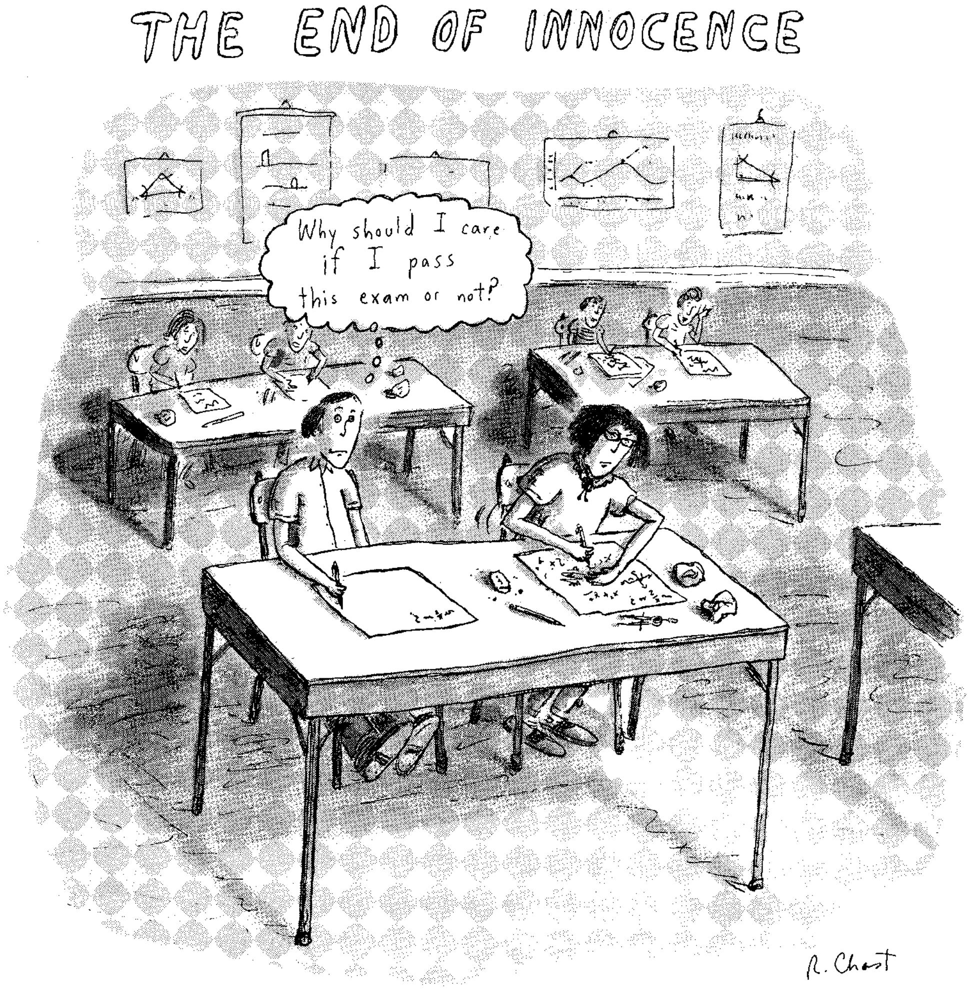
"Of course, everything will be all right. It always is," I said. "You're just the right age to have a baby. And you're strong."

AFTER dinner, I volunteered to take down the garbage while Marilyn had a bath. I could hear the water running as I tied up the two garbage bags. I opened the apartment door and turned to tell Marilyn I was leaving. She stood at the bathroom door, her robe untied, holding the cat to her. When he saw the door, he moved in her arms and she held him more tightly to her. His white fur made her skin look dull.

"Buddy likes to sit on the sink while I'm in the tub," Marilyn said.

"Cozy," I said.

I met no one on the stairs or in the lobby. Outside, I put the garbage into the already full cans, and set the tops at rakish angles. I shook my arms to get the blood moving, and looked down the street to the park below, to the sparsely leafed trees, to the lights lining the paths. Would my life be any better if I lived there? I went back into the building, ready for the day to end.


THE END OF INNOCENCE
Why should I care if I pass this exam or not?
R. Chast

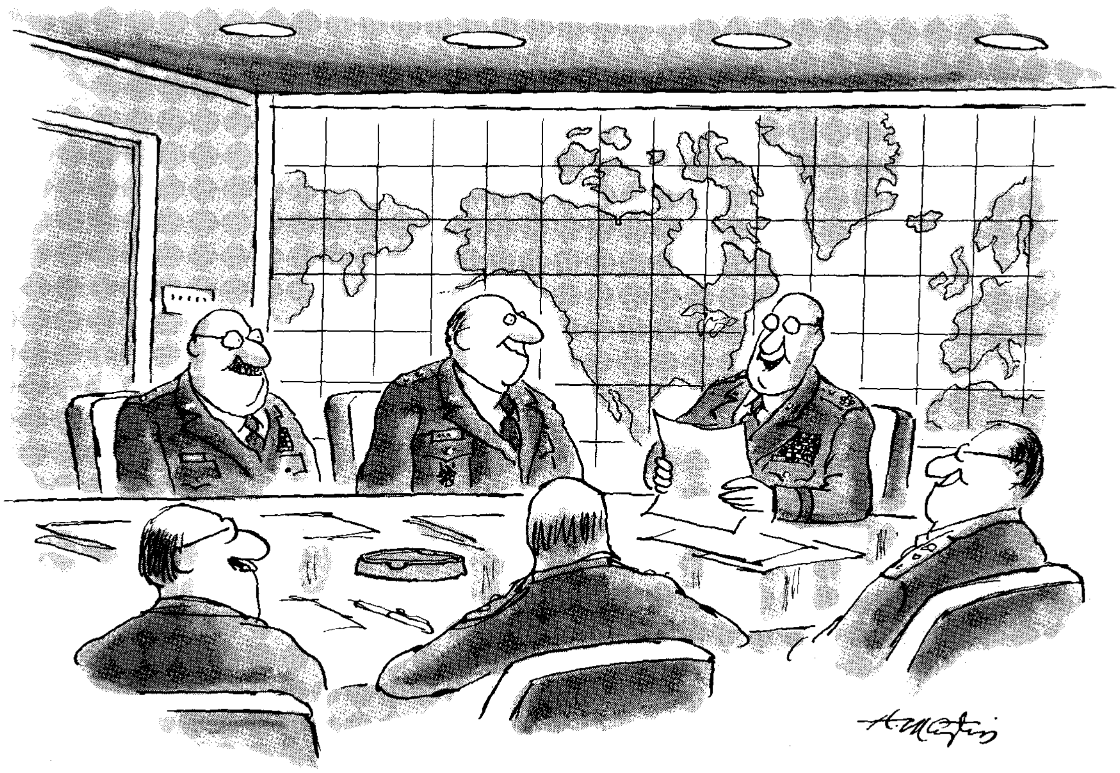
IN the middle of the night, the telephone rang. Marilyn answered it in one ring, but it woke me. I went and listened at the door, wanting to hear Marilyn say that the call was for me. I guessed that it was Alan, that Marilyn was telling him I'd arrived. But I couldn't hear what she was saying. I went back to bed, rubbing my cold feet one against the other, to warm them. As I waited for sleep, I remembered how one winter, when Marilyn was a toddler, a neighbor gave us some chops from a deer he'd got on a hunting trip. Sadie fried the venison and served it to us, cutting Marilyn's chop into small pieces for her. Marilyn screamed and wouldn't eat hers, finally scattering the pieces on the floor. I tried to swallow mine. It was like fudge gone wrong, too rich and dense, but I remembered that I chewed it, that I chewed it very well.

IN the morning Marilyn left for work, and I enjoyed the silence. Buddy slept on the table, looking up once in a while to see what I was doing. I made coffee from a small package of beans Marilyn kept in the freezer for guests—she didn't take in caffeine, she said—and I looked over the Sunday *Times* from the previous week.

"I love having you here," Marilyn had told me before she left, when I was waiting for her to go so that I could be alone. She surprised me by saying, "I miss you, you know."

I pushed my chair back from the table, stood up and stretched, hearing my bones crack in the effort. In the kitchen, I fixed a cheese sandwich. Buddy came and sat at my feet, gazing at me steadily. I ate standing up at the counter and I smacked my lips to show the cat how good it all was—Marilyn's homemade bread, pure butter, non-chemical cheese. I cut a sliver of cheddar and held it down to Buddy. He sniffed it, batted it with his paw, and walked away. "*No dairy products?*" I asked.

Marilyn and Alan's apartment looked as though it had been the same for thirty years, partly because they had so much old, mismatched furniture (gifts from Sadie) and partly because they never changed anything in it. Above crowded bookcases, family photographs and old engravings from home covered every inch of the apartment walls. It was as if not only Marilyn and Alan but their two families had been linked together always. I found myself at Marilyn and Alan's wedding, on the lawn at home, wearing a long skirt that I remembered catching my heel on with each step I took.



"And from the mailbag this week—a woman in New Harmony, Indiana, writes, 'Keep up the good work!'"

Late in the afternoon, I left Marilyn's and walked over to Broadway. There was a two-story wooden building on a corner a few blocks away that I liked, and when I visited Marilyn and Alan I made a point of checking the picture windows on the second floor to see if the same people lived there, if plants were still hanging, and if the untidy arrangements of books, magazines, and coffee mugs were still on the wooden sills. I'd always thought it was inevitable that I'd live like that, sunk in coziness that could be detected a block away. My place in Boston, though, was spare. Josh liked writing songs in the extra bedroom off the kitchen; he said the echo made him sound like a bigger singer than he was. The scarcity of my possessions, my lack of souvenirs, was hard won, fought for against the family tendency to preserve and collect. Now I was beginning to regret the success of my efforts. I went into a little shop and bought a candy bar, then walked down to the river, stopping by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, where I ate the chocolate. It was the poisonous quality of my imagination, I thought, that I would feel such regret, that I bothered to imagine one place when I was in another.

Across Riverside Drive was the enormous apartment building where Josh grew up. One Saturday when I was still in high school, he invited me to come to the city, and he met me at the Port Authority and brought me uptown to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. Around the base, where I now sat, he'd painted in shining red letters: Josh loves Louise. It might have been sandblasted off or eaten away by strong acid, for not a trace of the letters was to be seen or a particle of paint to be detected as I pushed my hand along the rough surface.

Later, I walked back up Broadway. I stopped outside Marilyn's luncheonette and looked through the plate-glass window to see if she was still back in the kitchen and we could walk home together. The only customer, a man who wore mirrored glasses and a worn dungaree jacket, sat at the counter with a plate of chicken, brown rice, and the house salad. He was cutting up the chicken with the patience and precision of a surgeon, separating skin from meat, meat from bone, setting the skin and bones on the counter near his plate. He was stalling, I thought, postponing the moment when he'd have to leave. It looked peaceful inside, the counters wiped, menus waiting for the next customers. The waiter, a friend of Marilyn's, was doing the crossword puzzle. Now the man was combining the meat with the salad and rice. I looked again toward the kitchen for Marilyn; when I looked back a second later, he'd eaten everything and was signalling impatiently for the check. He had somewhere to go after all.

At a bus stop near Marilyn's, I stopped at a florist's and bought two bouquets of rosebuds from the chilly buckets outside the shop. As I came up the block, I saw a tall, pale figure by the garbage cans. It was Madame Lansky, standing in the twilight, wearing a shapeless blue robe. She looked more fragile than I remembered. She should have been inside, I thought, where it was warm.

"Good evening," I said, and I smiled, holding up the flowers in their bright-green florist paper, thinking she'd understand that I was only a dinner guest, bearing a small gift. She looked at me, glum-faced, and said, "Good evening," then turned her head as if she'd said too much and stared down the street.

In the vestibule, I rang the bell on Marilyn's mailbox, hoping she was home. She'd given me the key, but I didn't want to use it, in case Madame Lanksy was looking through the glass of the door. As I waited for Marilyn to buzz me in, I turned slowly, trying to catch the landlady watching, but when I came around there was only my reflection and the empty street.

In the kitchen, Marilyn was cutting green beans into tiny pieces. Scrubbed new potatoes dripped onto the counter. Buddy appeared from nowhere and, racing me, dashed into

AT NORTH FARM

Somewhere someone is travelling furiously toward you,
At incredible speed, travelling day and night,
Through blizzards and desert heat, across torrents, through narrow passes.
But will he know where to find you,
Recognize you when he sees you,
Give you the thing he has for you?

Hardly anything grows here,
Yet the granaries are bursting with meal,
The sacks of meal piled to the rafters.
The streams run with sweetness, fattening fish;
Birds darken the sky. Is it enough
That the dish of milk is set out at night,
That we think of him sometimes,
Sometimes and always, with mixed feelings?

—John Ashbery

• •

the kitchen and came to a halt at Marilyn's feet.

"Budsy-boysy," she said.

She looked more tired than she had the day before, but she brightened when she saw the package I carried. "Flowers!" she said. "Oh, Louise. I never buy flowers."

"Any calls?" I asked, regretting my question immediately.

"No, Weasel," she said. "But I haven't been in very long. Here, I'll put them in water."

Marilyn undid the wrapping, revealing the tight buds in their blankets of cellophane and tissue. They were perfect, she said; she liked blushing pink best for little roses. She found a small round vase, in which she arranged the flowers, thanking me over and over, so pleased by the small gift that I felt stingy for not bringing more.

"I went by the luncheonette," I said when she asked what I'd done with my day. I told her about Chicken Man, and she laughed.

"He comes by every Thursday and does that with the special."

"It would drive me crazy," I said. "Haven't you ever thought of working someplace decent, where they'd pay you enough money?"

"I get paid enough, Louise. I'm not hurting for anything. All my friends are there, and I can't think of a more decent place, if you want to know. I don't have to cook food I don't believe in."

"Maybe when the baby's old enough you'll be able to open a restaurant of your own," I said.

"For God's sake, Louise," she said. "What are you talking about? Here. Take these."

She handed me the flowers and I carried the vase to the living room.

MARILYN sat on the couch after dinner, her feet up on the hassock. I did the dishes and then sat drinking tea and watching her from the armchair. She was working on a needlepoint design, using fat thread in shades of pink and blue. Buddy came in from the kitchen, where he'd been eating his dry food. He picked up a wad of pink yarn that had fallen to the floor and began batting it furiously across the room, the wool picking up dust and hair as Buddy brought it under furniture and out again. When he tired of his game, Buddy settled on the couch next to Marilyn, where he made himself comfortable, looking smug and proprietary.

"One of Alan's fans came up with a nice offer," Marilyn said, holding her needle still and looking over at me. "A house in New Hampshire for next summer. It's an old farm, away from everything. But maybe things will be so different then we won't want to go. It sounds perfect now, but it's hard to know whether to accept the offer. To know in advance how we'll feel."

"Why not accept it," I asked, "and if you change your mind tell him then?"

She looked at me steadily and I felt summed up and unworthy.

"I wish it were happening right now," she said. "We could give you this apartment and you'd have a chance to sort things out, to rest for a while. And there might be room for you in New Hampshire. You could come up there, too."

"Maybe," I said. "I've only seen New Hampshire from a car. Or maybe Josh took me there and we stayed for a weekend. I can't remember exactly."

"He called me," Marilyn said. "Last month. He wanted to tell me about the girl. It must have been just awful for you, Louise. You should have said something to me about it."

"Don't look at me like that," I said. "For heaven's sake. Don't worry, I'm fine. You forget—I have an apartment of my own to live in, a perfectly good life."

"All right," she said. "I'm sorry. But maybe I was thinking how nice it would be for me if you were here—"

"And you were off in New Hampshire? That would be nice for me—to move here and wave goodbye to you. Why should I move here, to feel like the fifth wheel?"

"You know you'll find someone," she said, "sooner or later. Don't feel so sorry for yourself." Marilyn lay back against the arm of the couch and put her feet up, as if she were giving up and her exhaustion was overwhelming her at last.

"I don't know that at all," I said. "And I don't want to find someone ever again."

"It's too soon," she said. "You'll feel differently in a while."

"No, I won't," I said, but something moved in me and I saw that Marilyn might be right.

"Weasel," she said. "I have the feeling that everything will be fine for us both, don't you?"

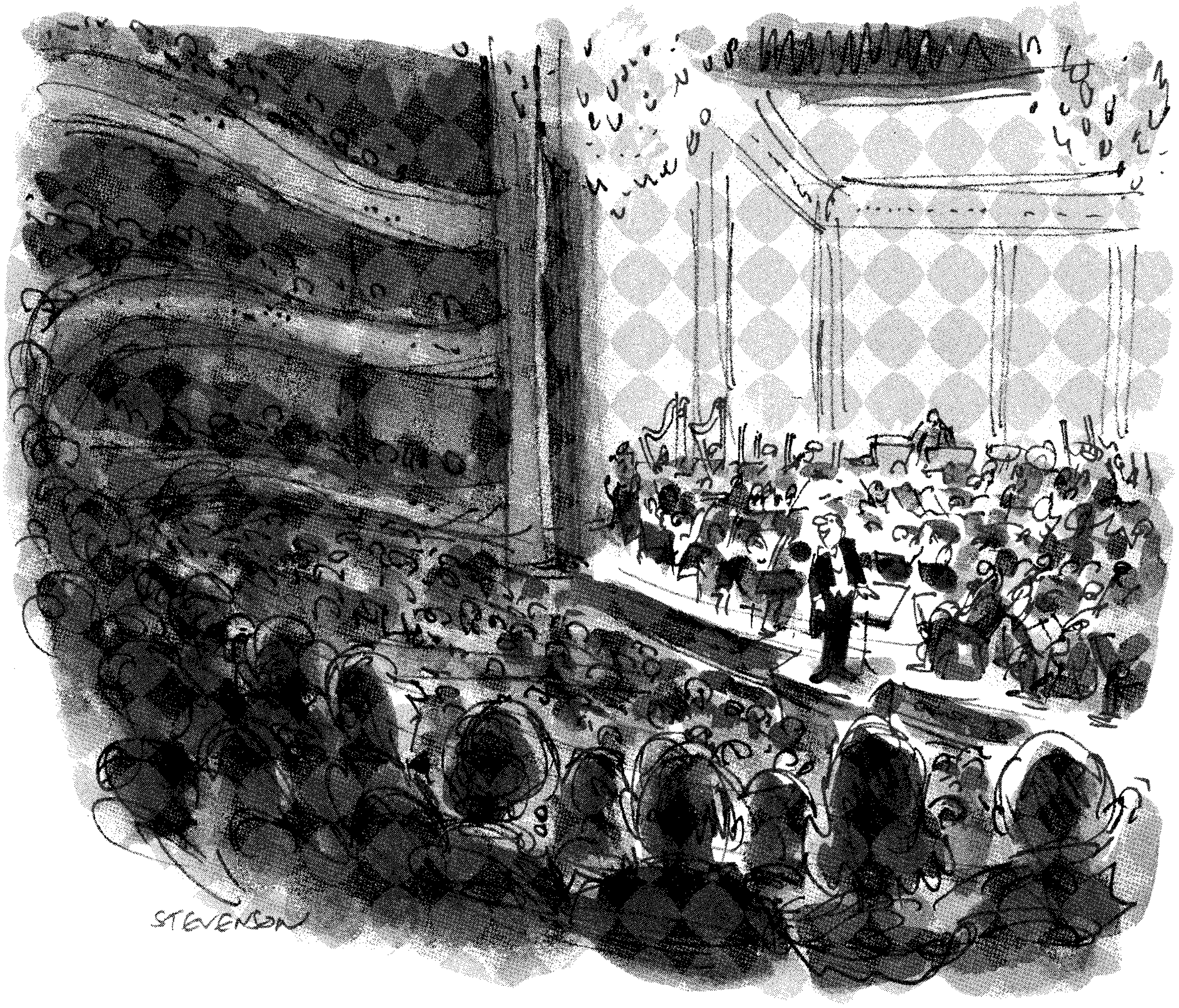
I thought of her baby and felt the way I had when she told me she was marrying Alan, the way I had at school when Marilyn, pudgy and smaller than I, passed me in a race. I had feared for Marilyn and watched out for her all my life.

"It'll be fine," I said. "Don't worry. I'll help you with the baby. If you like, I'll come for the last part. Or when the baby's born."

"I knew you would," Marilyn said. "You always come through for me in the end."

"Yes," I said. "No matter what. Just rest awhile now."

"I get so tired," she said. Marilyn



"Welcome to an evening of doo-wop! Just kidding, folks. Now for the Berlioz."

• •

tucked the needle into her work and laid the needlepoint on the table, with the wads of yarn. I got an afghan and covered her feet, which she said were a little cold. Gradually, Marilyn relaxed and fell into a sleep so profound that she looked like a stranger. On the bus once, going to Boston, I'd watched Josh as he slept. In sleep, he was unusually beautiful, his features carved in pale, freckled skin, like someone I didn't know, and I stared at him so long that when he opened his eyes and caught me looking at him he frightened me. I'd looked away, pretending I hadn't been staring. Buddy slept against Marilyn. I reached to pet him, but withdrew my hand before I touched his white fur.

Marilyn's baby would be smooth and pink, beautiful as any fawn or rosebud, as anything new and untried. It didn't matter if I moved there or not. Never again would my sister shake her head over me. Nothing of mine, no mistake, decision, action, would equal the touch of the baby's skin, the smallest gesture the baby made. Our mother had it all wrong; Sadie should have welcomed the deer and planted the garden for them. They would get it all anyway.

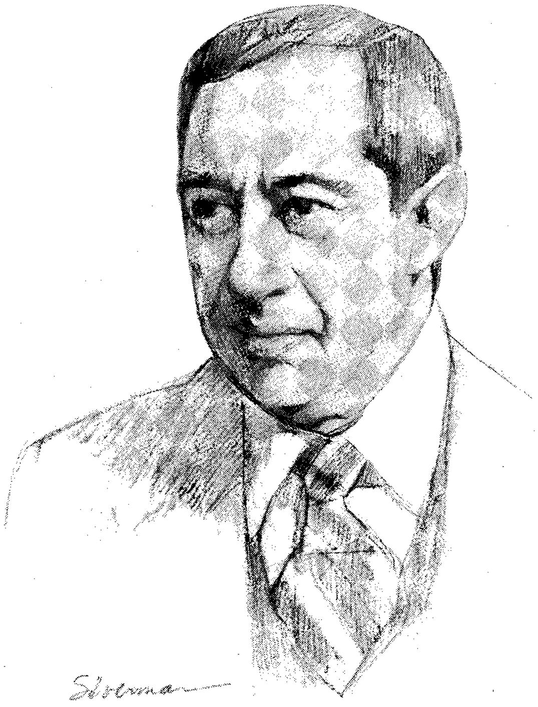
The rosebuds were not enough, I decided. I needed to go out and find something for Marilyn. I should get lilies and tulips to cover the table, Valencia oranges to stack in a pyramid. I left my chair and quietly moved around the apartment, gathering my coat and purse, writing a short note and propping it against my teacup. I hesitated at the door, searching in my purse for the key. I looked back at Marilyn and Buddy sleeping together on the couch, then opened the door to the landing.

His emerald eyes wide open, Buddy sprang noiselessly from the couch and raced toward the door. I reached for him, but he was past me in no time and out on the stairs, his whiteness startling against the murky carpet. I heard, flights below, Madame Lansky calling to a tenant, "Not so fast, you." Her voice was loud, angry, and magnetic. His legs a blur of white, Buddy headed for the sound.

I dropped my purse and coat and I slammed the door shut. This will disturb Marilyn, I thought, and I stood very still. This will wake her, I thought. But I turned and ran down the stairs as fast as I could after Buddy. When the landlady saw him, when Madame Lansky screamed at the sight of him, I would capture him, I would lift him up and hold him tight in my arms, and I would tell her he's mine, he's mine. —LAURA FURMAN

PROFILES

GOVERNOR—I



Mario M. Cuomo

AFTER a trip through the Southeast for the Pittsburgh Pirates in July of 1952, Edward McCarrick, a scout for the organization, mailed to Branch Rickey, then the Pirates' general manager, a three-page analysis of the players on their Class D Georgia-Florida League team, the Brunswick Pirates. McCarrick's report included an appraisal of a twenty-year-old center fielder named Mario Cuomo:

> Potentially the best prospect on the club in my opinion and could go all the way if he improves his hitting to the point of a respectable batting average. He is aggressive and plays hard. He is intelligent and is a straight A student at St. John's University. He will probably graduate summa cum laude. He is not an easy chap to get close to but is very well-liked by those who succeed in penetrating the exterior shell. . . . He is another who will run over you if you get in his way.

These days, Cuomo, who was officially sworn in as governor of New York on January 1, 1983, is being touted as one of the Democratic Party's prospects for future national office. From the standpoint of political symmetry, he is hailed as a natural—an Italian-American with Harry Truman's common touch and Adlai Stevenson's eloquence. On issues that interest liberals—a nuclear freeze, opposition to the death penalty, gay rights, care for the homeless and the poor, support for labor unions—he takes the correct position. But, unlike many Democrats, who shy away from speaking publicly of personal values, Cuomo in his speeches often refers to God, to his Roman Catholicism, to "family" and "Poppa" with the unself-conscious patriotism of an immigrant's son, and this makes him popular among more conservative voters. His willingness as governor to compromise in order to arrive at what he calls a reasonable position casts him as a moderate with potentially broad appeal.

Yet Cuomo, as the Pirates' scouting report notes, is also willing to "run over you if you get in his way." Despite Cuomo's insistence on conciliation and compromise, his aggressiveness sometimes leads him into confrontations with the government he heads and sometimes causes him to treat disagreements as contests of wills. He remains "not an easy chap to get close to"—a lament sometimes heard from frustrated members of his administration.

Now that he is governor, bits and pieces of his personality have filtered through to the public, and some people wonder why they know so little about him, even though he has been in the public eye for nearly two decades. In the mid-sixties, as a young lawyer in Queens, Cuomo volunteered his services on behalf of sixty-nine homeowners in the Corona section whose property was threatened because the city wanted to build a new high school; in a celebrated battle, the group beat City Hall. In May of 1972, Mayor John V. Lindsay appointed Cuomo a mediator in an ugly, racially charged confrontation over low-income housing in Forest Hills, Queens—a job he performed successfully and wrote about in a 1974 book, "Forest Hills Diary: The Crisis of Low-Income Housing." In 1973, Cuomo was mentioned as a candidate for mayor of New York City. The next year, he campaigned around the state for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor, and lost. In 1975, Governor Hugh L. Carey appointed Cuomo his Secretary of State. In 1977, Carey prevailed upon Cuomo to run for mayor, and Cuomo lost to Edward I. Koch in the Democratic primary. With Carey's blessing, Cuomo ran for lieutenant governor in 1978, and served four years in that post. By 1982, there was considerable speculation that he would challenge Carey in a gubernatorial primary. Carey declined to run for a third term, however, and Cuomo challenged Koch, the candidate of the financial and Democratic Party establishments, confounding expert opinion by scoring a stunning upset in the primary. In the general election, Cuomo was outspent almost three to one by Lewis E. Lehrman, his Republican opponent, but nevertheless won.

CUOMO'S parents, Immaculata and Andrea, came to the United States from Italy. Both were from the province of Salerno—she from the town of Tramonti and he from Nocera Inferiore. Andrea, who was born in the United States but had returned to Italy with his family as a child, arrived in 1926, a few months before his wife, to search for work. Each took a boat from Naples. They had dreams but few possessions, and were without any waiting friends, relatives, or other contacts. They spoke no English, and neither had completed the sixth grade. The Cuomos settled in Jersey City, where Andrea found a job digging sewers. He was five feet six inches tall, weighed a hundred and fifty-five pounds, and walked with a limp from an untreated hip injury. While Andrea dug sewers, Immaculata stayed home and raised a family. A son, Frank, was born in 1927, and a daughter, Marie, in 1928. The Cuomos saved what money they could, and by the time a third child was born, in 1930 (he died at the age of two), they had moved to South Jamaica, Queens—a poor, mixed neighborhood of Italians, Germans, Irish, blacks, and Poles—and opened a small grocery store. In June of 1932, their fourth, and last, child was born, and was christened Mario Matthew.

The store remained open twenty-four hours, seven days a week, preparing hero sandwiches for construction crews in the morning and midnight snacks for the night shift of a sweater factory across the street. The store, called Cuomo's, also served as the neighborhood grocery.

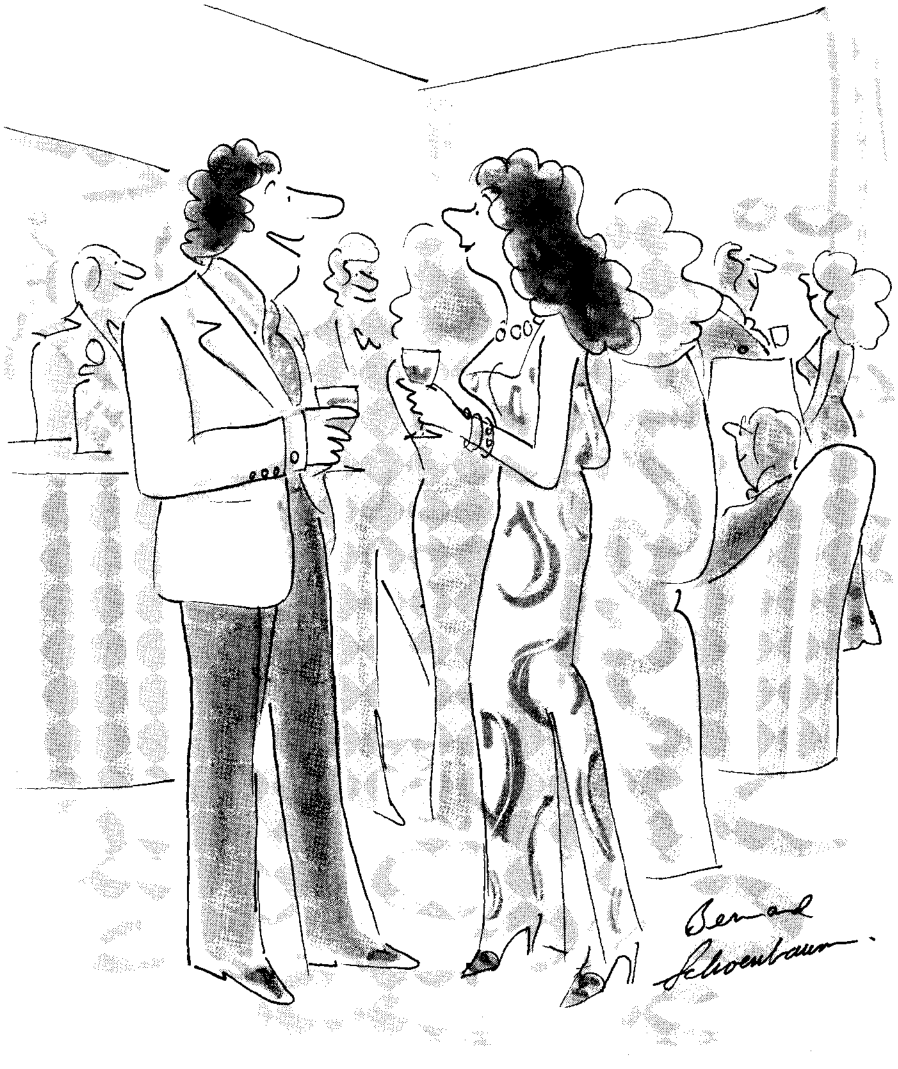
The family living quarters consisted of one large room behind the store and three upstairs bedrooms. After a few years, the store relocated three doors down, to a corner building that offered a bit more space. At home, the family spoke Italian. Mrs. Cuomo worked in the store, as did the three children when they weren't in school. Mario was the studious one, and often got lost in his books; he was given extra time off to serve as an altar boy, and to pursue his studies and athletics. Business was such that there was little time for conversation. There were no vacations, and not until the children were teen-agers did Andrea Cuomo close the store on Sunday mornings; then he would sometimes go to church with his family and occasionally, in the summer months, take everyone on picnics to the Rockaway beaches or to nearby Cunningham Park.

"I knew him only as a person who worked twenty-four hours a day," Mario Cuomo says of his father. "We never sat down to dinner, or very rarely—on the holidays, in the later years. He never took me for a walk. He never had a man-to-man talk with me. I never saw him relaxed until, in later years, the store had to be closed on Sunday mornings after ten o'clock. On Sunday afternoons, he took us to the movie theatre: the Savoy—always the same theatre. I think of him as being very affectionate, but I don't remember him putting his arm around me. You always had the sense that he had great feeling for you. You saw him providing for you, at enormous pain to himself. You saw him doing nothing for himself—never bought himself anything, never enjoyed himself, never went out to the track, never went out alone. He went out with my mother. So the overwhelming impression we got was that this man was offering us his life; he didn't have to put his arm around you."

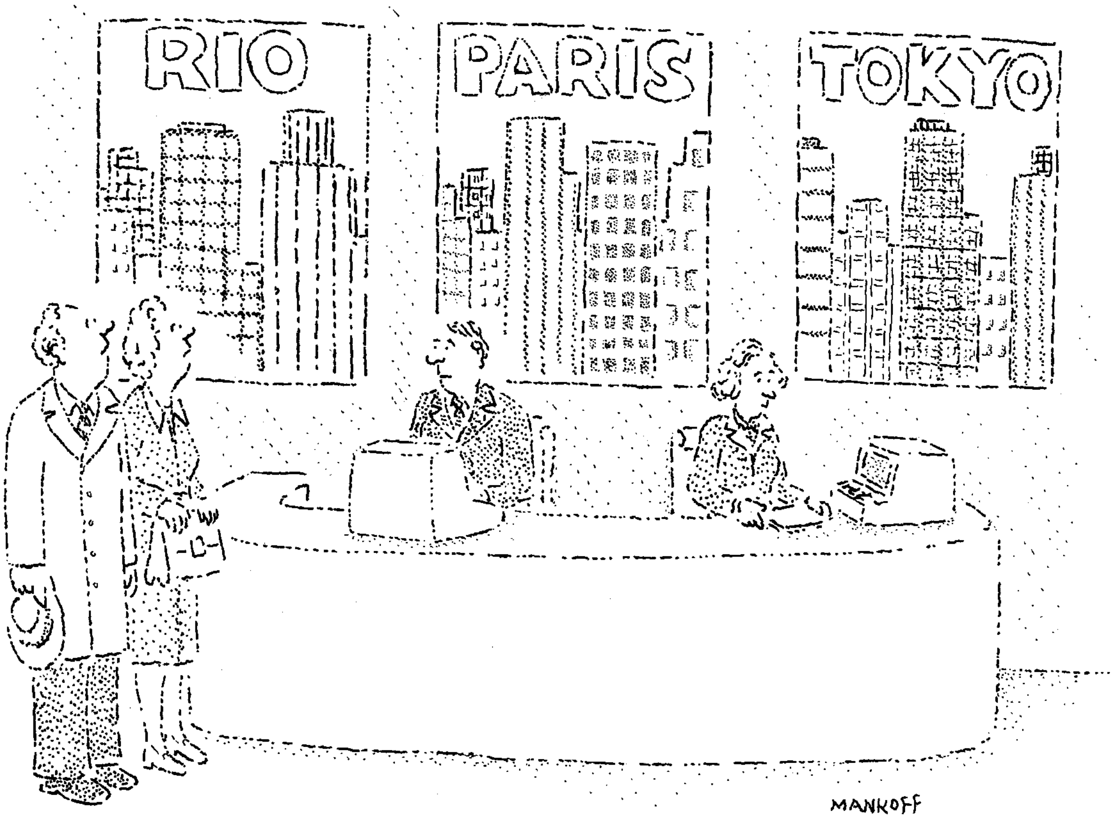
In the introduction to his book "Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo: The Campaign for Governor," to be issued by Random House in mid-April, Cuomo writes, "The whole religious experience of Catholics like myself in that time and place painted for us a world of moral pitfalls that needed to be avoided in order to earn an eternal peace. It was as though God had created the world as a kind of hard passage to eternity." Later in the diary, he says, "Always, the nagging truth is that I should be something else—a person who gives only to give, who works only to provide, who speaks only to soothe or persuade for the good, who strives only for others. And always there is the depressing reality that I fail utterly at that truth, that my emotions are at war with it—or at least are too strong to surrender to it."

Cuomo attended P.S. 50, in Jamaica, Queens, and in 1943 he entered the seventh grade at St. Monica's School. He lasted just one day there: a teacher slapped him with a ruler, and his outraged father—who believed that such discipline belonged only in the family—transferred him to Shimer Junior High School, also in Jamaica. Two years later, he went to St. John's Preparatory School, in Brooklyn.

Cuomo attended St. John's Prep through the twelfth grade, and in September of 1949 he entered St. John's College, which was then in Brooklyn. "Brash" and "competitive" and "smart" are words that friends often use to describe the Cuomo of those days. Nicholas D'Arienzo, who is still a close friend of Cuomo's, met him on their first day of summer classes at St. John's College. They were in the same biology class. At the end of the term, confronting their biology final exam, the new friends decided to study together. "I went to his house for dinner," D'Arienzo recalls. "We went out for a walk and came back hours later. He said, 'It's too ear-



"Isn't it exciting, these our cocktail years?"



ly to study. Relax.' We walked again. Then he said it was too late to study. So he said the only way to study was to guess the questions the professor would ask. He picked nine out of ten questions. We both got A's."

St. John's had a rule that students were not to smoke above the first floor. One day, the dean of men spotted Cuomo standing in the second-floor hall with a lighted cigarette in his hand, and ordered him to his office.

"What for?" Cuomo asked.

"You're not supposed to smoke," the dean said.

"Did you see me smoking, Father?" Cuomo asked. "Is there a rule against carrying a lighted cigarette?"

"Are you going to tell me you weren't smoking?" the dean asked.

"No, Father. But I'm not going to tell you that I was. I have shoes on, and yet I'm not walking."

At the next student assembly, the dean got up on the stage and denounced unnamed students with "cheating, technical minds." In the 1953 St. John's yearbook, the caption under a picture of Cuomo reads, "So, after catching the prof in an outright contradiction of what he had said five minutes earlier . . ."

Cuomo's interest in baseball began in his childhood, with a sandlot team called the Celtics, and when he was a sophomore at St. John's he played briefly for Frank McGuire, the school's legendary basketball coach, who also coached the baseball team. Needing a catcher and believing that another player could perform well in center field, McGuire told Cuomo that he would be shifted to catcher. "I said yes," recalls McGuire, who is now director of intercollegiate athletics at Madison Square Garden. "He said no." The stubborn Cuomo was forced by the equally stubborn McGuire to leave the team. In August of 1951, he was offered a contract with the Pittsburgh Pirates. Before he was allowed to sign, however, Andrea Cuomo insisted on a commitment from Branch Rickey that his son be allowed to finish St. John's. Rickey made that commitment, and on his orders Cuomo did not report to his minor-league team until after the spring semester ended. His bonus for signing the contract was two thousand dollars. In eighty-one games with the 1952 Brunswick Pirates, Cuomo batted .244, getting sixty-two hits in two hundred and fifty-four at-bats. He hit ten doubles and one home run, drove in twenty-six runs, scored thirty-one times, and struck out fifty-five times. One day during a game in Tifton, Georgia, Cuomo got so mad at a catcher that he punched him. The catcher was still wearing his mask. "That's not hot-tempered—that's stupid," Cuomo says today. His promising career was cut short that summer, when a fastball hit him in the head. After that, he was constantly plagued by headaches, and he quit baseball.

Cuomo returned to St. John's, where he was studying inter-American affairs, English, and Spanish, in the fall of 1952; in June of 1953 he was voted Best All Around student, and graduated summa cum laude. St. John's—where he went to prep school, to college, and to law school; where he later taught law; and where he met his wife, Matilda—has been, after his family and his religion, the most important influence in his life. "Steeped in St. John's?" Cuomo asked in an article he wrote for the *Alumni Quarterly* last year. "I was almost suffocated by it. I say that gratefully. The school embraced me as a freshman at the Prep, and strengthened its hold throughout my years at the College and the Law School. It completed the job during the decade and a half I was a member of the Law faculty. The involvement covered 26 years—more than half my life."

St. John's helped mold Cuomo in another way. St. John's is a Vincentian school, unlike Fordham and Holy Cross, which are Jesuit schools. "The Jesuits are trained to educate," Cuomo explains. "The Vincentians are trained missionaries." Sir Thomas More, Henry VIII's Chancellor and the patron saint of lawyers, was a revered figure to many St. John's students. For Cuomo, More had a special meaning: Cuomo was the recipient of the law school's St. Thomas More Scholarship, and he reveres More to this day. A portrait of More painted by Arlene D'Arienzo, the wife of his old St. John's friend Nicholas D'Arienzo, looms over a sofa in his living room, and a second portrait of More adorns his New York City office, in the World Trade Center. "More was a combination of practicality and principle, of high as-

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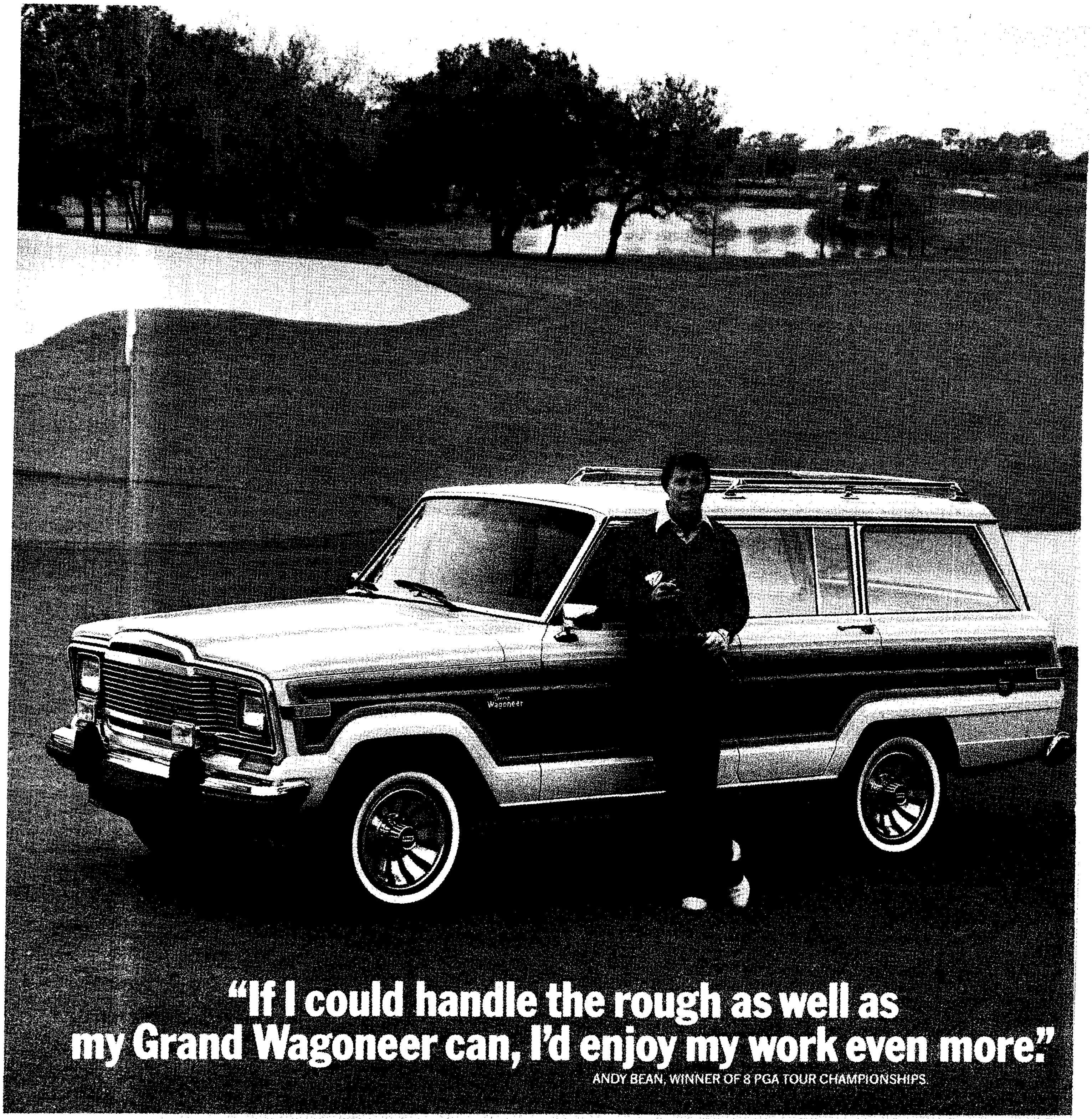
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piration and weakness," Cuomo says.

When Cuomo met Matilda Raffa, she was in her junior year and he was a senior, a young man who took his studies, his sports, his religion, and his friends seriously. He was quite handsome, with a cleft chin, dark curly hair, large brown eyes, and the powerful physique of an athlete. Matilda Raffa was a shy, dimpled young woman with curly reddish-brown hair who had been the head of the guard squad at Midwood High School, in Brooklyn, and a singer in the All City Chorus. Her two older brothers were very protective of her, and most days drove her to St. John's Teachers College from their home on Avenue K, in Brooklyn's Flatbush section. "I was sitting in the cafeteria with my girlfriends," Matilda Cuomo says of the day she met her husband. "He came over and introduced himself and asked if he could buy me a cup of coffee." They soon began to see each other regularly. "I realized very quickly he was a very serious fellow," Mrs. Cuomo says. "Not a comic type. I was a serious person. We used to talk about philosophy. I realized right away I could trust him. He wouldn't betray me or make me feel bad. He made me feel very secure."

Mario and Matilda became engaged in 1953. A week after Matilda graduated, cum laude, in 1954, they were married. The ceremony took place in St. John the Baptist Church in Brooklyn, which was then the official church of St. John's. The Cuomos had time for only a one-week honeymoon, in Puerto Rico, because Mario, who was now in law school, had to get back for summer classes and for work. To help support his bride and himself, he often stayed up all night to write legal briefs for William C. Mattison, a partner in a Brooklyn law firm; he was paid a hundred dollars a brief. Mrs. Cuomo, who taught school at the Dutch Broadway School, in Elmont, earned most of the family's income. Their financial needs were not great, because they lived with Cuomo's parents, who in 1949 had moved to Holliswood, Queens. Within a year, however, Matilda Cuomo became pregnant, and there was pressure on Cuomo to either drop out of law school to support his family or take money from Matilda's father, Charles Raffa, who owned a thriving Brooklyn company that manufactured supermarket fixtures. Mrs. Cuomo recalls, "My father and my father-in-law, the first talk they had, they blurted out together, 'Mario has to stay in school!' They thought education was so important."

Mario stayed in school and, except for taking a job as a bookkeeper one summer, resolutely refused to become dependent on the support of his in-laws. The Cuomos' first child, Margaret, was born in March of 1955; the year after, Mrs. Cuomo returned to teaching, and Immaculata Cuomo took care of the baby. In 1956, Cuomo graduated from law school, tied for first in his class, and the young family moved to a two-bedroom apartment on Francis Lewis Boulevard, in the Cunningham Heights section of Queens. But when a second child, Andrew, was born, in December of 1957, the family needed more space. Once again, the extended family came to their aid. In 1958, after suffering a heart attack, Andrea Cuomo closed the grocery store, but retirement did not agree with him; he and a cousin, Rosario Cuomo, and another partner decided to invest their savings in four small plots of land in Holliswood and build two-story Cape Cod houses on them. For twenty-eight thousand dollars, he built one of those houses for Matilda and Mario Cuomo, and that is the five-bedroom house they have lived in for the past twenty-five years.

That was not all that Andrea Cuomo did to help the young couple during the fifties and sixties. "Mario worked all the time," Mrs. Cuomo says. "I had two small children. No car. Pop took me to the doctor. He shopped for me. He was like a father. On Sunday, Mario was working. Pop came over and played with the kids. In the summer, I'd take the kids to my father's place, in New Jersey. Mario came up on Friday night or Saturday morning—if we were lucky—and stayed one day. He always had a lot of work. We never had a vacation."

THE fall after Cuomo's graduation from law school, Judge Adrian P. Burke, of the New York State Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, chose him, on the recommendation of Dr. Harold F. McNiece, the associate dean of the law school, to serve as a law clerk for two

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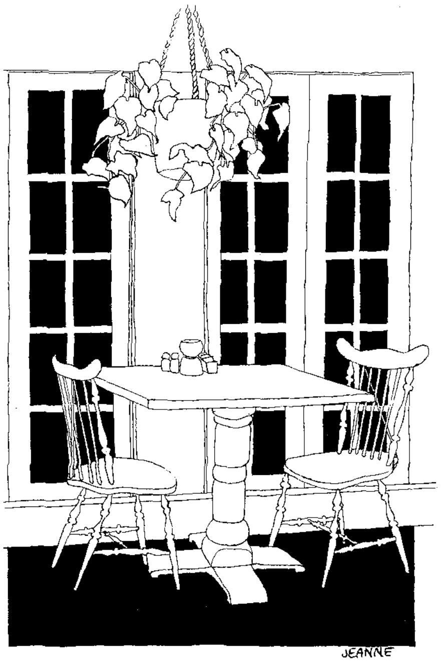
years, at an annual salary of four thousand dollars. The court sat in Albany, so for the next two years Cuomo lived part of the year there, commuting back to Queens on weekends. He shared a room at the Wellington Hotel, down the hill from the State Capitol, with Fabian Palomino, Judge Burke’s senior law clerk, who was also an alumnus of St. John’s Law School. He is now special counsel to Governor Cuomo and a man whom to this day Cuomo calls “the best lawyer I ever met.” Palomino is short, cheerful, and portly, with closely cropped black hair and a wide nose. “We used to eat in the hotel. We would call room service from the court and order a meal for our room,” he recalls. “We would get to the room, and there’d be a meal in a heated cannister. We’d eat the meal and wouldn’t let them take the dishes out. We had only one cup of coffee at dinner and saved the rolls and the rest of the coffee for the morning. We’d heat them up. That’s also when we found out about twelve-dollar suits.” A friend in the Brooklyn district attorney’s office always wore nice-looking suits, and they wondered how, since he earned little money, he could afford them. The friend said he got them on the Bowery. “The suits were slightly out of style,” Palomino says, “but because they were dark no one noticed.”

Palomino was struck by two qualities of Cuomo’s: thoroughness and competitiveness. Among other responsibilities, the law clerks were expected to read the briefs on a case, sometimes listen to the courtroom arguments of the opposing sides, and prepare memorandums on it for their judge, offering citations and recommending a course of action. When Cuomo joined the office, Judge Burke gave him a simple motion to research. Weeks later, he had not submitted his memorandum, and the Judge asked Palomino to speak to him about it. “He showed me his motion,” Palomino says. “He had written a huge amount. He’d gone back into the early English law and early American law.”

One night, when they were working in their room, Palomino called out from the bath, “Easy case!” He now recalls, “When I said that, Mario came running in and said, ‘What do you mean? On the basis of what you read this afternoon, you’re going to recommend a decision?’ He implied that that was wrong. I asked him why. He said that the attorneys had spent weeks on it. I said, ‘Mario, when you do research and look at policy, what difference does it make how long it takes if you’ve gone every step?’ He said, ‘The person deserved more.’ He was shocked. I turned my recommendation in. The vote was seven to none for affirmation, which I’d recommended. After that, he realized that working fast wasn’t the worst thing in the world. By the end of the session, I recall, he was deciding some cases overnight himself. But generally he liked to give things a lot of thought. I could see he was a keenly competitive type. Not with me—we always enjoyed each other’s company—but with other law clerks. He would talk about ‘winning cases’—‘How many you won?’ ”

As Cuomo’s two years with the court neared an end, he sent out perhaps a hundred letters to law firms. Although service as a Court of Appeals clerk usually provides entrée to the best firms, only one law firm invited him in for an interview. Cuomo believes he was stigmatized as an Italian-American. He ultimately joined a fifteen-lawyer firm with offices in Brooklyn and in Garden City, Long Island—Corner, Weisbrod, Froeb & Charles, which was the firm he had written legal briefs for when he was in law school. His starting salary was eighty-three hundred dollars a year, and because he was quick on his feet he concentrated on courtroom litigation. “He worked very hard,” says Mary Tragale, who became his secretary in 1958 and is now the executive assistant in the Governor’s New York City office. “He was always in the library. He’d work all night on a brief. He came to the office on Saturdays.” After five years, Cuomo was made a partner in the law firm. He began doing pro-bono work for indigent defendants in criminal cases. Twice, he handled the appeals of men sentenced to die in the electric chair, convincing the court, after arduous argument and delay, to commute both sentences. These experiences, he says, “made indelible impressions on me.”

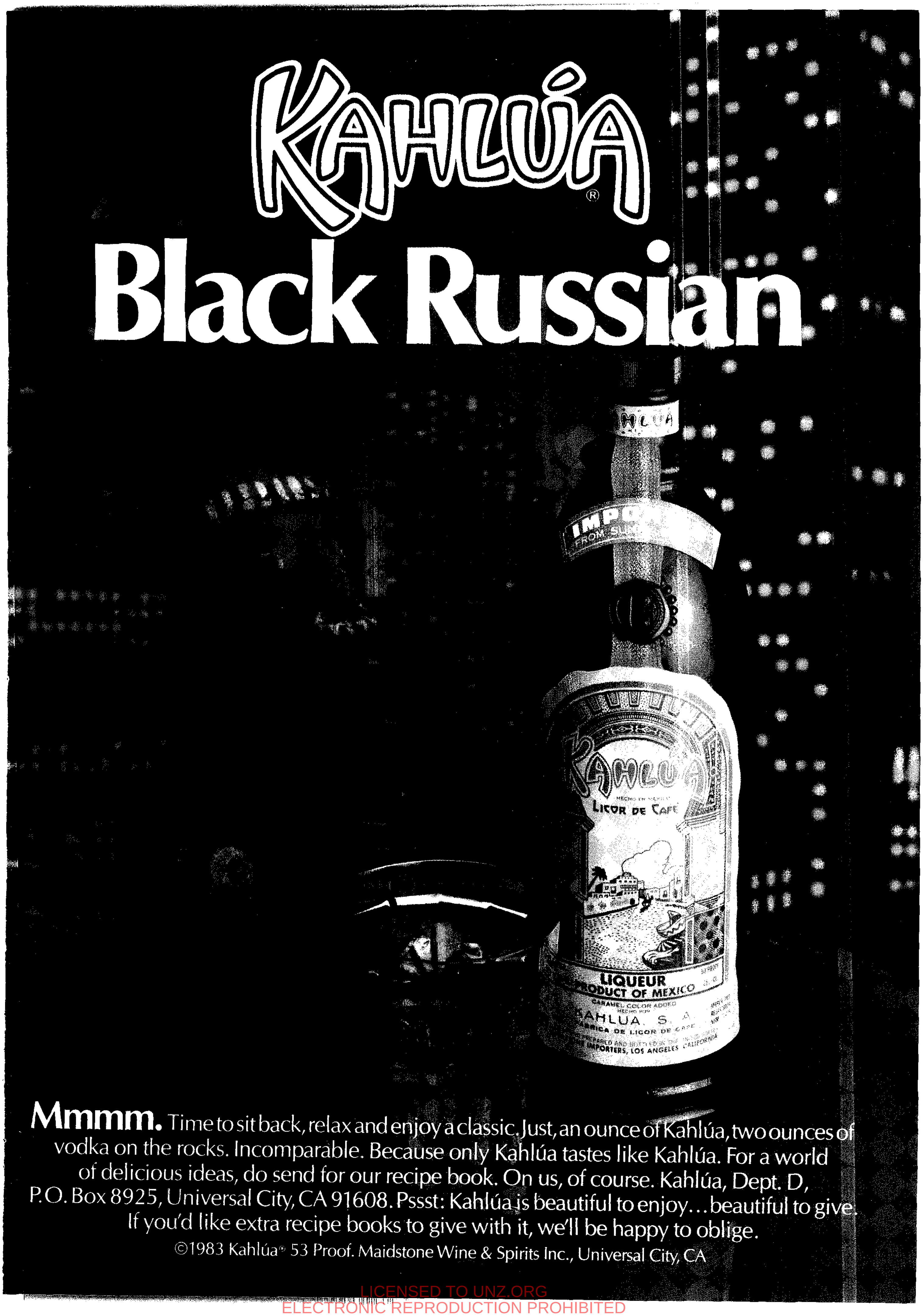


Cuomo soon attracted the notice of the legal community. “He was developing a reputation as a really fine appellate lawyer,” says Joseph W. Bellacosa, a professor at the Albany Law School who served as a law secretary for the presiding justice of the Appellate Division of State Supreme Court in Brooklyn at the time Cuomo was making his name. “Justice Henry Ughetta, a judge of the Appellate Division in Brooklyn, took a special interest in Mario,” Bellacosa recalls. “I remember how interested he was that this young man of the same heritage as his should shine so. The judges would talk about this young comer.” Arthur J. Kremer, who was then the corporation counsel for the city of Long Beach, Long Island, and is now the chairman of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, remembers litigating against Cuomo in 1962. “I always had a good chance to beat him on my papers in court,” he says. “I never beat him in a face-to-face argument.”

Cuomo was smart, resourceful, and verbally fluent; he was also persistent. And, according to Palomino, “he could be witheringly harsh and petulant,” as Justice Ughetta learned. One day when Cuomo was making an oral argument before Ughetta and the four other Appellate Division judges, Ughetta leaned over to whisper something to another judge. Cuomo stopped talking and dropped his arms to his sides. Justice Ughetta looked up and said, “You may proceed with your argument, counsel.”

“I won’t proceed with my argument until I get the undivided attention of this court,” Cuomo said.

Furious, Ughetta glared at Cuomo and told him to continue. He did, and Ughetta quickly stood up, turned his chair around, and sat with his back to Cuomo. Another judge motioned to Cuomo to proceed with his argument,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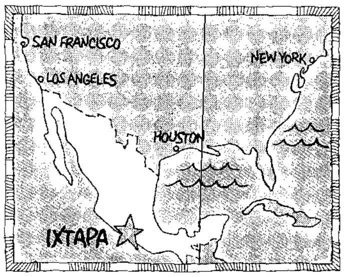

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but he said, "I will proceed when I have the full attention of this court." Justice Ughetta spun around in his chair and said, "Have you no respect for the bench?"

"Have you no respect for my client and the law?" Cuomo said.

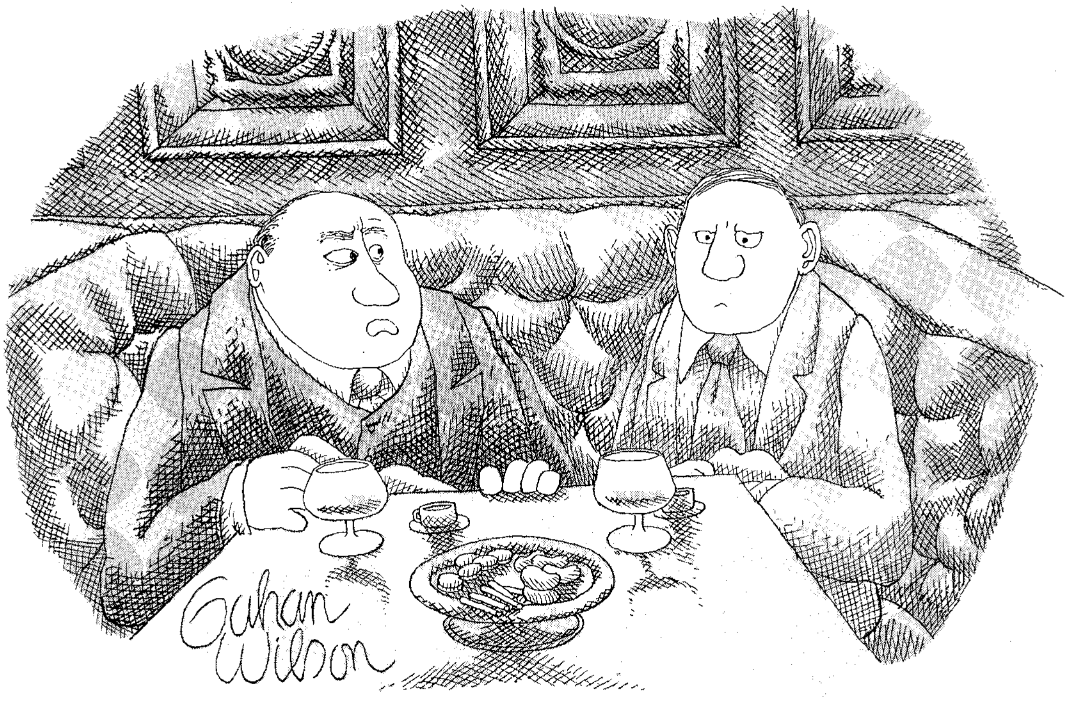
Within a year of becoming a partner in the law firm, Cuomo was asked to become an adjunct professor of law at St. John's and teach one or two nights a week, and he did this from 1963 until 1973. "You knew he was intelligent," says Michael Stafford, a former student who worked as the director of communications for Governor Malcolm Wilson's 1974 gubernatorial campaign against Hugh Carey. "After all these years, we still have a rapport. He never forgot his students. We always regarded him as very concerned with what happened to us later on. We always knew he was brilliant and had finished high in his class and clerked on the Court of Appeals. He was always a great guy."

Besides teaching, Cuomo pursued other outside interests. He became a member (and eventually head) of the Alumni Federation at St. John's, and in the mid-sixties he refused to side with faculty members who were striking for academic freedom and job security; he became president of the Catholic Lawyers Guild of Brooklyn (and, later, Queens); he joined the Catholic Interracial Council, and was a member of its committee on Catholic-Jewish relations. In addition, he was on the board of directors of the Legal Aid Society, and involved himself in various community causes. On behalf of scrap dealers in Queens, he went to court to block Robert Moses' plan to condemn their junk yards for the 1964-65 World's Fair, and bested legions of Moses' lawyers—the property was not condemned.

Cuomo's reputation spread among community groups that were fighting developers or City Hall. He was recruited for community battles in other Queens neighborhoods—Glen Oaks, Douglaston, Fresh Meadows. Then came the Corona high-school dispute, and Cuomo gained citywide attention for the first time. In this Queens community, sixty-nine homes were threatened by demolition, because of plans to construct a new city high school. Cuomo offered to be the homeowners' attorney, and in 1972, after a highly publicized, six-year struggle, he extracted a compromise agreement from the Lindsay administration which saved all the homes from the bulldozer.

That same year, the Lindsay administration asked Cuomo to mediate the rancorous dispute in Forest Hills between community groups that opposed the construction of low-income high-rise apartment buildings in their middle-income neighborhood and the Lindsay administration and other groups, which believed that the high-rises would advance the cause of integration. It was a classic confrontation between local and citywide interests, between middle class and lower class, between white and black, between those who feared the project would weaken the neighborhood and those who hoped it would encourage integration. In this confrontation, Cuomo worked to tamp down passions. After several months, he finally won agreement on a compromise that allowed for a smaller development: three twelve-story buildings rather than three twenty-four-story buildings, with fifty per cent fewer low-income units than had originally been proposed. In the conclusion to his "Forest Hills Diary," Cuomo wrote that "Forest Hills tells us a great deal about the true feelings of the people actually involved on both sides of the issues. It points up the huge gap between abstract sociological propositions and their efficacy—or lack of it—when nailed down to the Procrustean bed of urban reality. It shows up dramatically the difficulty of attempting to sell by means of homily—and the brandishing of moral obligations—social cures that require sacrifice by some for the good of others. It shows, painfully, the need for more effective devices of communication between centralized urban government and the communities affected by governmental projects. And it reminds us that one of the serious impediments to the resolution of complex confrontations is the tendency of the parties to maintain fixed and extreme positions, the lack of subtlety in dialogue and argumentation, the loss of reasonableness. It seems to me that here, as in most similar situations, the only safe route past Scylla and Charybdis is somewhere between them."

CUOMO'S work and his outside activities obviously kept him away from his family, which by then included five children; besides Margaret and Andrew, there were Maria, born



"I hate to think the fact I could buy and sell you is getting in the way of our friendship, Al."

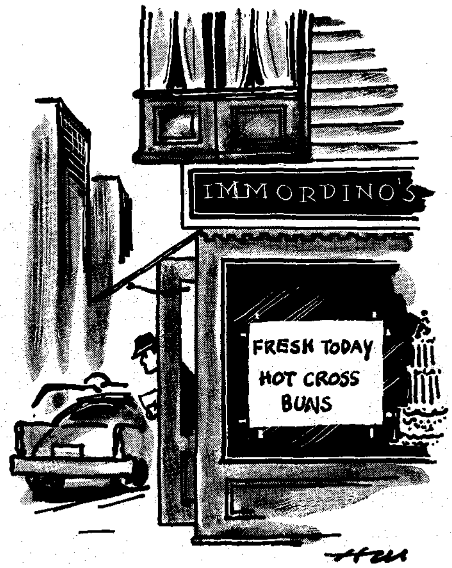
• •

in 1962; Madeline, born in 1964; and Christopher, born in 1970. Andrew looks like his father as a young man —cleft chin, full head of dark hair, muscular body. "He used to come home Sundays," Andrew says of his father. "That was a special day. I didn't go out that day." Of his mother, Andrew says, "She had a tougher role than most mothers. Physically, my father was not around much." Andrew, like his sister Madeline, speaks not of the quantity of time their father gave them but of the "quality": of Sundays and family barbecues in the small back yard; of basketball games at the back-yard hoop between Andrew and his father, with Margaret, Madeline, Maria, and Christopher cheering one or the other; of sitting around the blue Formica kitchen table, or in the cramped den watching television, or taking walks in Cunningham Park, or, on special occasions, conspiring to get their father and mother to go out to Stella's, a restaurant on Jericho Turnpike. "We used to tell him to take my mother out," says Madeline.

Mrs. Cuomo would complain to her husband that he was working too hard and missing out on some of the best years of his children's development, but neither she nor the children say they resented him for the long hours and the time he spent away from home. They speak of him as one would of a priest who sacrifices himself for the good of others. "I always tried to make them understand," says Mrs. Cuomo. "It wasn't as if he were playing tennis or golfing. He was working with true dedication. They could feel sorry for him that he had to work, and they worried about his health. They didn't see him having fun for himself."

Cuomo's work habits also meant that he had little time to spend with friends. Although he was gaining public notice and becoming a favorite of the media and of Manhattan supporters of the Lindsay administration, his social life remained focussed on Queens, and to a large extent it still does. His father and mother, his wife and children, his memories, his friends, his beloved St. John's (which had moved from Brooklyn) were there. Except for Fabian Palomino, who is probably Cuomo's closest friend, his friends tend to be relatives or neighbors. The closest confidants of Mario and Matilda Cuomo as a couple are Arlene and Nicholas D'Arienzo, who live nearby in Forest Hills, and with whom the Cuomos made a trip to Italy in 1976. The D'Arienzos are Christopher Cuomo's godparents, and Nicholas D'Arienzo was the Cuomos' pediatrician. Other friends include the *News* columnist and author Jimmy Breslin, who talks to Cuomo regularly and whose late wife, Rosemary, was especially close to Matilda; Peter Vitale, a retired policeman, and his wife, Nellie, who live down the block from the Cuomos in Holliswood; and Niki and Vincent Albanese, who joined the same Queens Democratic club as Cuomo twenty-five years ago. Most often, the Cuomos spend time with their extended family—in-laws, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews. One of the few new friendships they have made in the past decade is with Trixie and David Burke. Trixie Burke was a volunteer in the 1982 Cuomo campaign, and every day she would appear in the press office laden with cookies and cakes she had baked the night before. Her husband, David, was secretary to Governor Carey while Cuomo was Carey's Secretary of State, and is now a vice-president of ABC News. Cuomo is also friendly with other members of the media, including Jack Newfield, a writer and senior editor at the *Village Voice*, who, with his wife, Janie Eisenberg, has assisted Cuomo's political campaigns.

Cuomo's friendships are not intimate—at least, not in the usual sense. Friends speak of his warmth, of how he wants to hear about them, but they say he rarely talks about himself. When Jerry Weiss, a longtime political associate from Queens, who became an aide to Secretary of State Cuomo, was having personal troubles, Cuomo offered help. "After two weeks of seeing me walk around like a zombie, he came into my office, sat down, put his feet on my desk, and said, 'All right, enough of this,' " Weiss recalls. " 'It's not the work, so you've got to tell me about it.' He acted just like a father—very sensitive."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Always, however, with Cuomo, as with his father, there is a distance. Even to his wife, Cuomo rarely confides his innermost concerns. "I don't want to burden her," he explains. "She's raised five children." He saves such thoughts for his diary, which he has spent half an hour to an hour writing or dictating almost every day for the past ten years, starting with Forest Hills. Until he edited parts of the diary for publication, neither his wife nor anyone else, aside from his executive assistant, Mary Tragale, had ever read it. "I did use the diary to examine myself," Cuomo says. "Some people would use a confessor; some would use their spouse or a close friend; some would go for a walk in the woods and talk to themselves. I talk to my diary. It's a way of inquiring into my own motives." It is also, he says, an efficient way of retaining a record of what has been said by him and by others. There are probably additional, complex motives for his having kept a diary for so many years—associates say it is his way of relaxing, of imposing discipline on himself, of communicating not just with himself but with God. The diary, even in its unedited version, is very different from the best-selling book recently published by Mayor Koch. The Mayor views the embarrassment his book has caused others as the price that must be paid for *his* honesty; the Governor says in his preface that his "principal concern was that someone other than myself might unnecessarily be embarrassed or offended." The diary has also proved to have a practical use. Cuomo lists his net worth at just under a hundred thousand dollars. The agreement to publish an edited version of the diary this spring, he says, was made because he needed money to get his three younger children through school (Andrew had to take out twenty-four thousand dollars in loans to finance his college and law-school education), and because he cashed in one of their few remaining bonds to pay for Margaret's wedding, in 1982. Random House, which also published "Forest Hills Diary," gave Cuomo an advance

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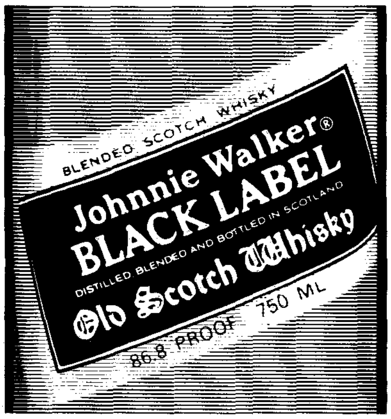
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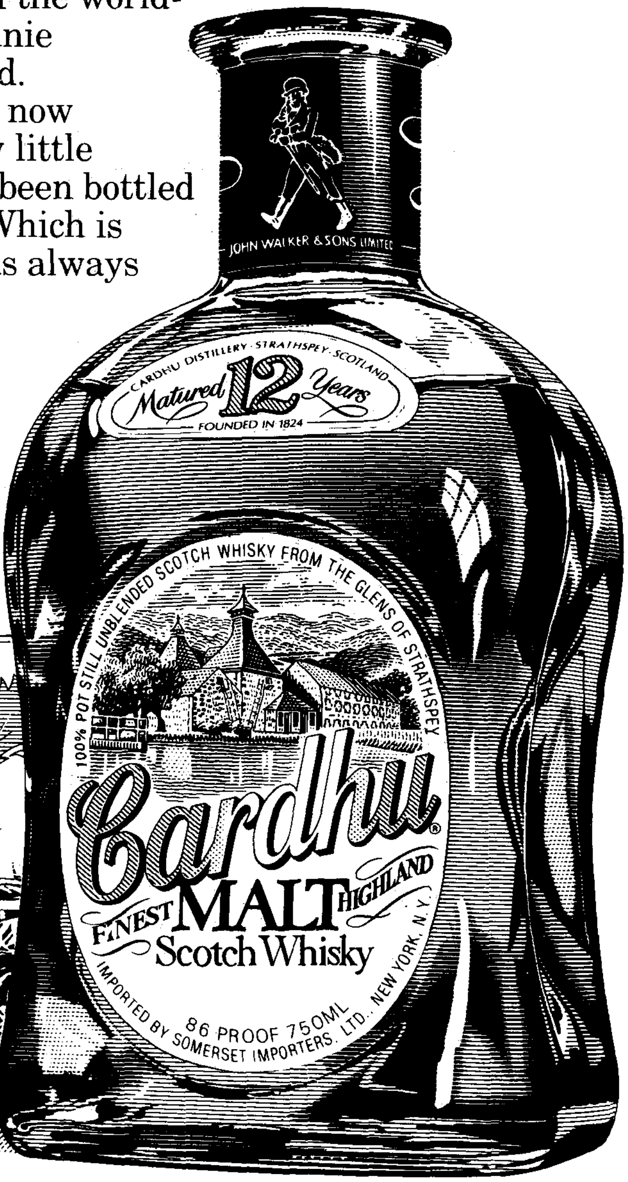
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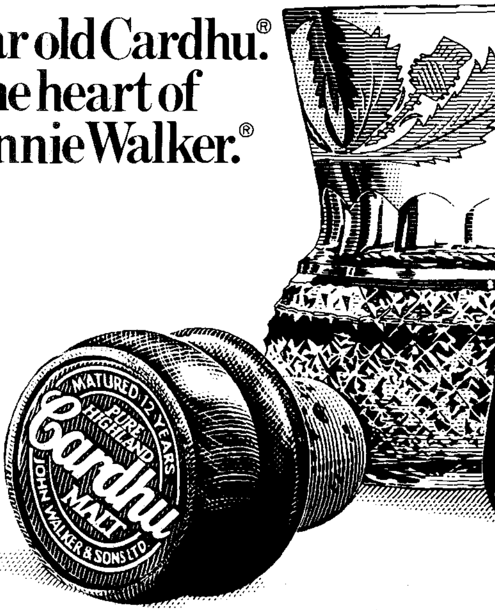
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Cardhu. Fine Highland Malt Scotch Whisky 12 years old. 86 proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y. © 1984 of more than a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the book—how much more, Cuomo won't say.

In a speech he gave in 1975, parts of which he included in the introduction to his diary, Cuomo writes that his father "lived daily through a constant barrage of small assaults on his psyche and his peace of mind," and continues:

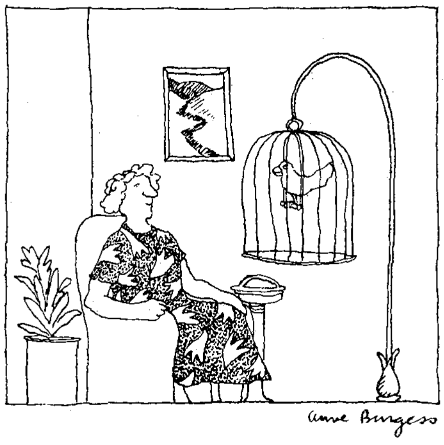
> But I never heard my father curse.
>
> And I never heard him raise his voice to my mother.
>
> And I never saw him get drunk or leave the store to bet on a horse or cheat anybody or spend any money on himself or give up, or deny anyone.
>
> Almost everything he did, he did for his children. The small bankbooks—each small deposit a new dream for his kids. Every dollar a little bit closer to a sit-down reception for my sister's wedding. A little bit better for his children than he had had for himself.
>
> My father never had a man-to-man talk with me or my brother. My father never had time for long drives in the country where he could teach us about life and what it was all about. He never had time to counsel us on school: he only had time to insist that we study and get A's and be good.
>
> He never sermonized or lectured. But he taught us and my mother taught us, every single day—just by being what they were. They taught us the simple values: respect above all things. Respect for your family, especially for your wife. Respect for your obligation to your children and to the parents who made you and raised you.
>
> They taught us all we needed to know about the importance of family to society, about the need to care for our senior citizens, about instruction of the young. And they did this just by being what they were.
>
> My father paid his taxes to the government of the great land that had given him opportunity. . . . My father sent his eldest son, my brother, off to war, not once but twice. Without looking for a dodge. Without complaining that he needed him to deliver the groceries. Without lying about his bank account so that he could prove necessity. Without trying to find a doctor to sign a certificate that would say he had a punctured ear drum. And he kept his star in the window of the store all through the war. And he wouldn't violate the rationing —sugar only with stamps!—because he thought it was wrong to do so. And in so doing, he taught us all about respect for the flag, respect for the nation, the need to fight when reason fails, law and order and holy strength.

And in recalling the family store Cuomo writes, "Oh, the Genoa salami and the prosciutto and the bread. The round bread. The long bread. The seeded bread. Hot from the ovens of Lanzone, the baker down the block. The bread dipped in fresh, cold milk. And the glory of the fresh fruit. Handfuls of ripe, red Bing cherries. Fresh peaches, juicy plums, tart Italian prunes. I tell you, nothing Omar Khayyam ever wrote taught me more about the delights of the food God lets us eat than did my father's store. And to have this food at the beach on those Sunday mornings. . . . No college professor or ecologist or liberal politician has ever taught me more about the need for conservation, the necessity for protecting the crops, for guarding against pollution and for preserving the open spaces than did my father on those Sunday mornings."

The passage continues, "But I was young and didn't appreciate these things the way I should have. The way I do now. I can cry now when I think about the time when I was fourteen years old and embarrassed to bring my father to St. John's Preparatory School to meet the teachers and other parents because he didn't speak English well.

"Looking back now and feeling the anguish of that recollection teaches me all I need to know about ethnic self-hate and the melting-pot myth and what it takes to deny a heritage. . . . I did come to appreciate the beauty of being an Italian-American in this country and of learning to cherish the importance of the contributions those magnificent immigrants have made, not in Roman sculpture or opera or law or philosophy. I inherited very little of that. But what they gave me and what they give to our society: these beautiful lessons they taught so well I believe were a lot more permanent and more valuable."

THE first time Cuomo was mentioned as a potential political candidate was in 1973, when, after his success in Corona and in Forest Hills, Jimmy Breslin and others suggested that he run for mayor. Lindsay, who had become extremely unpopular, would not be seeking a third term. Residents of Brooklyn, the Bronx, Staten Island, and Queens felt that his administration was Manhattan-oriented. The Queens Democratic leader, Matthew Troy, assured Cuomo of his support. Peter Dwyer, a partner in Cuomo's law firm, organized a series of breakfasts in various boroughs at which Cuomo spoke. "He gave a stock speech, and the speech he gave was a law-and-order speech," recalls J. Richard Starkey, a St. John's alumnus who now works in the Governor's press office. "People in Manhattan thought he was very conservative. He talked about 'the anarchy sweeping the city.' It was a right-of-center speech." An articulate Italian-American from Queens who spoke about crime and God and compassion was a promising candidate—or so many political observers thought. But Cuomo agonized and procrastinated. He consulted everyone, held endless meetings, got his name in the papers a few times, and then, unsure of himself, decided not to run. The next time would be different, he promised.



In 1974, Cuomo announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor. The experience that followed was dismaying. Unlike mediation or legal advocacy, in which he could marshal forces and cautiously exercise control, running for office was like learning to swim: the novice flailed and splashed, and looked up to find that he had barely moved. Political leaders slapped his back and whispered encouragement, and he innocently took their good wishes as serious support. He called press conferences and no one attended. On the streets campaigning, he felt as if he were loitering.

Nevertheless, Cuomo persisted. He had two opponents for the nomination: Assemblyman Antonio G. Olivieri, of Manhattan, who had the endorsement of the Party's reform faction, the New Democratic Coalition; and State Senator Mary Anne Krupsak, from Canajoharie, upstate, who had the support of many feminists and upstate county leaders. Cuomo tried to build a coalition of the poor and the middle class. Starved for funds and uncomfortable with the game of politics, Cuomo often retreated behind a façade of irony. Late in the campaign, he told one reporter, "If you gave the voters a choice between a group of politicians and 'none of the above,' 'none of the above' would win with fifty-six per cent of the vote. Right now, I'm 'none of the above,' but it's a role that requires exquisite timing." He added that if he campaigned harder, as his supporters were urging him to do, he

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might end up with only forty-six per cent of the vote. Actually, he did somewhat worse than that—thirty-two per cent. Krupsak won the primary with forty-four per cent. Hugh Carey, a popular seven-term Democratic representative from Brooklyn, was elected governor that year, and Krupsak became lieutenant governor.

Although Cuomo had supported the businessman Howard J. Samuels against Carey in the gubernatorial primary, the Governor-elect nevertheless asked Cuomo to serve as his Secretary of State—a position high in visibility and low in responsibility. In recent decades, the powers of this office have atrophied, and today the Secretary of State's functions are limited to, among other things, providing technical assistance to local governments, offering training programs for paid and volunteer firemen, performing somewhat vague planning duties, storing state records and laws, issuing licenses to a variety of professions, keeping public-disclosure records of lobbyists and others, overseeing the distribution of ballots to members of the military, and regulating the two thousand nonsectarian cemeteries in the state. Under Cuomo, the office took on a few additional functions, such as serving on the Emergency Financial Control Board supervising the finances of the City of Yonkers. Carey also called on Cuomo to intervene in some politically tender situations—for example, to recommend a compromise in a thirteen-month-old feud between state housing officials, who said that the residents of Co-op City—a large state-subsidized housing project in the Bronx—were not meeting their rent obligations, and the residents, who said that the state had failed to fulfill its obligations as landlord. Carey accepted Cuomo's proposed compromise, though his doing so prompted the Housing Commissioner, Lee Goodwin, to resign, charging that the compromise did not conform to "economic realities," because the tenants were being asked to pay less than was needed to maintain the buildings. Cuomo also studied a scandal involving nursing homes, which the Carey administration had inherited, and prepared a twenty-one-page report urging the appointment of a special state prosecutor. In addition, Cuomo mediated a dispute between the State and the Mohawk Indians, persuading a group of Indians to evacuate a camp at Moss Lake, north of Utica, which they had claimed under a 1794 treaty, and move to a five-thousand-acre site in Clinton

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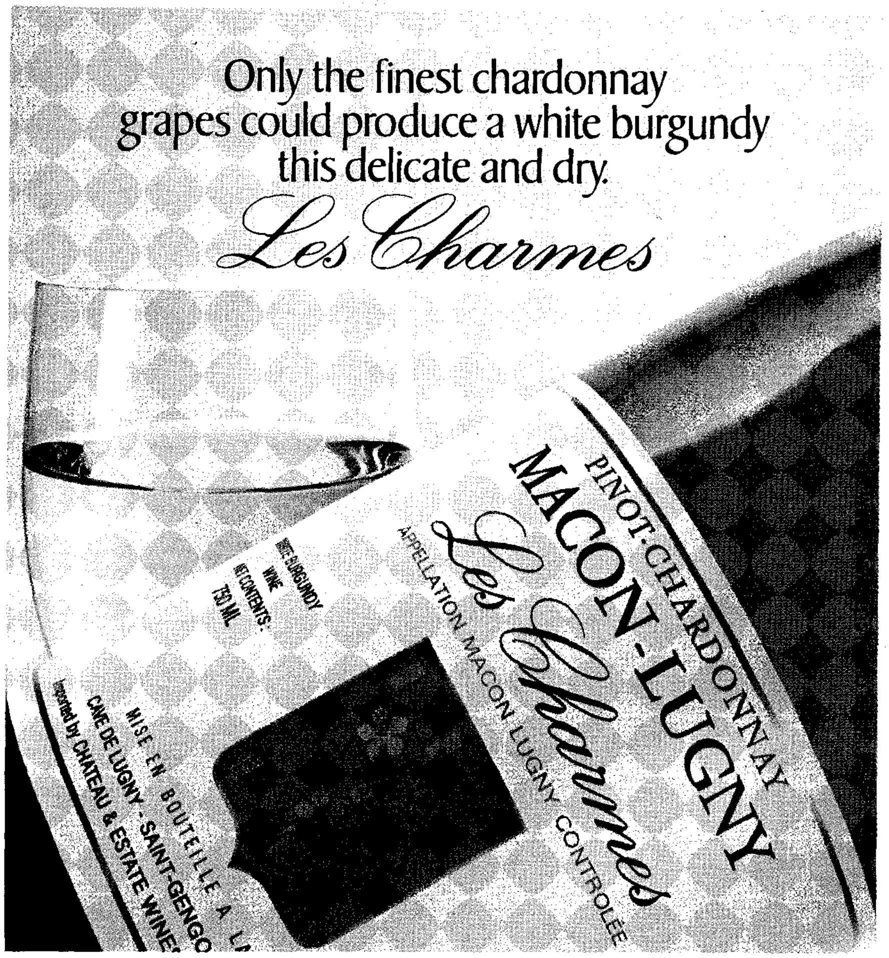
County. There was little doubt that Cuomo had Carey's ear.

Carey had been considered gregarious during his fourteen years in Congress, but in 1974 his wife died, and by the time he moved into the forty-room Executive Mansion with his children, in 1975, Carey seemed to have changed. He became something of a recluse. For whatever reasons, he did not join in the collegial feeling that is the hallmark of the capital, where most of the two hundred and eleven legislators and the members of their staffs live out of suitcases in a campus-like setting for several months each winter and spring, when the Legislature is in session. Carey had few intimates in Albany, and Cuomo was not among them. But, Carey's first secretary, David Burke, says, "he did have Carey's trust. Carey felt that one person with real loyalty was Mario." When the Governor wanted to appoint a new state Democratic chairman, in early 1977, he had Burke ask Cuomo to take the job. Cuomo said no. This was a mayoral election year in New York City. New York's three newspapers had printed editorials urging the incumbent mayor, Abraham Beame, to step aside and let the financially beleaguered city get a fresh fiscal start. Carey, who had helped rescue the city from the brink of bankruptcy in 1975 by imposing a state Emergency Financial Control Board to police city spending and a state Municipal Assistance Corporation to provide financing, decided at the beginning of 1977 to lead boldly. He agreed with the editorials; in fact he had helped instigate them. Mayor Beame, he believed, had been too timid; he had waited too long to cut city spending and impose rigorous financial management. A new mayor was needed to let creditors on Wall Street and in the federal government know that the city was on the mend and was prepared to make tough decisions in order to regain entry to the public credit markets. Carey called newspaper editors and publishers to announce that he was supporting Cuomo—as a unity candidate, who might lead "a very broad progressive coalition"—and in private he encouraged Cuomo to declare.

Even before Cuomo had committed himself to running, he was cast as Carey's puppet, as the front-runner, as the establishment candidate; and the other contenders, instead of stepping aside, as Carey had hoped, attacked both Carey and Cuomo. "It looks as if the Governor is interested in getting



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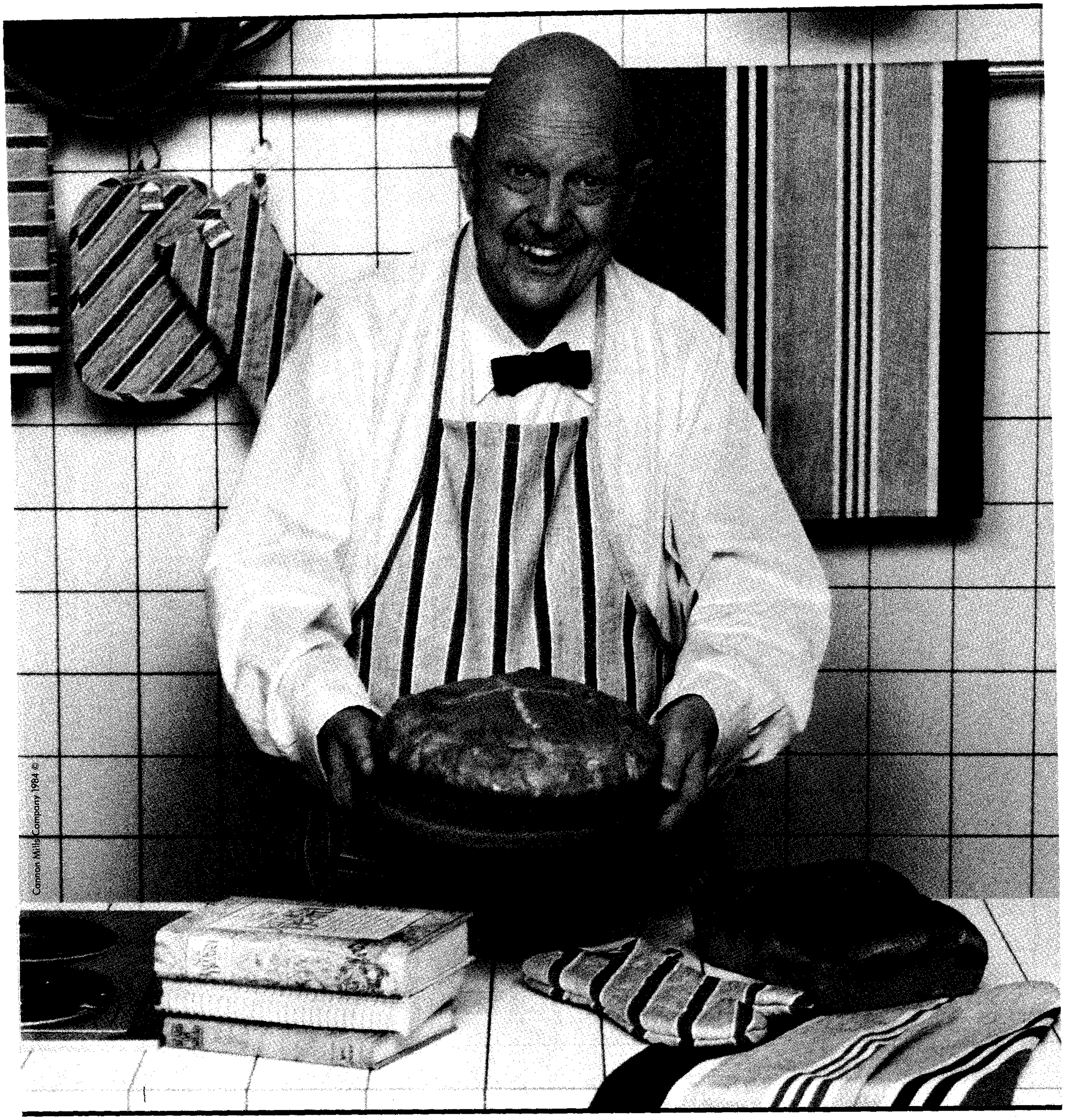

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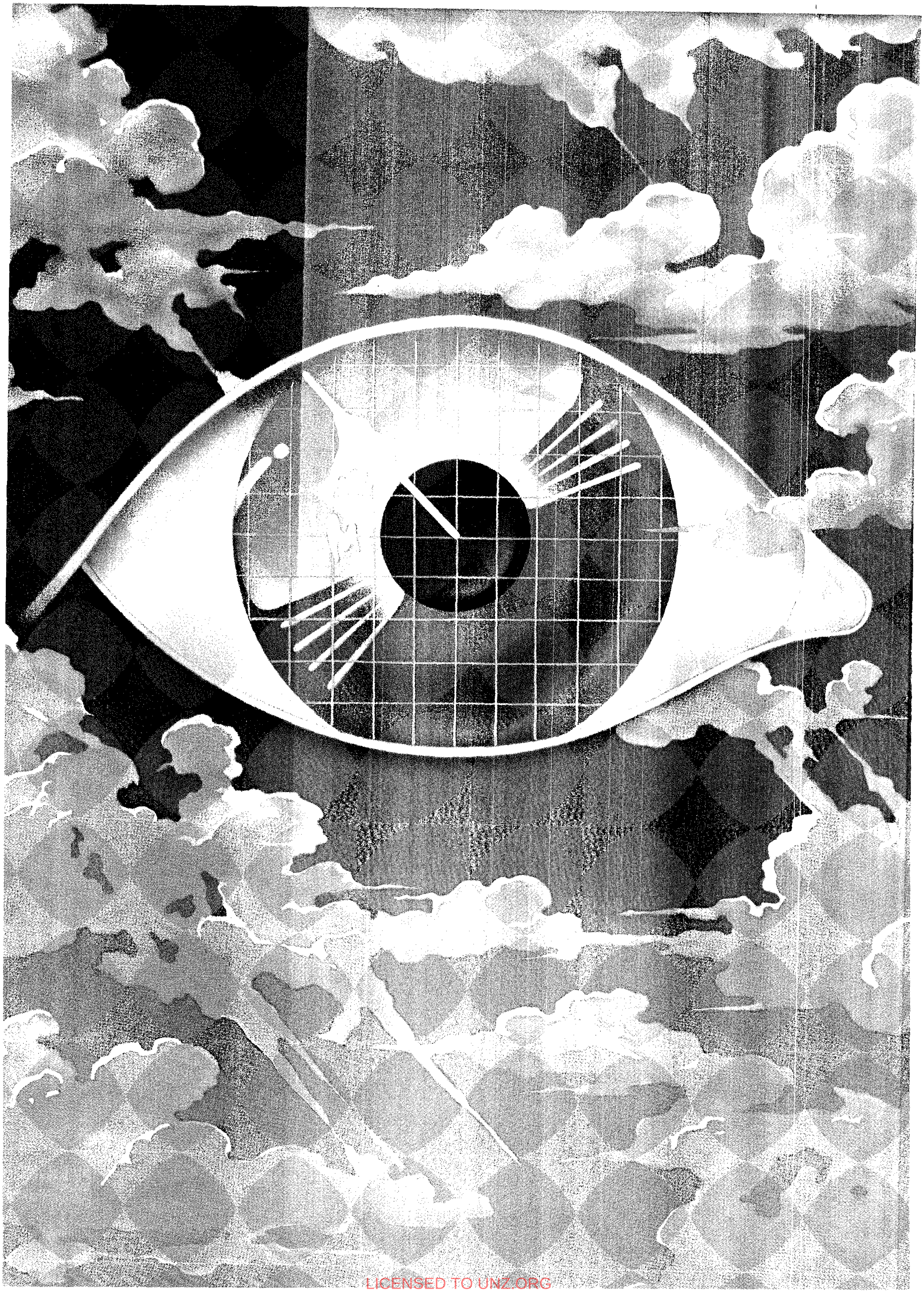

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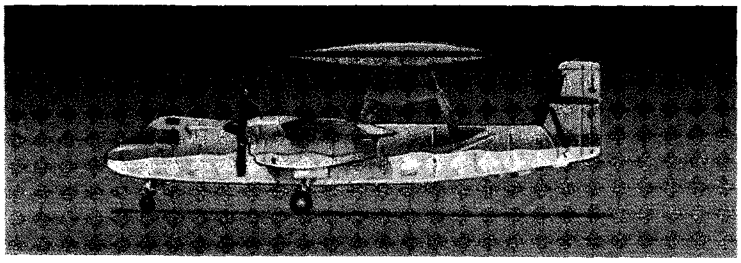

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someone in here whom he can control," Beame declared. Edward Koch, who was beginning to surprise people with an aggressive, focussed campaign, challenged Cuomo to quit hiding behind Carey. Cuomo was thrown on the defensive. A few days later, Carey made matters worse by telling a group of reporters, "I'm not indicating a preference. I'm looking forward to a meeting with Mayor Beame to discuss the future of the Party and the city." Then, within days, Carey conceded that he had in fact urged Cuomo to run. A week later, the *Times* featured on its front page a report that Carey was telling both Democrats and Liberals that if Cuomo lost the Democratic primary he would support him in the general election as a Liberal. Democratic regulars erupted in anger. Mayor Beame, saying that he was "dumbfounded," again went on the offensive. "It is difficult to believe that the titular head of the Democratic Party of our state would support a candidate of another party rather than his own, especially after all his protestations about the importance of an open primary," the Mayor said. In response, Cuomo announced that he would not ask the Governor to support him if he lost the Democratic primary. Ultimately, Carey's support came to haunt not only Cuomo's candidacy but also his relations with the Governor.

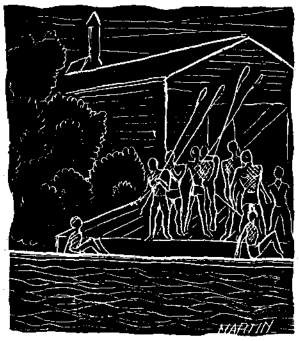
From the outset, Cuomo's campaign was plagued by mishaps. He had wanted David Garth, whom he considered the best media man and campaign adviser in the business, to handle his campaign, but by the time he decided to run, Garth was working for Koch. Throughout the race, Cuomo tried to anticipate what Garth would do, what Garth would say, where Garth would seek an advantage that Cuomo, because he was operating in a new arena, might not be able to counter. With his independence being questioned, Cuomo pulled back from Carey; he resisted using experienced political people offered by the Governor. Because Cuomo does not easily trust people, he could not relinquish the power to manage his campaign to a campaign manager. He surrounded himself with what was widely regarded as a weak staff, and he delegated little. Decisions backed up: the scheduler couldn't complete the campaign schedule until he had cleared it with the candidate; press releases waited for the candidate's approval; the advance men couldn't promise to deliver the candidate on time to a TV studio or a speech-making occasion, because Cuomo had a habit of lingering to talk with people and would ignore staff members' pleas to move on. In effect, Cuomo was the campaign scheduler, press secretary, and manager as well as the candidate. And at a time when people were searching for concrete answers to the fiscal crisis he was often vague. He went before editorial boards and, sounding more like a mediator than like an advocate, refused to be pinned down on specific issues—especially those involving municipal labor unions. The *News*, whose editors (and Breslin) had encouraged Carey to nudge Cuomo into the race, stunned Cuomo by endorsing Koch. The *Post* endorsed Koch.

In the primary, on September 8th, Cuomo ran second to Koch, but since neither candidate received the required forty per cent of the votes a runoff was scheduled, for September 19th. Initially, the betting was that in the runoff Cuomo would win the endorsements of most public officials. And he did win the support of, among several other labor leaders, Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees—the largest municipal union. Most endorsements, however, went to Koch. Cuomo had refused to reach out and ask for support. "He couldn't even ask for an endorsement," one leading Democratic legislator recalls. "He didn't know how to make people feel they were part of his operation." Cuomo said that he would make no "deals" to win support. He insisted on elevating his opposition to the death penalty—and Koch's support for it—into a cause. Koch, he said, was pandering to the polls. Political colleagues began to say that Cuomo was self-righteous, arrogant, unreliable. In the closing days of the race, he suddenly announced that he would no longer ask Governor Carey to campaign for him.

The runoff campaign was vicious, a virtual street brawl, and rumors circulated smearing both men. Koch won the runoff by 78,169 votes out of 787,835 cast. Cuomo still had the endorsement of the Liberal Party in the general election, and although Carey and many of Cuomo's other early supporters abandoned the Cuomo candidacy, and various associates and editorial writers feared that ugly ethnic divisions were surfacing and urged him to quit, Cuomo insisted on staying in the race. In the general election, Cuomo received a surprising thirty-eight and a half per cent of the vote.

AFTER the election, Cuomo returned full time to the Secretary of State's office. The general election had restored some of his political lustre: he gained respect among professional politicians, both because of his surprisingly strong showing and because his humor returned and his prickly self-righteousness seemed to abate. Reporters who had grown disillusioned with Cuomo during the primary rediscovered his wit and candor, his ironic view of himself and of the political process. In the spring of 1978, the *Times* said that Cuomo was "everybody's favorite candidate for something these days." Some Republicans urged their party to consider Cuomo for a spot on the Republican ticket in the 1978 statewide elections. Cuomo agonized about what he should do: Should he run for comptroller? For attorney general? At one point, he even considered challenging Carey in the gubernatorial primary.

By early 1978, the Governor's advisers had begun to worry about his political future. Various people—including Carey's lieutenant governor, Mary Anne Krupsak—had indicated that they might challenge him in the Democratic primary. Carey was unpopular, in part because of his erratic behavior during Cuomo's mayoral campaign, in part because of his position against the death penalty, and in part because he now appeared to be spending a great deal of his time at society events. At the same time, David Garth, who was Carey's principal outside political adviser, joined with Robert Morgado, who had succeeded Burke as secretary, to tell Carey he needed a stronger candidate for lieutenant governor—someone who could broaden Carey's appeal, someone whom Carey felt more comfortable with than he did with Krupsak, who, in any case, decided to challenge him. That June, after she had launched her primary campaign, Carey selected Cuomo. It probably did their relationship no good when the press portrayed Cuomo as coming to Carey's rescue. The Albany *Times-Union*, for example, reported, "Secretary of State Mario Cuomo is stepping forward to bail Gov. Carey out of a sudden vacancy in the second place on the Democratic ticket."



Carey—assisted by his own record of accomplishment, by his quick mind, by a disciplined campaign organization and strategy, and by saturating TV with Garth's ads—won the primary and came from behind in the polls to win reëlection. He also benefitted from having a decent but lugubrious Republican opponent, Perry Duryea. It is difficult to assess Cuomo's contribution to Carey's reëlection, since in New York the lieutenant governor does not have a separate line on the ballot but is part of the governor's ticket. Cuomo was generally credited, however, with being a loyal, effective candidate.

During the next four years, Cuomo, as lieutenant governor, travelled the state making speeches, substituted for Carey at ribbon-cutting ceremonies, served as chairman of subcabinet committees on urban and rural affairs, and performed his chief constitutional function: presiding over the State Senate. With Carey's approval, he ran an ombudsman's office, with power to assist citizens who had grievances against the state government. His substantive work load, like that of all lieutenant governors, was defined by the governor. However, he controlled his own political work load—speeches, press releases, visits to most of the state's sixty-two counties.

Because Cuomo did not have a significant role to perform, he did not recruit a first-rate staff. Because he did not have such a staff, the Governor's office had less incentive to delegate work to him. "It's very hard to stake out a position as lieutenant governor," Assemblyman Arthur Kremer has observed. "You live in the shadow. You are either a rival or an irritant." Cuomo says, "The frustration in being lieutenant governor is in having an office where you can't get it done. No matter how much Carey had embraced me and brought me in, I would still have had the frustration of knowing I couldn't get it done: it's not my thing, I didn't sign that bill. I'm not the lead person—that's the frustration."

Carey and Cuomo drifted farther apart. Carey's aides began to suggest to the press that the Lieutenant Governor's memorandums to the Governor read "like term papers." This seemed to strike a nerve in Cuomo. Speaking of himself, he told reporters, "There is nobody in the Governor's office, including Bob Morgado and the Governor, who has had more practical experience." His accusers were "people with no vision, who believe in the grubby deal, who make the arrogant assumption that there is a secret technique for running government."

Cuomo's staff tended to blame Carey's staff—particularly Robert Morgado—for jealously guarding access to the Governor. "It was premeditated on Bob Morgado's part," says Alexander Levine, a retired Air Force major who was administrative director of Cuomo's office during most of those years and performed the same function for Cuomo after he became governor. "I think Bob Morgado had the imperial crown, and he wanted it that way. In fact, he was the governor, not Governor Carey. That's my opinion. Now, that couldn't have happened unless Governor Carey wanted it that way."

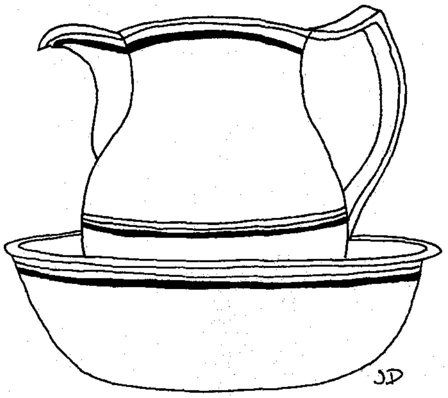
A certain level of suspicion seeped into the relations between the Lieutenant Governor's office and the Governor's office. In 1981, for example, Cuomo learned that William D. Cabin, his chief of staff, had engaged in a payroll-padding scheme, enriching himself by a hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars. When Cuomo learned of this fraud, he immediately turned the information over to the Albany County district attorney. The story quickly leaked to the press, and Cuomo blamed the Governor's office. Today, he says, "They decided, for whatever purpose, that it was good to embarrass me with the Cabin story."

In December of 1981, Cuomo wrote in his diary that he had decided to challenge Carey in the Democratic primary for governor in 1982. Carey did not afford him that opportunity: in January he announced that he would not run for a third term.

Cuomo and his supporters greeted 1982 with enthusiasm, and began counting his advantages: he was reasonably well known; he was popular upstate, where Democrats from New York City aren't always popular; he could bridge divisions between regular and reform Democrats, having strengthened his Party contacts by loyally leading Jimmy Carter's reëlection effort in New York State (another sore point with Carey, who had had hopes that a deadlocked convention would turn to him) while also being generous in his comments about Carter's primary opponent, Senator Edward Kennedy; his positions on certain issues—the death penalty, compassion for the "needy" and condemnation of the "greedy," support for a nuclear freeze and for gay rights—appealed to liberals, while his Catholicism and his emphasis on God and family and traditional values appealed to conservatives. The other prospective candidates for governor—Assembly Speaker Stanley Fink, Attorney General Robert Abrams, New York City Council President Carol Bellamy, the businessman Howard Samuels—did not give Cuomo pause. If, as politicians assume, many people vote along ethnic lines, Cuomo stood to benefit as the lone Italian-American, just as Mary Anne Krupsak had benefitted against two male Italian-Americans in the 1974 Democratic primary for lieutenant governor. And compared with his four prospective opponents, who were liberals, Cuomo, with his emphasis on traditional values, might be distinguished as the socially conservative candidate.

Just a few months before, Edward Koch had been reëlected mayor of New York City by an overwhelming margin. Stepping off an airplane after an eight-day European vacation in January, the Mayor was greeted by a *Post* headline urging him to run for governor. The paper launched a draft-Koch-for-governor effort, imploring its readers to mail in coupons to register their support. The Mayor said that he was flattered, and Cuomo and most other observers thought the matter would end there. Cuomo knew that David Garth had advised Koch not to run, and, believing in Garth's powers of persuasion, he relaxed; he expected Garth to join the Cuomo campaign. Soon after, Cuomo visited Koch and came away with a sense that the Mayor would decline to run, though he noted in his diary that he was "surprised" when the Mayor volunteered that Cuomo's friendship with Jack Newfield and Jimmy Breslin would be "a serious problem" for Koch "in considering" Cuomo as a candidate. The *Post* continued its pro-Koch crusade, and on February 22nd Koch stunned Cuomo by announcing that he would run for governor. Democratic county leaders leaped to his side. The early polls showed Koch far ahead of any likely opponents. Fink, Abrams, Bellamy, and Samuels all decided to forego the race.

Cuomo was despondent. In a matter of days, he had plummeted in the polls, which now showed him trailing Koch by thirty-five percentage points. Political commitments dissolved. Democratic county leaders, financial supporters, and even longtime friends urged him, in effect, to cede the race to Koch. Once again, Cuomo saw Garth on the other side, masterminding another Koch race. He saw a life of public service slipping from his grasp. He envisioned huge personal debts if he ran. And the culprit was the man who had bested him in 1977; the man who, he felt, had hurt Jimmy Carter and given help to Ronald Reagan in 1980 by inviting Reagan to Gracie Mansion, the mayor's official residence, and declaring that Reagan was a friend of New York; the man who, he believed, had moved to the right and needlessly polarized New York City voters. Stripped of all politesse, the truth was that Cuomo didn't like Koch. This time, instead of retreating, as he had done in 1973, or becoming immobilized by self-doubt about whether he was the best man for the job, as he acknowledges happened in 1977, he displayed the ferocious competitiveness that he had once displayed on the baseball field and in the courtroom.



On March 16, 1982, Cuomo formally announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for governor. Andrew Cuomo, who was then twenty-four, and who was the de-facto director of the campaign effort, recalls that his father, speaking at the Halloran House, in Manhattan, was flanked only by members of the family. Actually, a few others were there, but not many. The press attended, but in both journalistic and political circles it was considered a hopelessly quixotic battle. "The first pollster we hired—Roger Green—did a poll and said he didn't think we could win," Andrew Cuomo says. "We used to have

olkswagen of America

press conferences and no one would come. I used to put volunteers in the seats with pads and have them take notes, so that when Mario looked down he'd think he was talking to someone."

Norman Adler, a forty-one-year-old lobbyist, who took a leave of absence as political and legislative director for District Council 37 to serve as Cuomo's deputy campaign manager, admits, "We started the campaign to keep Koch from becoming governor." At first, Adler and his boss, Victor Gotbaum, did not believe that Cuomo could win, and the opening months of the campaign seemed to confirm that judgment. Adler has recalled one day at campaign headquarters: "Mario and I were sitting at opposite desks. It was a bad day. He looked really gray. I just slumped down in my chair. He looked over the top of his glasses and said, 'It's not so bad.' He's one of those guys who can stand in the middle of a mob scene and compose a poem. He just pulls a curtain around himself." Adler, like others who came in contact with Cuomo, was inspired by his dedication, his empathy, his decency. "He's a big person," Adler says. "There are a lot of midgets in politics who run around in elevator shoes. A lot of people said Mario was a mystic. Not true. And I discovered he had a tremendous sense of humor. He's the kind of person you'd like to invite to the house."

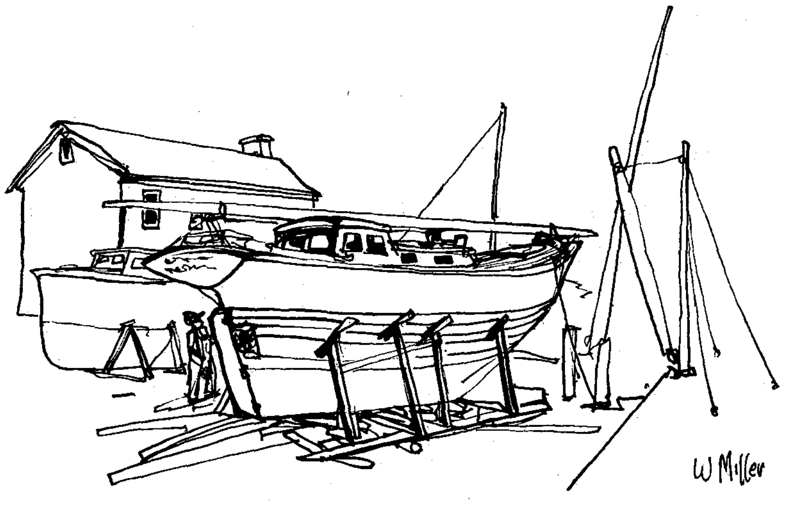
In the race against Koch, Cuomo seemed liberated. This time, he was the challenger, free to attack Koch as the establishment candidate. He didn't have Carey to worry about; he didn't have support from the business and banking hierarchies or prominent county leaders. He went on the attack, portraying Koch—a man he had endorsed for reëlection in August of 1981, even before the Democratic mayoral primary—as a Reagan clone, a conservative Democrat who did not adhere to "traditional Democratic policies," a onetime reformer now in bed with "the bosses." This tack appealed to the scores of Koch haters, and to liberal voters, who have always dominated state Democratic primaries (as opposed to general elections). To lure those who had just reëlected Koch mayor, Cuomo took a different tack, saying, "If you vote for me, you get two for one—me for governor and Koch for mayor."

Rather than wait to be put on the defensive over his unpopular position on the death penalty, as had happened in 1977, Cuomo tried to transform a political liability into an asset. Audiences were startled when he volunteered his views on the death penalty. Addressing two hundred older citizens at the Bronx Y.M. & Y.W.H.A., at 166th Street and the Grand Concourse, he said, "If you people demand it, you will get it. But I will resist it every step of the way." He enumerated his reasons: the electric chair would not deter other murderers; the state should not "become like the animals" and kill; the death penalty was a "simple solution" that distracted public attention from the hard work needed to reform the criminal-justice system. "I could have come here and told you thirty stories instead of doing what I just did," he said to the Bronx audience. "My mother told me in 1977 to do what Koch does: 'He won and you lost because he supported the electric chair.' . . . I don't want to fool you. If the electric chair is what you want more than anything else, vote for someone else."

In a sense, it didn't matter that most voters disagreed with Cuomo's position, for what he was doing was setting himself up as a man of principle—Sir Thomas More challenging an arrogant politician. Koch, he reminded listeners, had once promised never to seek any office but that of mayor, and had disparaged Albany as representing "small-town life at its worst," and now Koch was running for governor and flirting with a try for the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1984. Koch, before he sought statewide office, had offended New Yorkers who live in suburban and rural areas in a *Playboy* interview, sneering at the "sterile" suburbs and dismissing rural life as a "joke." And Koch, the reformer, now accepted large campaign contributions from powerful landlords, bankers, and Wall Street firms.

Koch was not without ammunition himself. He assailed the contributions that Cuomo took from unions, which had raised twenty per cent of Cuomo's primary-campaign fund of $1.7 million, and he noted that Cuomo echoed union positions on several costly legislative issues. He noted that he, not Cuomo, had received Governor Carey's endorsement. He accused Cuomo of playing suburban politics by opposing an income tax on commuters; of playing populist politics by posing as an implacable enemy of certain tax incentives for business, and by promising to place under gubernatorial control (and thus politicize) the semi-autonomous Metropolitan Transportation Authority; of playing union politics by insisting that the M.T.A. should buy railroad cars and other equipment made in New York, even if it was more expensive; and of playing senior-citizen politics by opposing modest curbs on cost-of-living increases for Social Security recipients (a measure later endorsed by a bipartisan Presidential commission). Whatever Cuomo's flaws, he was undeniably a more impressive candidate than he had been in 1977. With someone he trusted directing the campaign—his son Andrew—he delegated more, and knew that he had someone who could, and would, stand up to him. Cuomo could be awesome in debates, dazzling audiences—and Koch—with his verbal skill. By the end of the campaign, Koch, who had always taken pride in his own forensic skill, became defensive about confronting Cuomo, and avoided a final debate the night before the primary.

There is a curious alchemy that can take place in a political campaign; when a candidate's self-confidence grows—as Cuomo's undoubtedly did after capturing a surprising thirty-nine per cent of the vote from Party delegates at the state convention, in June—he attracts campaign contributions,



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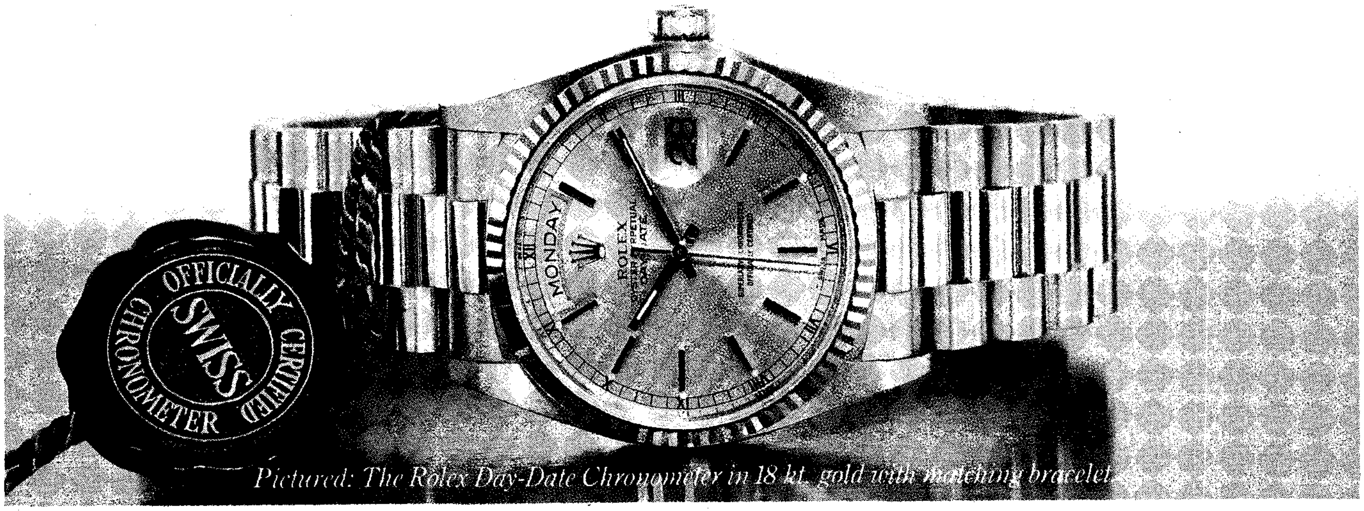

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which pay for TV ads, which bring about a rise in the polls, which invites press attention. Before the returns were in on Primary Night, September 23rd, David Garth admitted doubt about the outcome. "It could go either way," he said.

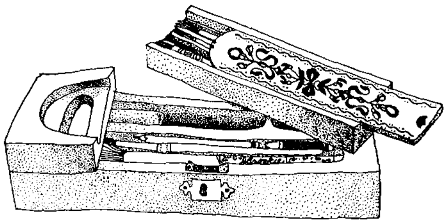
When the votes were counted, Cuomo had received fifty-two per cent. Statewide, with 1,297,256 votes cast, he ran 60,544 votes ahead of Koch. Crucial to his victory was his showing in New York City, where he ran almost even with the Mayor. Although he trailed in the suburbs by 87,698 votes to 125,851, his two-to-one margin upstate made up for that. It was an astonishing victory—against great odds, against vast sums of money, against a popular, adroit foe, against Cuomo's nemesis, Garth. Former President Carter relished the victory, telephoning Cuomo at home the day after the primary and telling him that no election except his own had brought him greater pleasure.

And yet Cuomo, typically, did not savor his victory. Right after the primary, at a surprise party for Andrew Cuomo, William Stern, the campaign chairman, noticed that the Governor-elect was strangely subdued. In the introduction to the published diary, Cuomo writes, "For whatever combination of genetic, environmental and educational reasons, I have always found it easier to discern a challenge than to acknowledge success." The world in which he grew up was one of "guilt and repentance and renewed effort to avoid the final defeat," he writes. "Seen that way, the greatest danger was forming an attachment to the things of this world that would distract one from the long-range—indeed, from the eternal—view."

THE victor in the Republican primary was Lewis Lehrman, a wealthy forty-four-year-old businessman. Lehrman had received a master's degree in history and government from Harvard, had begun work at Princeton on a doctorate in European history, and had taught history at Yale for a year. In 1964, he had left the academic world to join a relatively small family wholesale-food company, which was just branching out into the discount-health-and-beauty-aid business. Lehrman had helped build the company, Rite Aid, into a chain of more than a thousand stores. In 1972, he had bought a town house on East Seventy-first Street, where he established the Lehrman Institute, which conducts seminars and sponsors scholarly inquiries into various public policies. In addition to sponsoring the seminars and taking part in them, Lehrman had devoted the past several years to advancing what he called radical-conservative ideas, including supply-side economics, a return to the gold standard, and a huge reduction in the size and scope of government.

Lehrman is a thin, intense man with short, curly white hair, and he wore bright-red suspenders in his campaign appearances. Lehrman believed that politics was corrupted by "politics." Public life, he thought, should be about ideas, not process or personalities; about ends, not means. He launched his general-election effort by linking Cuomo to "the politics of the past," calling him an eight-year "partner" of Hugh Carey's. In New York State, the birthplace of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lehrman said his election would prove that the New Deal and many of its ideas had finally been interred. He portrayed Cuomo as permissive on social issues—crime, the death penalty, government-financed abortions—and profligate with taxpayers' money. Cuomo, for his part, shifted the focus of his campaign message from "traditional Democratic principles" to the theme of conciliation and compromise—the art of politics. Lehrman and President Reagan, he charged, were out of the mainstream. He also announced that the election would serve as a referendum on "Reaganomics, supply-side, trickle-down fifty years later, the largest unemployment since the Depression, high interest rates, and inflation that is reduced because business stops when people go out of work."

In some ways, the six-week general-election campaign was a contest between a traditional liberal and a traditional conservative, but in other ways it was not. On whether to construct the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar Westway project along the West Side of Manhattan, for instance, Lehrman was allied with environmentalists and liberals, who opposed it, and Cuomo was allied with real-estate and labor interests, which favored it. Lehrman and Cuomo both denounced many state and city tax-incentive programs as "welfare for the rich." Like Ronald Reagan in the 1980 Presidential contest, Lehrman possessed the sort of optimism that had once been associated with liberalism. He fervently believed that one man armed with conviction and will could transform the state. He would never have been caught saying, as Cuomo did to the editorial board of the *News*, "What is the answer to crime? There is none. But you can make the system better." Lehrman issued a forty-nine-page position paper on economics calling for a forty-per-cent reduction in the state personal-income tax over eight years, coupled with reductions in other state taxes, all of which, he said, would spur economic growth and thus increase state revenues. Yet Cuomo, though he joined many Republican and most Democratic officials in denouncing this scheme as more mysticism than economics, accepted the basic premise of supply-side economics. The Carey-Cuomo administration had reduced net taxes by $2.6 billion, he pointed out. Nevertheless, the bipartisan congressional Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations found that New York's tax level in 1982 towered fifty-two per cent above the national average and well above the taxes paid in neighboring states. Cuomo said that his administration would try to hold the line on raising income, corporate, and sales taxes, so as to spur economic growth and help make New York more competitive with other states. "Take the parameters of Reaganomics and shrink them back to reasonableness, and you have a pretty good plan," he said.



Lehrman spent $13.9 million in the campaign, to Cuomo's $4.8 million. At moments late in the race, Cuomo became depressed, convinced that he would lose. Thinking of his father, who had died in 1981, he made this entry in his diary at 4:30 A.M. on October 22nd:

> Tired, very tired, feeling the many months of struggle, last night I went up to the den to make some notes. I was looking for a pencil, rummaging through some papers in the back of my desk drawer, where things accumulate for years, when I turned up one of Poppa's old business cards, the ones we made up for him, that he was so proud of: "Andrea Cuomo, Italian-American Groceries—Fine Imported Products." Poppa never had any occasion to give anyone a calling card, but he loved having them. . . .
>
> I couldn't help wondering what Poppa would have said if I had told him I was

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tired or—God forbid—that I was discouraged. Then I thought for a few minutes about how he dealt with hard circumstances. A thousand different pictures flashed through my mind—he was so used to dealing with hard circumstances. Almost everything was hard.

But one scene in particular came sharply into view.

We had just moved into Holliswood from behind the store. We had our own house for the first time; it even had some land around it, even trees—one, in particular, was a great blue spruce that must have been 40 ft. high.

Holliswood was hilly. Our house sat 10 or 15 ft. above the road itself, and the blue spruce stood majestically like a sentinel at the corner of our property, where the street made a turn, bending around our property line.

Less than a week after we moved in there was a terrible storm. We came home from the store that night to find the great blue spruce pulled almost totally out of the ground and flung forward, its mighty nose bent in the asphalt of the street. Frankie and I knew nothing about trees. We could climb poles all day; we were great at fire escapes; we could scale fences with barbed wire at the top—but we knew nothing about trees. When we saw our spruce, defeated, its cheek on the canvas, our hearts sank. But not Poppa's.

Maybe he was 5 ft. 6 if his heels were not worn. Maybe he weighed 155 lbs. if he had had a good meal. Maybe he could see a block away if his glasses were clean. But he was stronger than Frankie and I and Marie and Momma all together.

We stood in the street looking down at the tree. The rain was falling. We waited a couple of minutes figuring things out and then he announced, "O.K., we gonna push 'im up!" "What are you talking about Poppa? The roots are out of the ground!" "Shut up, we gonna push 'im up, he's gonna grow again."

We didn't know what to say to him, you couldn't say no to him; not just because you were his son, but because he was so sure.

So we followed him into the house and we got what rope there was and we tied the rope around the tip of the tree that lay in the asphalt, and he stood up by the house, with me pulling on the rope and Frankie in the street in the rain, helping to push up the great blue spruce. In no time at all we had it standing up straight again!

With the rain still falling, Poppa dug away at the place where the roots were, making a muddy hole wider and wider as the tree sank lower and lower toward security. Then we shoveled mud over the roots and moved boulders to the base of the tree to keep it in place. Poppa drove stakes in the ground, tied rope from the trunk to the stakes, and maybe two hours later looked at the spruce, the crippled spruce made straight by ropes, and said, "Don't worry, he's gonna grow again."

I looked at the card and wanted to cry. If you were to drive past the house today you would see the great, straight blue spruce, maybe 65 ft. tall, pointing straight up to the heavens, pretending it never had its nose in the asphalt.

I put Poppa's card back in the drawer, closed it with a vengeance. I couldn't wait to get back into the campaign.

In the end, Cuomo and most other Democrats were confident of victory. In a diary entry for October 30th, Cuomo predicted that he would win by seven percentage points. He had made few mistakes, and he had managed to unite the various branches of the Democratic Party. And—something rare in a political campaign—he had impressed his fellow-politicians with his humanity. "I have a feeling that Mario is going to win, because he's such a good man," Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said a few days before the election.

Commenting on how Cuomo had matured as a candidate, the pollster Patrick Caddell told E. J. Dionne, Jr., of the *Times*, late in the campaign, "In 1977, he was very much like Sandy Koufax sitting on the bench of the Los Angeles Dodgers. [Actually, it was the Brooklyn Dodgers.] Everyone knew Koufax had great potential and a great fastball. But he had no control, and no curve. And then, one day, Sandy Koufax had it all. He had the fastball, a curve that dropped off the table, and pinpoint control. He went from being an enigma as a pitcher to one of the most awesome pitchers of our time. . . . Cuomo has gone from being a man who had a lot of potential but couldn't seem to put it all together to one of the most awesome candidates I've ever dealt with."

A few minutes before 8 A.M. on Election Day, November 2nd, Cuomo and his wife arrived at P.S. 178, in Jamaica Estates, Queens, and made their way to a polling booth inside, in the gymnasium. After they had voted, Cuomo circled the gymnasium to shake hands with the policemen and the election inspectors, many of them his neighbors. Then the Cuomos returned to the house Andrea Cuomo had built for them twenty-four years before. While Matilda Cuomo made coffee, her husband put on a sweatshirt, sweatpants, and sneakers and went jogging. Returning, he took a quick shower, and then sat at the blue Formica kitchen table. His short black hair, which is thinning on top, was still wet, and clung to his forehead. His eyes had dark circles under them, and his face looked jowly. Cuomo had changed into a short-sleeved shirt of shiny blue Orlon and black-and-gray checked pants. Proud that the pants, which were twenty-five years old, still fitted him, he said,

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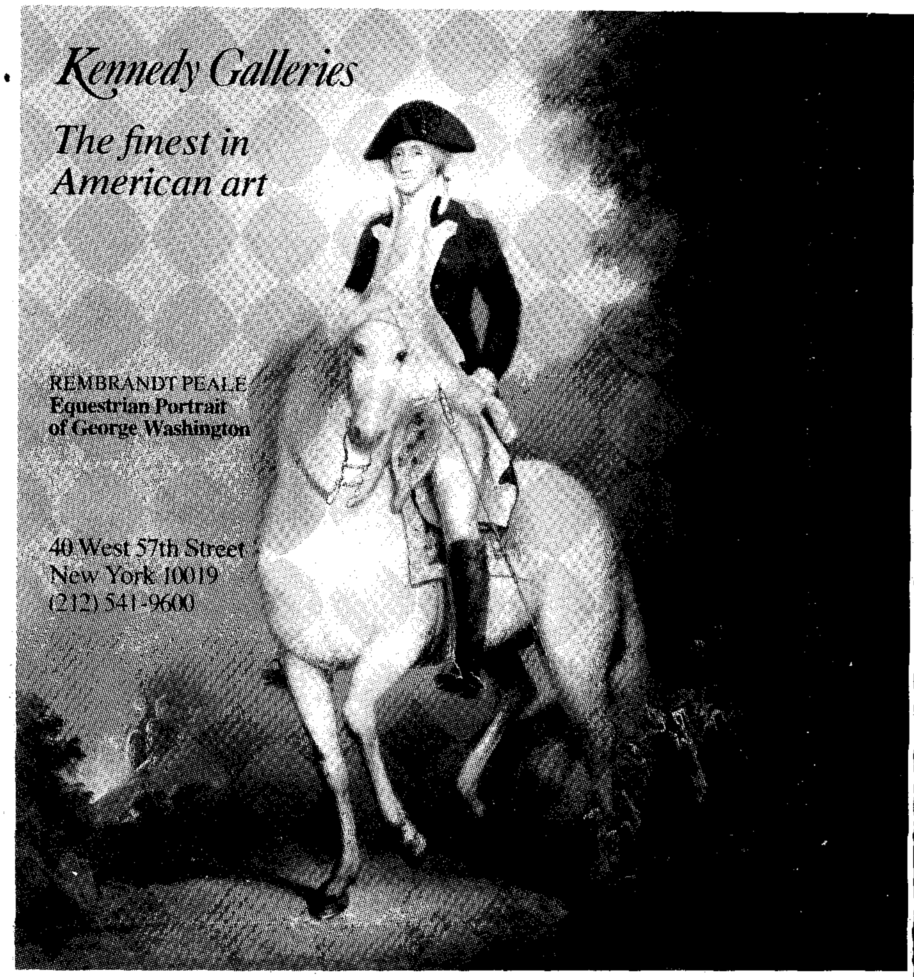
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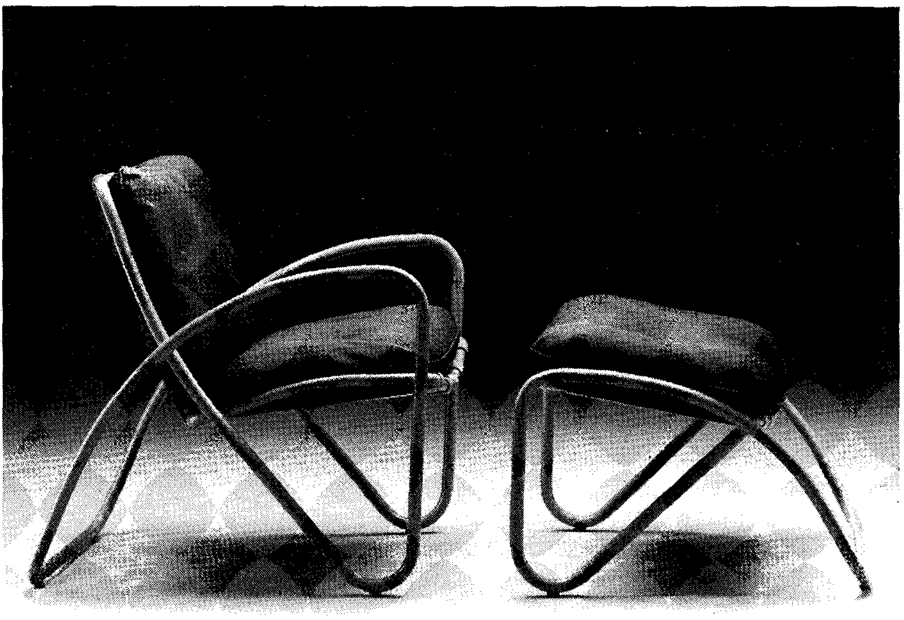
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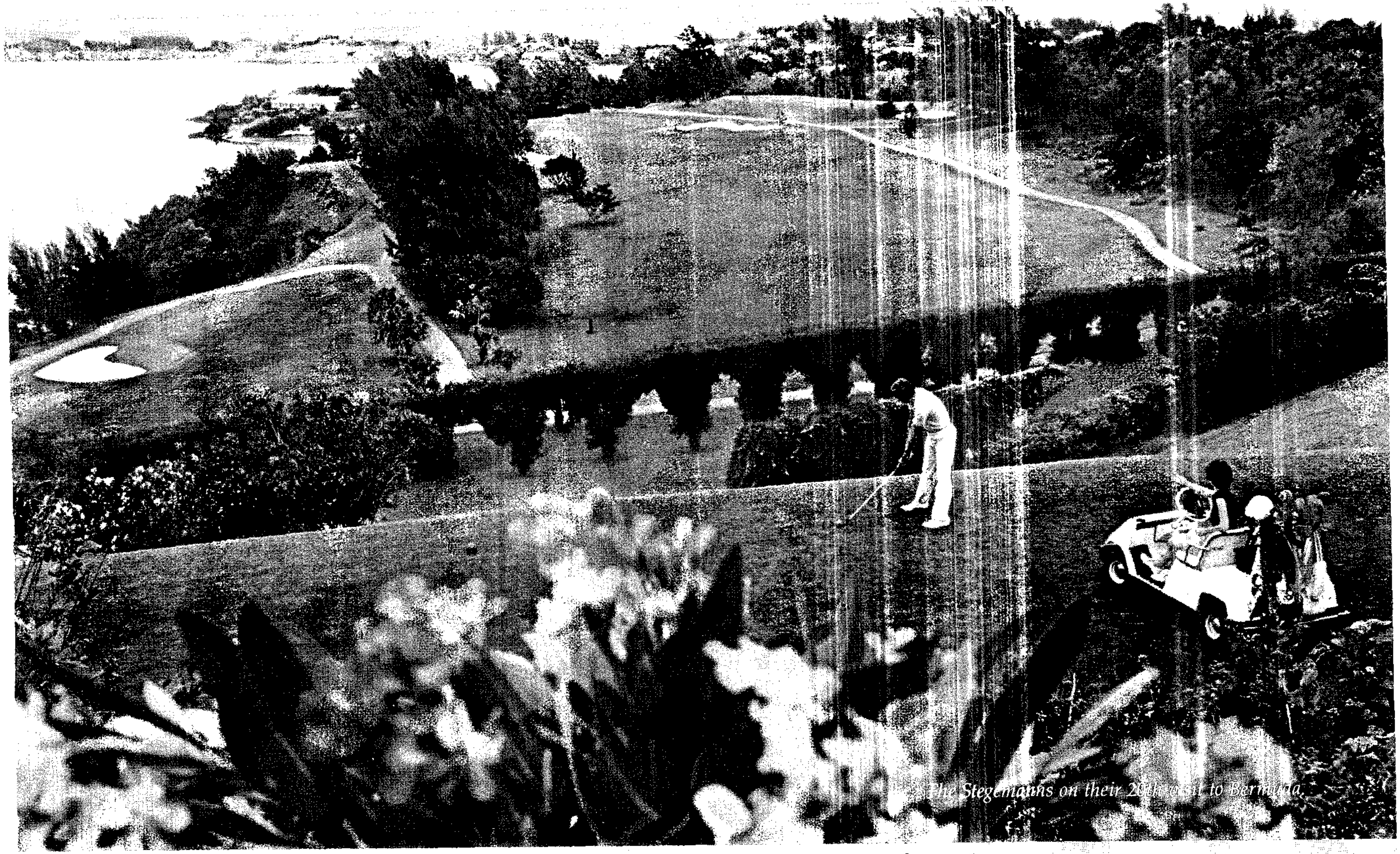
"Matilda, you remember these pants?"

"I bought them for you," said Mrs. Cuomo.

While he was waiting at home for election news, Cuomo thought about the administration he planned to run. "I will name a director who will be in charge of the transition," he told one visitor that day. "The first problem has to be personnel. I want myself in the center of the wheel and a lot of spokes out to the agencies." Symbols would be important, he said. "I believe in symbolism. We give gifts that are symbols. I will cut the executive staff of the governor. It won't be enough to give shelter for the homeless, but it will send a message—Christmas cards and handshakes are symbols, too." Turning the conversation to economic matters, he said, "We are the intelligent supply-siders. We did it reasonably. We targeted. We had investment tax credits. These people"—Lehrman and Reagan—"don't want to do it intelligently. They want to give money to rich people and hope they'll invest." He said that, like Governor Carey, he would try to hold the growth of government spending below the rise in inflation and would also try to cut taxes, but he predicted that there would be an increase in user fees, a ceiling on state spending, and pay freezes, furloughs, and possibly layoffs to close the state's budget gap. Doing the job would require commitment, he said. "I'm pledging to serve four years, because I don't want any Presidential candidates to think they can come in here and make a deal with me." He said that, unlike Governor Carey, he would get along with the Legislature, "because I'll give credit."

That night, at a gathering in the main ballroom of the Sheraton Centre Hotel, Cuomo's brother and sister and many cousins and uncles and aunts and nieces and nephews and friends from the neighborhood stood below the stage and sang songs and danced the tarantella. At 12:40 A.M., the band struck up the theme from "Rocky," and Immaculata and Christopher and Margaret and Madeline and Maria and Andrew and Matilda and Mario Cuomo appeared on the stage. By that time, the returns indicated a Cuomo victory. The audience soon drowned out the band, chanting, "Mario! Mario! Mario!" Cuomo thanked his supporters and his family, and gave a brief victory speech. Clearly, he was disappointed by the margin of his win, which was less than he had expected;



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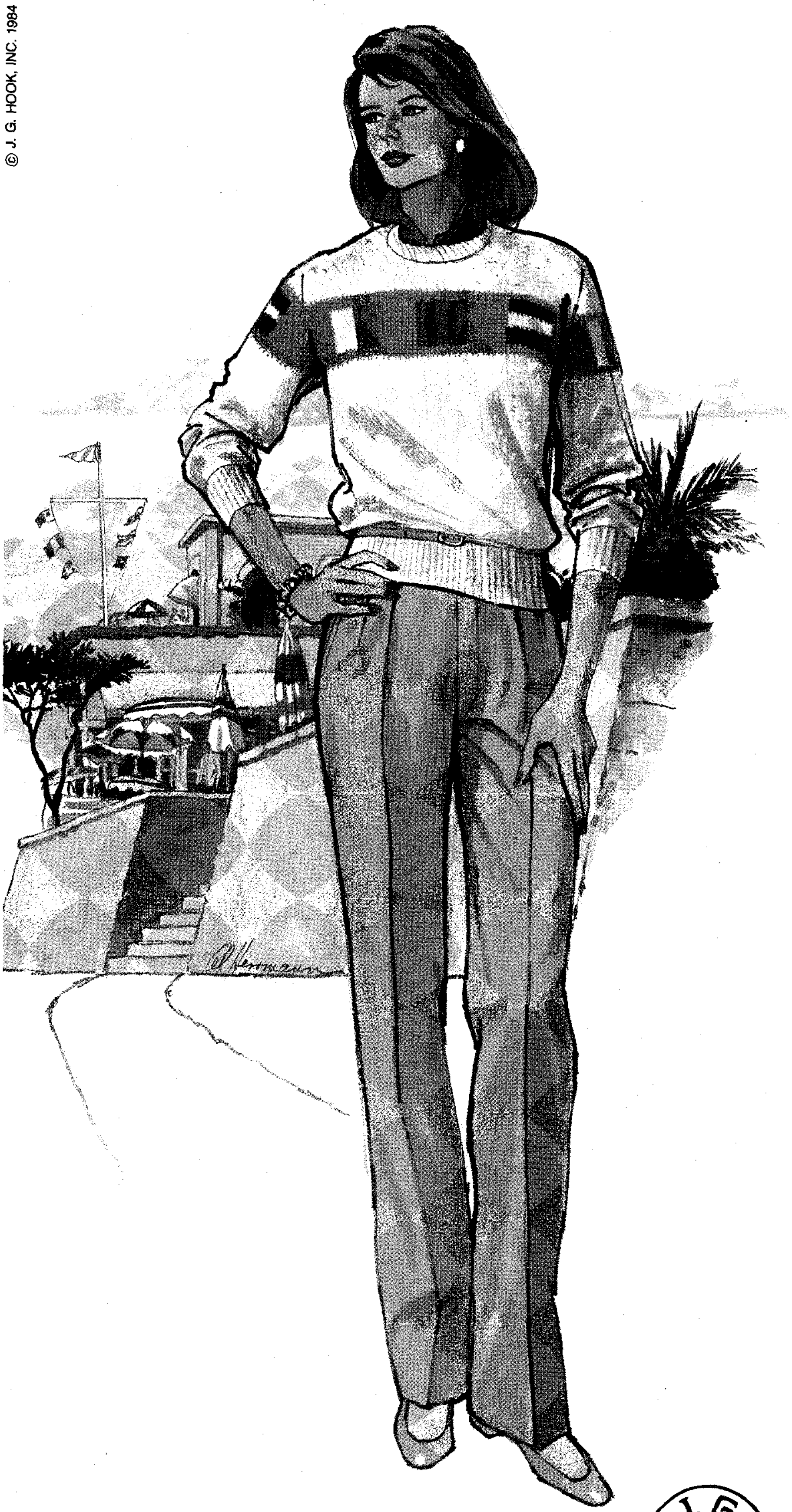
he won by 180,386 votes out of 5,437,367 cast.

Upstairs, in a large suite, political dignitaries (including, briefly, Governor Carey), campaign workers, friends, and family gathered and greeted the Cuomos with applause as they entered, just after 1 A.M. Andrew Cuomo was in a back bedroom briefing the press. Soon he was joined by his father. Cuomo unbuttoned his vest, loosened his tie, and stretched out on a king-size canopied bed, surrounded by reporters. Also present was Lieutenant Governor-elect Alfred DelBello, the Westchester County Executive, who had endorsed Koch in the Democratic primary. Reporters asked Cuomo about DelBello's future role. "I have the advantage of having written out what the role of lieutenant governor should be," Cuomo replied. "He brings some strengths I don't have. He has run a large government. He has been in government longer than I have." DelBello, obviously pleased, sat nodding and puffing on his pipe. The Cuomos left for Queens at 3 A.M.

WITHIN weeks of the election, Stephen Berger, the chairman of Cuomo's personnel committee, who had served in the administrations of Nelson A. Rockefeller and Hugh Carey, was saying he was worried that Cuomo, like any other new governor, might be overwhelmed by day-to-day crises and lose sight of the big issues. "The first issue will be the financial condition of the state—its agencies, cities, and counties—and whether we can bring order into some of these budgets without stirring up trouble with a minimum tax increase," Berger said one day. "Second, on the programmatic side, will he take any of the major institutions that are within his purview—criminal justice, mental health, housing, the infrastructure—and begin to move them in another way, to make them function better?" Berger said that he was also worried about the political atmosphere in Albany. "Government institutions require common rules," he remarked. "The Albany scene the last few years has had more than the normal division between parties. There has been intellectual anarchy. You can't run a government that way. The level of disagreement has to have bounds. For the Legislature to ignore the requirement for a balanced budget is just as bad as it is for a kid to ride the subway with a loud radio and a lighted cigarette. They've both decided that the norms



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we have lived with are not essential to them." Berger said he thought that the personal qualities Cuomo would bring to the office would enable him to be an effective governor. "Bob Wagner as mayor gave away pieces of himself rather than pieces of the city," Berger said. "He never stopped Mike Quill"—the onetime president of the Transport Workers Union—"from beating up on him New Year's Eve." In Mayor Wagner's day, the T.W.U. contracts expired at midnight December 31st, and contract negotiations were often pushed right up against the deadline. "It took a lot of ego strength," Berger went on. "Other mayors have not been as willing." He paused, and then said, "Mario's never forgetting where he comes from doesn't mean he won't do painful things. But I think he won't do them *to* people—he'll do them *with* people."

The transition team had its headquarters on the twenty-third floor of the World Trade Center, and was overseen by Andrew Cuomo. Sitting in his office in mid-November, the Governor-elect said of making appointments, "I can do it in a way that no one else has been able to do it in a long time, because I came singularly free of contracts. I don't owe Governor Carey anything except respect. I don't owe the politicians anything. The unions—ten per cent of my money came from public employees." (Another ten per cent came from private-sector unions.) "I mean, if they could buy loyalty, they didn't."

Cuomo said he was determined to avoid a mistake that Carey had made—having a single all-powerful deputy like Robert Morgado, Carey's secretary. To emphasize his break with the past, Cuomo announced the appointment of three other officials before he announced the appointment of his secretary, Michael Del Giudice. Del Giudice was an experienced Albany hand, having served as chief of staff to the Speaker of the Assembly and as Morgado's deputy. Cuomo said that Del Giudice would "coördinate everything," be the "single repository" of all information, and oversee legislative relations, but, unlike Morgado, he would not control access to the Governor; commissioners would not report to him; he would not have teams of deputies; and he would not have the freedom Morgado had had to speak or act in the Governor's name. Cuomo acknowledged that Stephen Berger and others were urging him to appoint his son Andrew to a government job,

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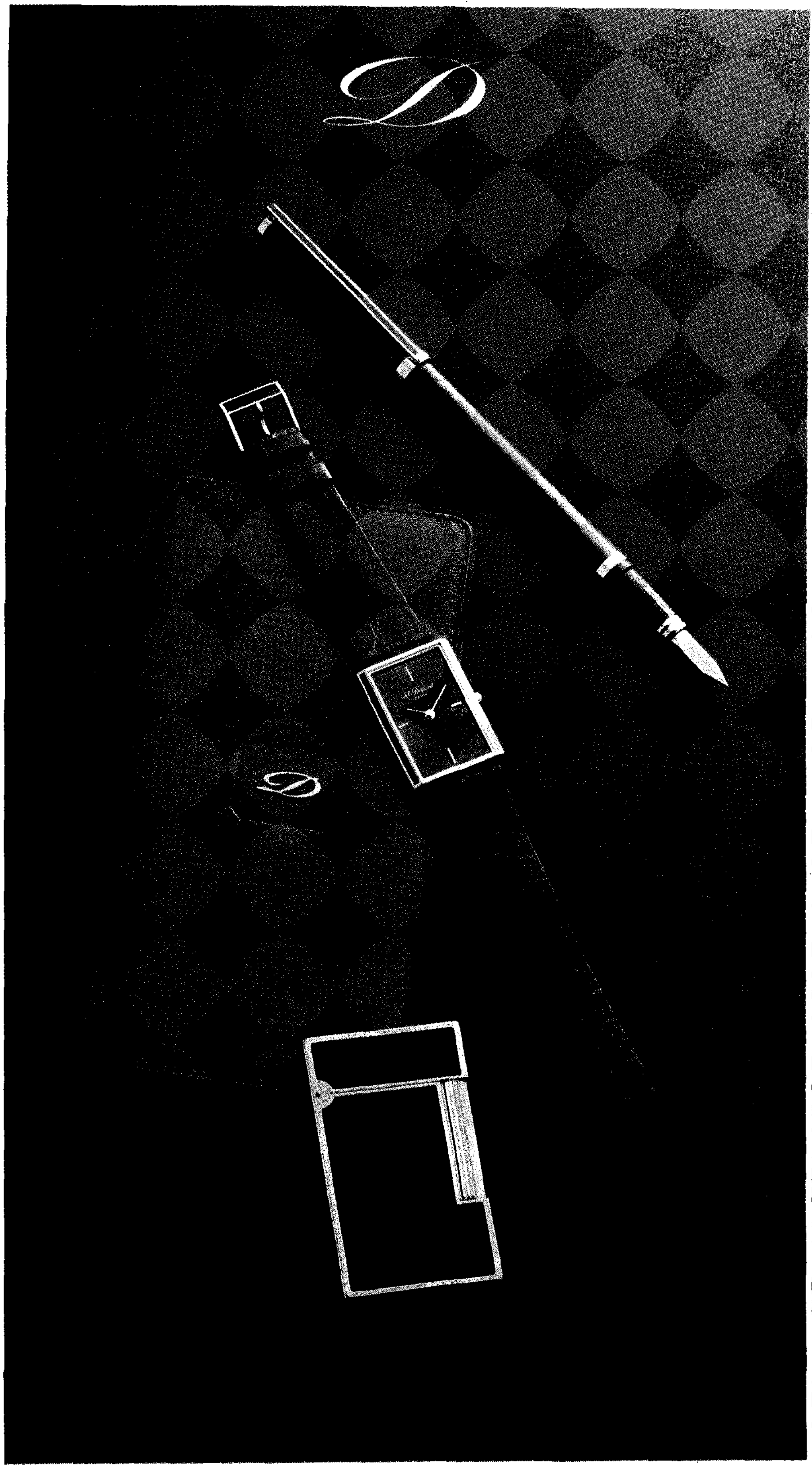

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but he said he would resist, because Andrew would be savaged in the press and because he wasn't sure it was the best thing for a son to be operating in his father's shadow. "If he can figure out a way he can make a living and still serve free, I'll let him serve," Cuomo said. (Andrew has stayed in his father's office, as a dollar-a-year special assistant.)

Cuomo, who at this time was preparing for a special session of the Legislature in December to consider the question of further subsidies for the M.T.A., kept the plans for his administration in a large black loose-leaf notebook. He had drawn organization charts, one of which had the secretary just below the governor and had lines leading from the governor directly to a third tier, consisting of a director of economic development, a director of criminal justice, a director of communications, a director of state operations, and a counsel, and below them a tier of commissioners. He had lists of things to be accomplished each week. He had notes on points to be taken up with Andrew Cuomo, Del Giudice, or with Fabian Palomino, whom he planned to have join his government as a special counsel. Under the heading "SOS" he had entered ideas for his State of the State address—an annual speech that the governor delivers to a joint session of the Legislature in January. The speech sketches a governor's priorities, and Cuomo spoke of wanting his speech to be brief. He went down the list of notes he had made to himself and said, "I want to put a stress on doing more with less. I want to make a point about the diversity of the state being at once its strength and its vulnerability. Now, I will come up before I'm through with thirty points, forty points, and they aren't all for the State of the State, but they're the beginning of a thought process. To say that we have fiscal problems and the most we can hope for is to balance the budget—that's not government. A budget that's balanced but doesn't do good things—that's a failed government. We have a harder obligation than that. Our obligation is to balance the budget and do good things. We have to balance the budget without raising the taxes and still do good things. And I think we can do more with less. I don't believe that's political poetry. We're going to do it!"

PERCHED on a hill overlooking the somewhat seedy downtown area of Albany is a giant mall—a modern, white-marble-and-glass city superimposed on the old and consisting of eleven stark-looking buildings that stretch over thirty-five acres of land. In all, this new city cost almost a billion dollars and took thirteen years to complete. It was the vision of one man, former Governor Rockefeller, and bears his name. These monumental buildings, in which many of Albany's nearly forty thousand state employees work, tower over the magnificent five-story gray granite State Capitol, built in the nineteenth century, whose Romanesque and French Renaissance and Second Empire architecture earned it a designation as a National Historic Landmark. The Capitol building is four hundred feet long and three hundred feet wide, and contains majestic carved stone staircases, oak ceilings, marble fireplaces, and tiled floors; it houses the governor and his aides, both chambers of the Legislature, offices for the majority and minority leaders of the Senate and the Assembly, and space for the forty-five reporters permanently assigned to cover state government.

Starting in January, when the legislative session convenes, the hundred and fifty members of the Assembly, the sixty-one state senators, upward of four thousand legislative staff members, numerous lobbyists, and reporters from most newspapers in the state gather in Albany for a few days every week. As the April 1st deadline for approving a state budget approaches, and the end of the session is in sight, late in the spring, this inbred community stays three, four, sometimes five, or, in rare cases, seven days a week, sleeping in the same hotels, eating in the same restaurants, drinking at the same bars, attending the same receptions.

As the inauguration neared, Cuomo labored over his inaugural address, to be delivered in Albany on New Year's Day, and always he came back to the themes of the campaign. Working out of his old office—the lieutenant governor's office, on the third floor of the Capitol—he wrote and rewrote the speech. Late on the evening of December 30th, he called it finished, and went off to dinner with Fabian Palomino. The next day, he returned to the speech, fussing with it some more and getting reactions from his advisers, most of whom found it too similar to his campaign speeches. He went over it again, with Peter Quinn, his chief speechwriter. He dictated revisions to Pamela Broughton, who has

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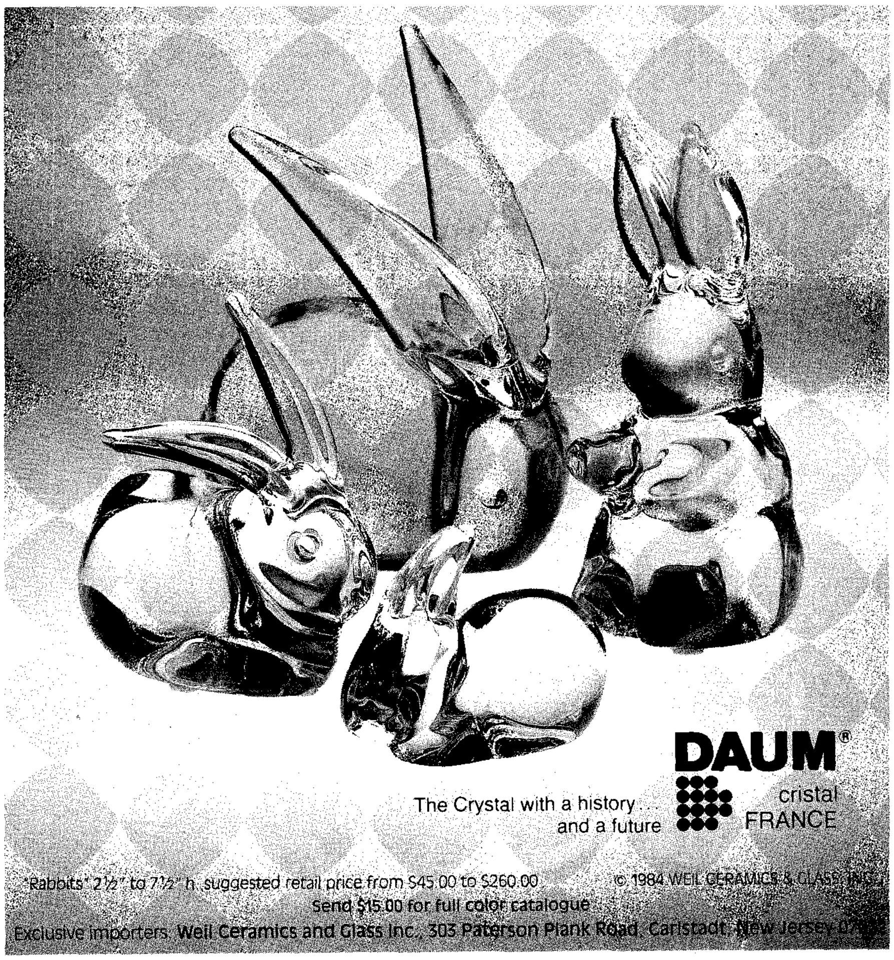

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been his principal Albany secretary for nine years. At six o'clock, Cuomo left his office and went to the Convention Center of the Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller Empire State Plaza to rehearse his speech. Afterward, he headed for the nearby Executive Mansion, where Mrs. Cuomo had arranged a dinner party. The guests included family members, former Court of Appeals Judge Charles Desmond, who was to swear Cuomo in, and Fabian Palomino. At 10:15 P.M., flanked by Matilda and Immaculata Cuomo, his children, and some other family members, Cuomo was privately sworn in as the state's fifty-second governor. Then the doors of the Executive Mansion were opened to two hundred people whom Mrs. Cuomo had invited—the extended Cuomo and Raffa families, neighbors from Queens, classmates from St. John's, other friends, and staff members.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the new Governor and his family went to church, and eventually headed for the Convention Center. Twenty-six hundred people—legislators, staff members, lobbyists, mayors, reporters—attended the inaugural ceremonies. Cuomo, wearing a navy-blue suit and standing on a platform at the front of the Convention Center, spoke of his special debt to Matilda; to Erastus Corning, the mayor of Albany, who had been the only powerful Party leader to endorse his candidacy in the primary; and to Hugh Carey, "the man who has led this state courageously, honestly, and well for eight years." Then he spoke of what he said would be "the soul of this administration." For fifty years, he said, Democratic and Republican governors of New York, "without dramatic deviation," had "pursued a course of progressive pragmatism." Today, the beliefs underlying that course, the fundamental faith in government, were under assault, he said. He said that "government's purpose, basically, is to allow those blessed with talent to go as far as they can on their own." However, he said, government has other purposes: "I believe that government also has an obligation to assist those who for whatever inscrutable reason have been left out by fate: the homeless, the infirm, the destitute. To help provide those necessary things which, through no fault of their own, they cannot provide for themselves."

He went on, "Of course, we should have only the government we need.

But we must have, and we will insist on, all the government we need. So a technically balanced budget that fails to meet the reasonable needs of the middle class and the poor would be to us the emblem of hypocrisy. . . . Survival of the fittest may be a good working description of the process of evolution, but a government of humans should elevate itself to a higher order, one which tries to fill the cruel gaps left by chance and by a wisdom that we don't fully understand. . . . It would be a terrible desecration of our history to allow the difficulties of the moment, which pale when compared to those faced by our ancestors, to excuse our obligation to produce government that excels at doing what government is supposed to do. We need not fear the challenge. Underlying everything I believe about our government is an unshakable conviction that it is good enough to do what must be done and more. . . . I believe that we are wise enough to address our deficits without taxing ourselves into bankruptcy, strong enough to reconcile order with justice, brave enough to bring opportunity and hope to those who have neither. . . . I believe we can balance our lives and our society even as we balance our books. We can. To those who today stand on platforms built by their forebears' pain and are warmed by applause earned by their forebears' courage, remember who we are, and where we came from, and what we have been taught."

Turning to a favorite notion, Cuomo said, "We must be the family of New York. Feeling one another's pain, sharing one another's blessings, equitably, honestly, fairly, without respect to geography or race or political affiliation. . . . We are the sons and daughters of giants, and we have been born to their greatness." At the end, after vowing to be "the state's good servant and God's, too," the Governor paused, looked up from his prepared text, and in a tribute to his father, remarked, "And Pop, wherever you are—and I think I know—for all the ceremony and the big house and the pomp and circumstance, please don't let me forget."

Politicians cried, and the speech was followed by Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man." Making his way from the rostrum, Cuomo was greeted by members of his family and by the outgoing Governor. Carey congratulated Cuomo, saying, "Classy, Mario, real classy." Cuomo recalls that Carey then leaned over and whis-

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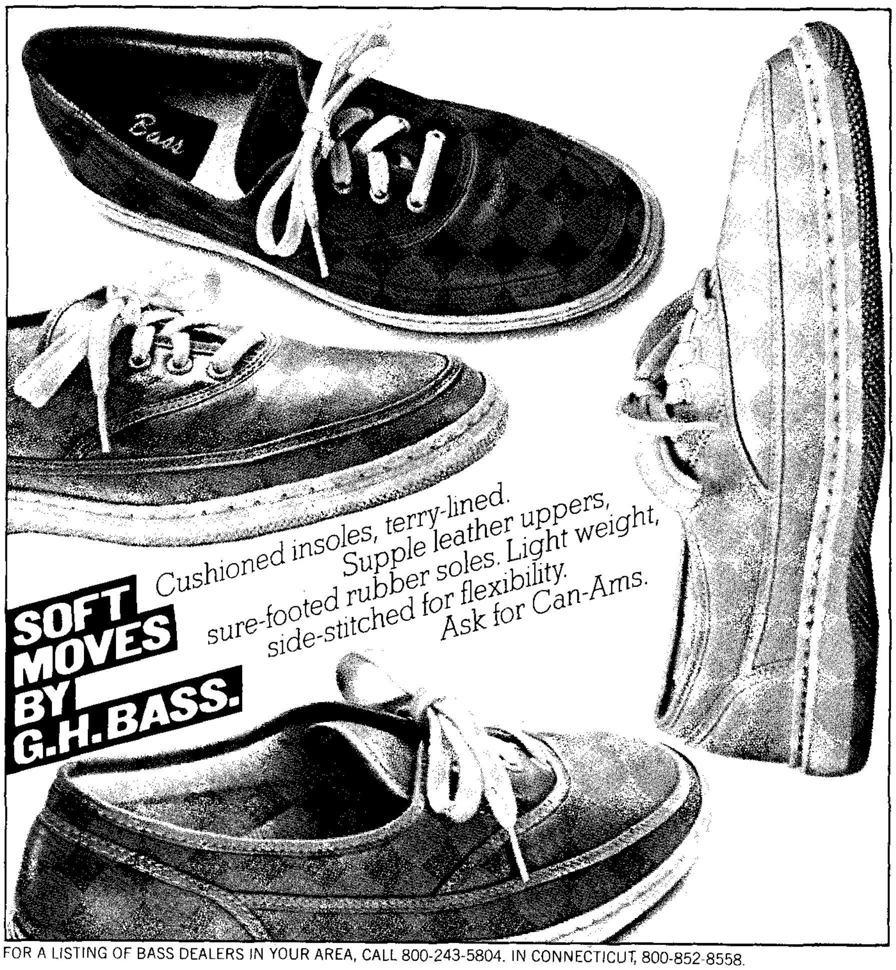
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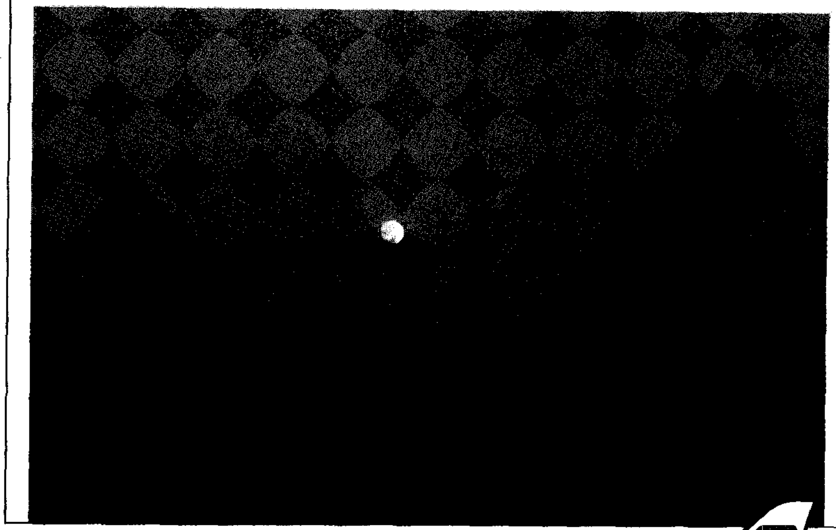

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pered a parting word of advice: "Don't believe anybody."

CUOMO immediately set out to ignore Carey's advice, to establish a mood of harmony—of "family"—in Albany. On his third day as governor, he appointed a respected upstate Republican judge, Richard D. Simons, to fill a vacancy on the Court of Appeals, the state's highest court. When it comes to the court, he said, "the party is not relevant." A bipartisan chorus of legislators, lawyers, and editorial voices again sang Cuomo's praises.

For many of Carey's eight years as governor, he and the Legislature fought about his official revenue estimates. Legislators charged that Carey was crying wolf in order to block legislative programs or to build budget cushions for election years. Carey said he was only trying to insure that the state spent no more than it took in. Cuomo moved to end this corrosive feuding by getting Comptroller Edward Regan, a Republican, to agree to publicly certify that his administration's revenue estimates were sound, making it more difficult for legislators to stuff the budget with popular but expensive programs.

The only threat to this early harmony came near the end of the first week, when Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, a Republican, issued, through his spokesman, Charles Dumas, a press release attacking Cuomo for having come up "with nothing" to solve the financial problems of the M.T.A., for making "contradictory statements on taxing and spending," and for being vague about his plans for state agencies. The normal instinct in Albany—and not just in the Carey years—had been for the object of an attack to counterattack, through the press. Cuomo chose to deny his own combative instincts, and when his counsellor and chief press spokesman, Timothy Russert, walked into his office with a copy of Anderson's release and requests from the press for comment, Cuomo recited Edwin Markham's poem "Outwitted." Cuomo's official response, which he wrote out for Russert in longhand, paraphrased the poem:

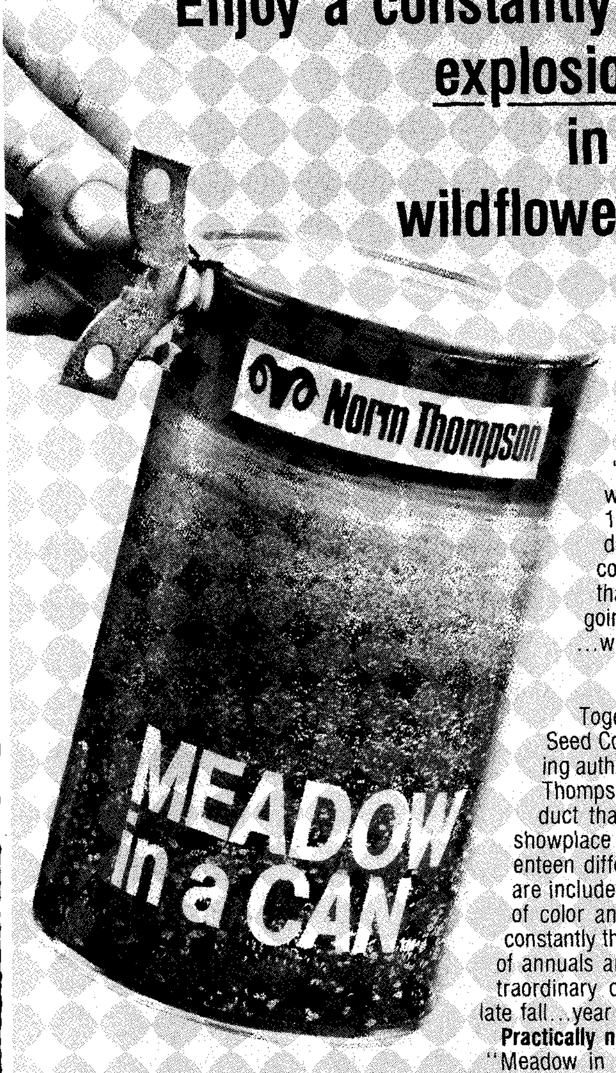
The Governor drew a circle to
 include them in,
Partners, brothers through thick
 and thin.
But Anderson and Dumas were
 afraid to come.
They drew a release and called
 him a bum!

Anderson's attack was blunted, in a way that impressed people in Albany. "The press enjoys more than anything else covering a boxing match," Russert observed a few days later. "So when you respond with humor that contains a subtle message, you more or less defuse the story."

Cuomo said that he would stick to this course. "Edwin Markham's poem is not just a poem," he said. "It's a philosophy."

Cuomo maintained his conciliatory tone in his State of the State address, made in the Assembly Chamber to a joint session of the Legislature on January 5th. His theme was "the new partnership," and in the speech Cuomo called out the names of individual legislators, Republicans and Democrats alike, crediting them with ideas that he was now advancing. He spoke of the need for New York State to cut its spending and streamline government, a favorite theme of conservatives; and he pleased liberals by urging new aid for the homeless, adding, "The purpose of government is not merely to keep accurate books." He spoke of "law and order" and also of "justice"—two ideas that in politics are often treated separately. After the speech, Republican State Senator John Dunne, of Long Island, who was one of those mentioned by Cuomo, said, "I thought it was superb. There was good spirit and an offering of partnership." Democratic Assemblyman Robert Connor, of Rockland County, said, "A lot depends on style. I always felt personally despised by Carey. Not as a person. As a legislator. This guy comes in with no legislative experience, unlike Carey, and yet I get the feeling he has great respect for the Legislature."

IN the second week of his administration, Cuomo took his wife and Andrew to a restaurant on Second Avenue in Manhattan. Not long after they were seated, the Governor was summoned to the phone, to be told by a state policeman on duty at the Governor's Albany office that inmates at the Ossining Correctional Facility had taken nineteen corrections officers hostage. The prisoners were protesting conditions in the hundred-and-fifty-eight-year-old prison, including serious overcrowding. For the next few days, Cuomo was preoccupied with this crisis, much as Governor Rockefeller had been preoccupied with the Attica prison uprising in 1971. Cuomo set up a command center at his office on the



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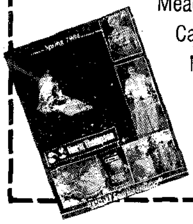
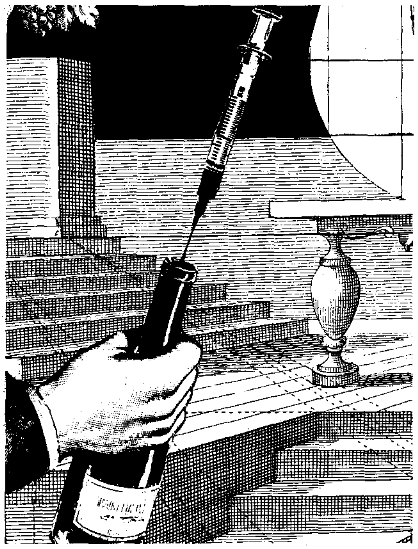


fifty-seventh floor of the World Trade Center, had all his meals there, slept on a conference table, and kept in constant touch with Correctional Services Commissioner Thomas A. Coughlin III, who was at the prison leading a negotiating team. "I will continue to devote my entire attention to this emergency until it is resolved," Cuomo told reporters. "The first priority is the lives of the corrections officers. Second, however, we must be aware that the lives of potential hostages in prisons throughout New York would be endangered by any agreement that would unduly erode respect for the state's authority." Drawing their own lessons from Attica, where forty-three inmates and guards were killed when Governor Rockefeller ordered state troopers, prison guards, and sheriffs' deputies to rush the inmates with shotguns and rifles, Cuomo and his crisis-management team—Coughlin; the state's criminal-justice coördinator, Lawrence T. Kurlander; Del Giudice; Palomino; Russert; and Andrew Cuomo—decided early not to let the inmates talk to the press. Cuomo also decided to conduct no press conferences himself, for fear a careless word might sabotage the negotiations.

The crisis ended after fifty-three tense hours, with the state agreeing only to allow a list of prisoners' demands to be broadcast. All the hostages and inmates were released unharmed. Cuomo was congratulated in the press for being a successful conciliator, and for putting his experience as a mediator to use. "He was fantastic," says Kurlander, a former Monroe County district attorney. "He was able to establish early on what his long-term and short-term goals were. And he was then able to structure a course of action to meet those goals. And he was very, very tough-minded." Cuomo would not negotiate on the issue of amnesty for the prisoners, and he did not go to the prison, though there were those who criticized him for not doing so. Nor would he accept the advice of those who said he should not negotiate with the inmates. "If it weren't such a tragedy, I'd say Ossining was a great break for him," observed Victor Condello, who for almost forty years has been a lobbyist in Albany for many of the state's most powerful interests. "His handling of Ossining showed he was a good field general, and not a vacillating Hamlet. He made decisions. It established him as a decision-mak-



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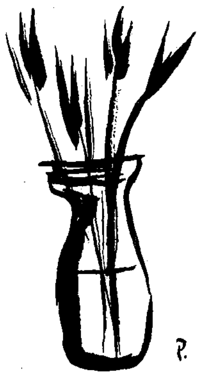
er instead of a scholar and an attorney.”

The uprising at Ossining, Cuomo said later, had presented him with the hardest decisions of his first year as governor. “The judgment we had to make, and we had only minutes to make it, was ‘Can you uphold the law and save the lives at the same time?’—or ‘Can you uphold the law without forfeiting those lives?’ ”

THE prison crisis interfered with Cuomo’s schedule for preparing his first budget. Up until the early part of this century, no state, including New York, had an orderly budget process, or even a state budget director. Some say that Albany still lacks an orderly process, but preparation of the 1983-84 budget actually began long before Cuomo was elected. Every year in June, the Budget Division issues a “budget call letter” to all agency heads which provides guidelines for submitting their budget requests for the next state fiscal year, which begins on April 1st; by September 15th, the agencies must submit their requests, and then the Budget Division holds hearings to consider them. By late fall, the agency budgets are complete, and the budget director prepares recommendations for the governor. In the last three years of his term, a governor has until the third Tuesday in January to submit his budget to the Legislature; because 1983 was the start of a new gubernatorial term, Cuomo had until February 1st.



The Legislature has professional fiscal staffs to rival the staff of the Budget Division, which employs three hundred and forty people. Preparation of much of the budget is routine, although each year the governor must make broad policy decisions. Should the school-aid formula, which consumes twenty-five per cent of the state budget, be reformed? Should the state relieve New York City and the other fifty-seven counties of their twenty-five-per-cent share of Medicaid costs, and over what period of time? Must the state raise taxes? Can it afford a tax decrease? If there is a surplus, which taxes should be reduced, which spending increased? If there is a deficit, what combination of taxes, fees, and budget reductions should be relied upon? Should New York City, which, according to the Budget Division, has 40.3 per cent of the state’s population and receives 45.7 per cent of state aid, receive more money? Should the eight hundred million dollars dispensed through state revenue-sharing formulas be altered? Should these formulas take into account not just poverty levels but the tax or service efforts of a community? Should the formulas hinge, as they now do, on the 1970 census, thus giving more aid to needy but shrinking cities, or should they be based on the 1980 census? Can the state increase its subsidy to subways and commuter rail lines in order to hold down fares? Is the governor willing to cut tuition-assistance programs or approve higher tuition payments in order to avoid layoffs at the sixty-four campuses of the state-university system?

On January 12th, the morning after the Ossining crisis was settled, these and other budget questions were occupying Michael Finnerty, the budget director, and R. Wayne Diesel, the first deputy budget director, both of whom had flown to New York City from Albany for a meeting with the Governor. The answers to such questions spring to a large extent from a governor’s instincts, and the aim of the session was to determine Cuomo’s policy predispositions. “Today, I want to get a feel from him whether reform is important to him or not,” Finnerty said. “If it is, I want to get the computer runs started.” He and Diesel were sitting in a small room on the fifty-seventh floor of the World Trade Center overlooking the Hudson, waiting to be summoned to the Governor’s gold-carpeted corner suite. Finnerty is a stout, bald man who was a Marine helicopter pilot in Vietnam. In 1974, he received a graduate degree in public administration from New York University, and joined the Legislative Commission on Expenditure Review and then the fiscal staff of the Assembly Ways and Means Committee, where he remained for four and a half years. Following a familiar Albany pattern, he moved on to the executive branch. In 1979, he became deputy budget director, and during the final six months of Carey’s term he served as the Governor’s secretary. Cuomo chose him to head the Budget Division.

One of the major budgetary problems for any governor is the apportioning of money for schools. The

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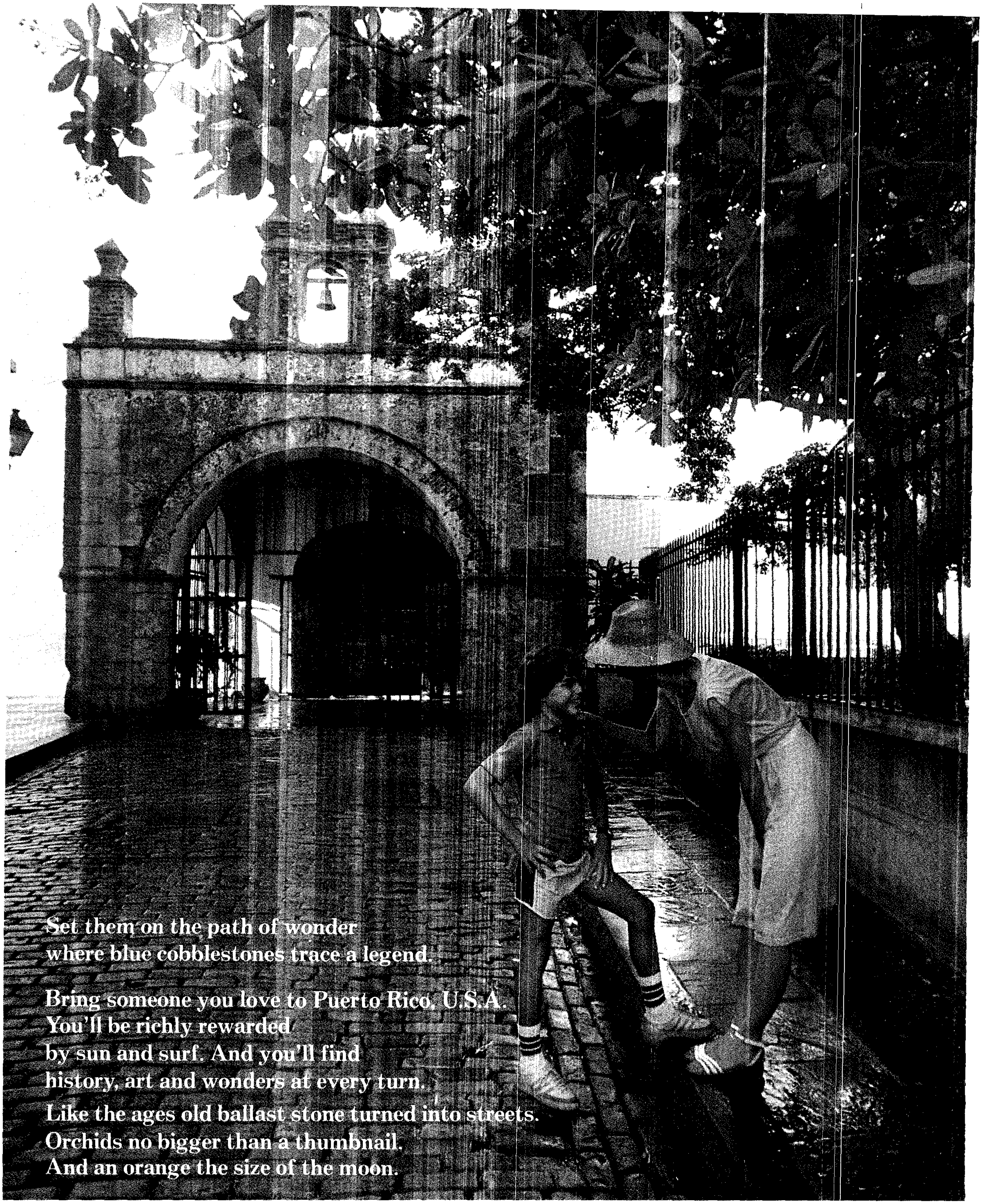

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current school-aid formula in New York State, where a majority of the legislators are from suburban and rural districts, is weighted to favor those districts. Carey, in his years as governor, sought to amend the formula so that it would be based on relative wealth and pupil enrollment rather than on attendance, the idea being that urban schools have fewer resources and higher rates of absenteeism and thus require more state support. Finnerty said he wanted to know whether Cuomo planned to increase school aid; whether he hoped to redistribute aid from wealthier school districts to poorer ones; whether he supported a formula with what people in Albany call a "save harmless" provision (meaning that no district would lose aid); whether he wished to set a floor under which no district, including districts that had lost population, could fall.

ONE DOZEN
Judith Shahn

Finnerty and Diesel were waiting while Cuomo took part in the taping of a segment for the weekly public-television program "Inside Albany," and Finnerty remarked, "I had hoped to do some of this with him in December, but he was tied up with a special session of the Legislature." Then came Ossining. And now only two and a half weeks were left in which to complete and present a budget. Finnerty was confident that he knew Cuomo's view on taxes. In the campaign, Cuomo had somewhat vaguely—and contradictorily, some reporters say—promised to try not to raise any of the state's three major taxes: the personal-income tax, the corporate tax, and the sales tax, which together provide nearly eighty-five per cent of all state revenues. "That becomes his absolutely last option—particularly the personal-income tax, since we have one of the highest in the nation," Finnerty said. The state's budget deficit was approaching $1.8 billion, Finnerty noted, and he listed their options: cutting the budget, raising new revenues, using fiscal sleight of hand by rolling over expenses to the next year, and a combination of the three. The day before the inaugural address, Finnerty had given Cuomo a document pinpointing the budget deficit and enumerating the ways of dealing with it. "Sorry to ruin your weekend," he had said to Cuomo as he handed it to him. And at that time Cuomo had told Finnerty he had two priorities that seemed to be in conflict. On the one hand, he wanted to redistribute aid from richer communities to poorer ones; on the other hand, he did not want to redistribute the tax burden upward, for fear of chasing more wealth from the state. Like a lot of Democrats, Cuomo was a liberal when it came to government spending and a moderate conservative when it came to ways of raising money.

In making a budget, of course, the Senate and the Assembly are partners with the governor, and are required by the state Constitution to consider and negotiate with him a final draft by April 1st. During the Carey years, bickering and plain mistrust caused the partners to miss the deadline three times. Even though the Senate and the Assembly are today controlled by different parties, the two branches often have common interests that conflict with those of the executive branch. Legislators attribute this situation to their greater proximity to constituents. Members of the executive branch sometimes attribute it to what they see as the legislators' lack of proximity to responsibility. "The budget negotiation is the crux of the political process, because in that you are making political choices as to where to apply resources," Finnerty said. "You cannot be for all things. In the legislative process, you can be for bills to aid consumers, you can vote both for the death penalty and for lifetime imprisonment without parole. When the budget gets produced, it's a fixed pie."

Finnerty stared out of the World Trade Center window at a passing plane. "In each of the last three budget years," he said, "you'll find the Legislature appropriating from three hundred to six hundred million dollars more than the governor recommended." In New York, as in most states, legislators are elected every two years, and local aid is crucial to them; sixty per cent of the state's budget is earmarked not for direct state services but for grants to localities. In the last three years, Finnerty said, while Carey was trying to reduce spending, the state's legislators had provided more school aid, more Medicaid reimbursement to cities, more general local assistance. "If the Legislature had not

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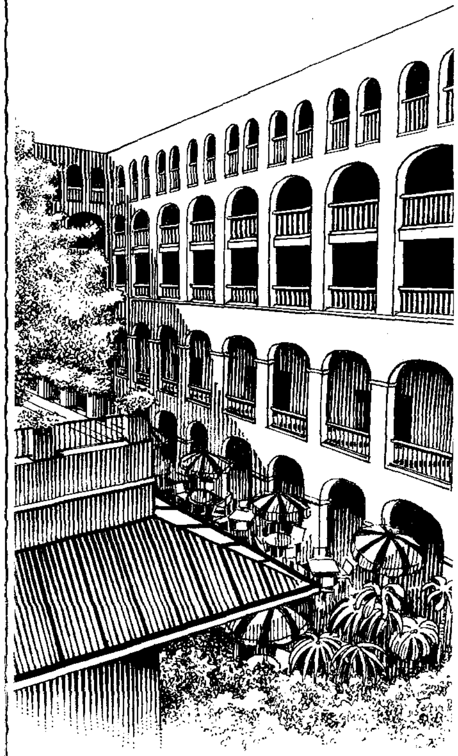

EL CONVENTO
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done this, our budget problem would be in the range of three hundred to four hundred million dollars rather than a billion eight hundred million," he said.

Finnerty and Diesel had been scheduled to meet with the Governor at 10 A.M., and throughout the morning and into the afternoon they kept checking in with the Governor's secretary, and were repeatedly told that it would be a few more minutes. They knew that the Governor was working alone with Mary Tragale; they didn't know that he was reviewing the fifty-odd hours of the Ossining crisis and organizing and dictating his diary entries while the events were still fresh in his mind. (That day, Mary Tragale recalled later, "we had to organize it." Usually, they average half an hour a day on the diary, and then she types it at home. In fact, the diary would come to consume more and more of Cuomo's time.) At 3:50 P.M., the Governor was still closeted with Tragale, and because they had work to do and had wasted a valuable day, Finnerty and Diesel phoned their Albany office that they would be taking a state plane back, and asked their staffs to be ready to meet with them through the night.

The next morning, Finnerty and Diesel returned to New York City for their meeting. They again had to wait, because a mini-crisis had arisen over a story in that morning's *Times*. The story, by the paper's Albany bureau chief, Michael Oreskes, reported that the Cuomo administration appeared to be withdrawing an offer to appoint as Commissioner of Taxation and Finance New York City Deputy Comptroller Martin Ives. The story quoted Ives as saying that the appointment offer had been withdrawn; it quoted Del Giudice as having said earlier that the appointment was expected, and Russert as having said earlier that it was "set." However, it quoted Andrew Cuomo as having said, the day before, that the offer was never made. After conferring with the Governor, Russert and Del Giudice placed a conference call to Oreskes to complain that his report left the impression that they had not been telling the truth. And in fact they had not; but they had been under orders, for honorable reasons, not to tell Oreskes and the rest of the press corps the full truth. Since the appointment of Ives was first discussed, questions had been raised about his behavior in overseeing an audit of Teamster Local 237's welfare fund. There was no question of criminal behavior; the issue was

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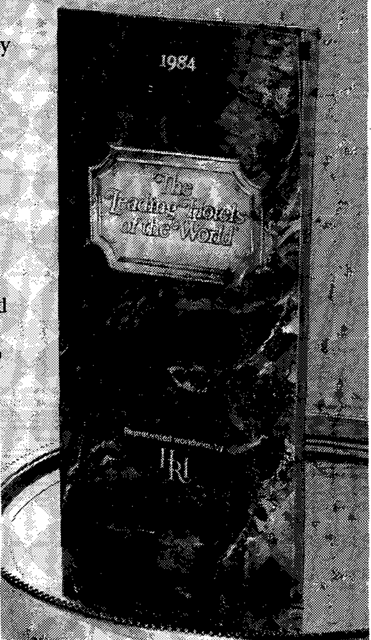

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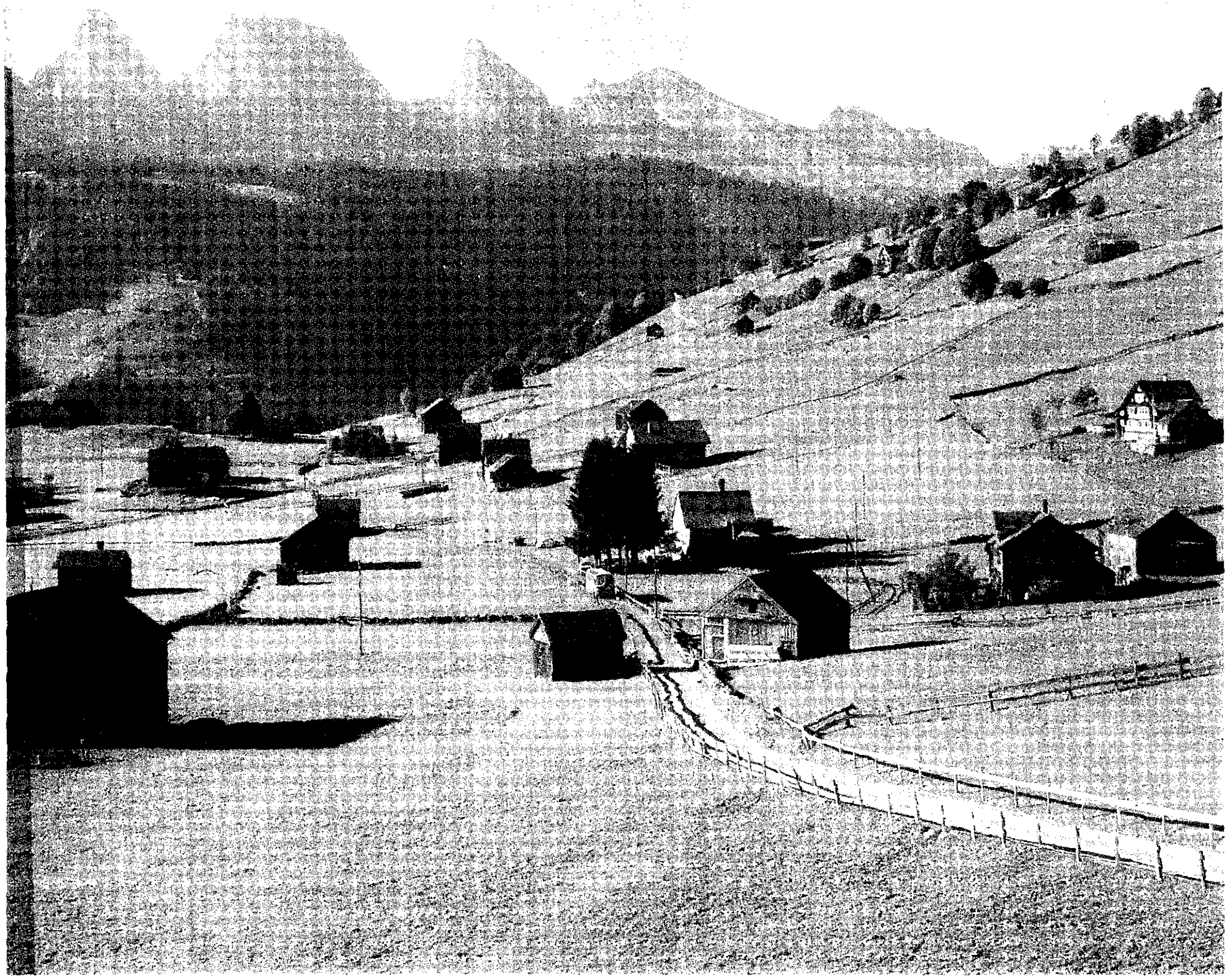

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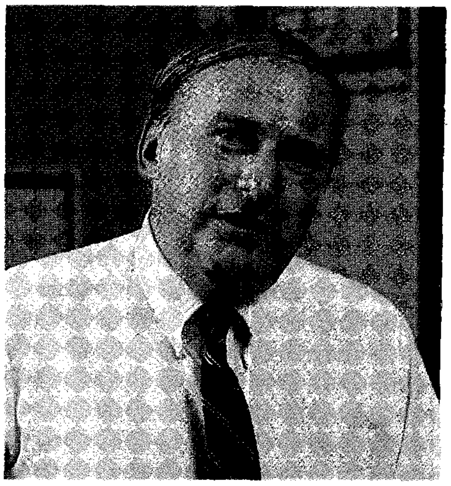

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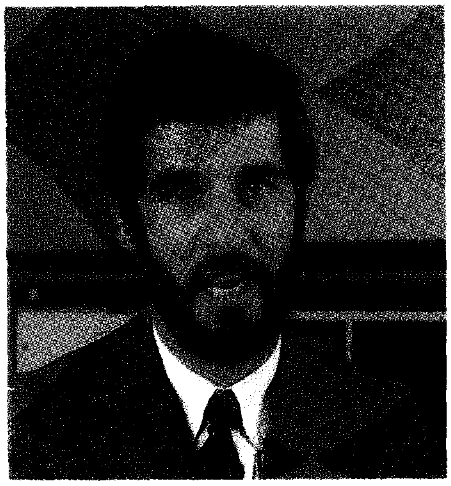

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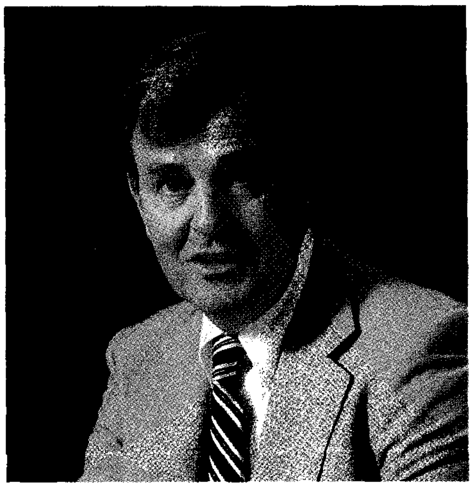

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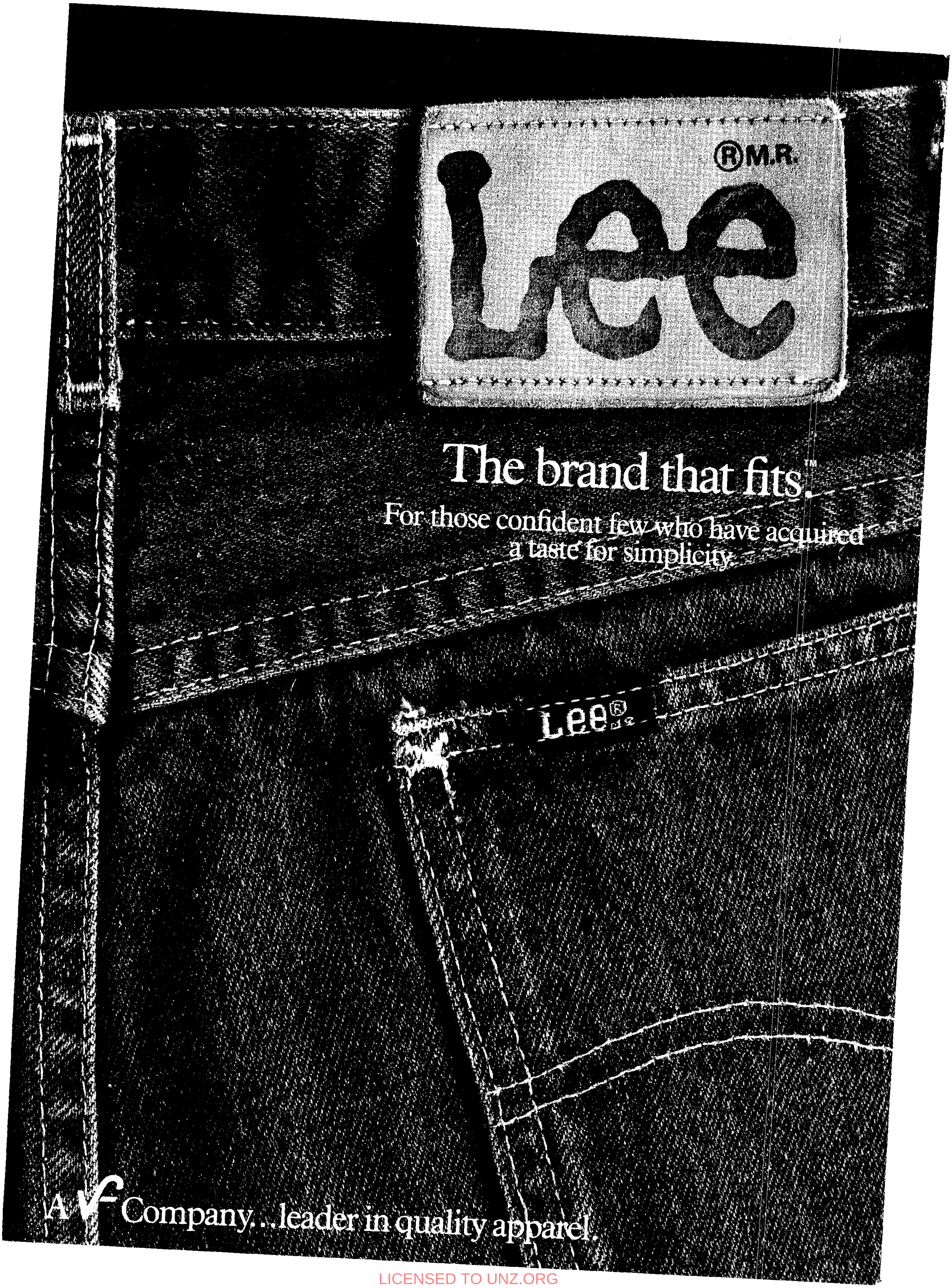
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whether Ives had been too "political." The matter had apparently been brought to Cuomo's attention first by the State Police, who routinely investigate the background of gubernatorial appointees, and then by Jack Newfield, of the *Village Voice*. Although Newfield denied it—"I never spoke to Cuomo about Ives," or to anyone else, he said—Cuomo's diary states that Newfield telephoned to oppose the appointment. The Governor, when asked, said, "The judgment was made independent of Newfield's call." At the time, two Cuomo aides said that they knew of a Newfield protest call to a Cuomo deputy. Whatever the case, the State Police were ordered to investigate further, and Cuomo decided not to make the appointment. Ironically, in trying to protect the reputation of the prospective appointee, the Cuomo aides risked damaging their own.

Finally, the meeting began. Gathered around a long wooden table in a bare-walled, pale-blue conference room adjoining the Governor's office were Cuomo, Finnerty, Diesel, Del Giudice, Russert, and Henrik N. Dullea, the director of state operations. Dullea, like Finnerty and Del Giudice, had played an important role in the Carey administration. The Governor opened the meeting by saying that there was considerable editorial support around the state for a road-and-bridge-repair bond issue that he wanted to put on the ballot in November of 1983. "The papers will be all for it," he said. That same support, he went on, had to be tapped to win concurrence for nearly four billion dollars' worth of spring borrowing. (For years, the state has operated with what is called a "magic window." For the 1983-84 fiscal year, it borrowed approximately $1.5 billion to pay bills that had to be paid before tax receipts arrived, and borrowed about $1.6 billion in its first fiscal quarter in order to distribute school aid to local districts that were in the fourth quarter of their fiscal year; another eight hundred million was borrowed for local aid and for employee pensions. The "window" is "magic" because this trick permits the state to provide aid one year and pay for it the next.) A positive press climate, Cuomo said, could contribute to a positive investor climate.

As sandwiches were brought to the table, Finnerty said, "The personnel issues are the ones we have to address first, because they affect every agency." No matter what else they decided about the budget, he said, per-

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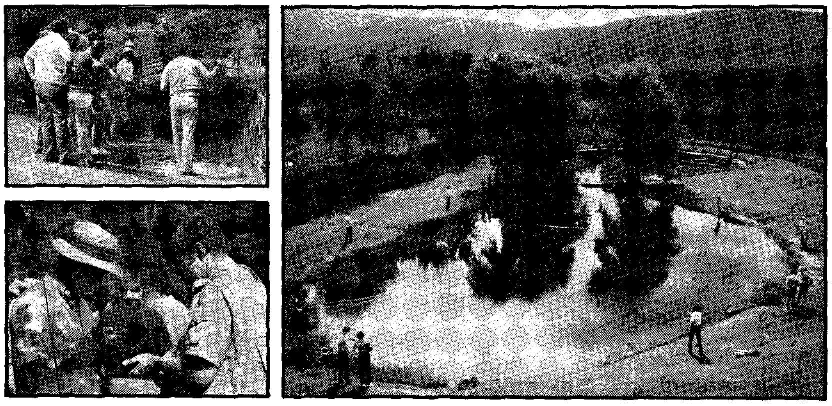

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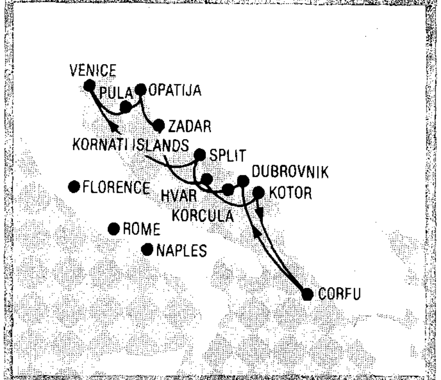

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sonnel costs would have to be reduced. The question was how. Layoffs are the most efficient way to reduce personnel costs, but they are also the most socially disruptive.

Cuomo asked who would be laid off. Would a decision to lay off state workers fall most heavily on lower-income workers? Finnerty told him that the state civil-service law—which Cuomo supported—required that those hired most recently be the first ones laid off.

During the New York City fiscal crisis of 1975, Cuomo said, this policy meant that layoffs fell disproportionately on minority workers.

"Same in the state," Finnerty said, and he added that since close to half the state's work force was employed in mental-health facilities, facilities for the retarded, and prisons, layoffs would unavoidably mean curtailing those services.

"Generally, people tend to overemploy, whether in my former law office or in government," Cuomo said. The solution he favored, he said, was a gradual reduction in the work force brought about by a reduction in government functions. "In a world of hard choices, we should be doing fewer things," he said. "I would start with functions."

"That's a radical departure—one your managers would like," said Dullea, a somewhat formal man who holds a Ph.D. in political science and is a former acting president of the State University College at Purchase, and whose job it is to work with state commissioners on policy and management questions.

"Reagan has gone too far in his direction," Cuomo said, referring to the President's well-advertised distaste for big government. "I don't want to go too far in mine." He said that while he has more faith in government than the President had, he knew he could not do all he wanted. "I would start with functions," Cuomo said again. "Then layoffs."

"You've got to give commissioners the ability to target layoffs," Finnerty said. While civil-service laws and collective-bargaining agreements limit management flexibility in order to protect workers, Finnerty explained, the Governor could give management greater flexibility by specifying in his budget the cost reductions expected of each agency and leaving it to the commissioner to decide what combination of services and employees would be reduced.

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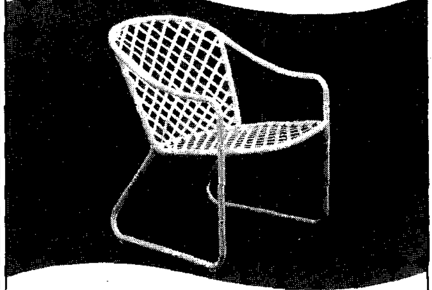

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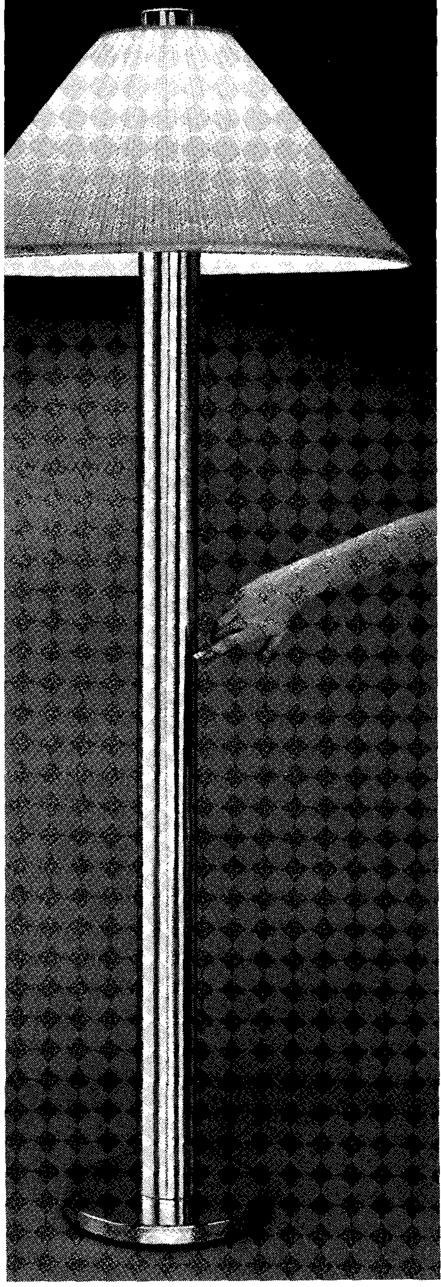

lated matters, Cuomo returned to the budget, saying, "Here is the first decision you need to make: Will we really balance the budget this year, or over a period of time? The answer is this year. The second question is how. We want to spread it out as evenly as possible, so that the strongest take the most pain and the weakest are sheltered, and no one feels scapegoated." He said he was not ready to make those decisions quite yet, and continued, "It's clear that you have to do something with labor—either a freeze or furloughs, layoffs or renegotiated contracts. We are all agreed: Don't do the balancing with a sales tax, a business tax, a personal-income tax unless there is no reasonable alternative. And if we get to that point, give the alternative to the people. Let the public decide: Do they want to cut school aid thirty per cent or increase taxes?"

Del Giudice, a meticulous, soft-spoken man, cut in to say that the Governor should also indicate today "the places we want to add, to make our priorities known." He asked what new spending programs Cuomo felt most deeply committed to—housing and care for the homeless, criminal-justice reforms, compensation for crime victims, or assumption by the state of local Medicaid costs?

Talk of new spending apparently made Finnerty nervous. He said that although the state had provided full financing for an expensive three-year labor contract with state employees, which the Carey administration had negotiated, the Budget Division still hoped to hold over-all budget growth to about three per cent, or below the level of inflation.

Cuomo asked next about the executive-chamber budget, which includes all expenditures for the governor's and lieutenant governor's offices, and which, in the last year of Governor Carey's administration, totalled $6.1 million. Cuomo had directed that it be shaved.

Russert said that Cuomo's executive-chamber budget would be ten per cent below Carey's. Although it was not mentioned at the meeting, this cut would reduce Lieutenant Governor DelBello's staff from thirty-eight, as it had been under Lieutenant Governor Cuomo, to seventeen.

Cuomo said he was pleased with the executive-chamber reduction—that it was a clear signal that he was "sharing the pain." (However, in February of this year, Josh Barbanel, of the

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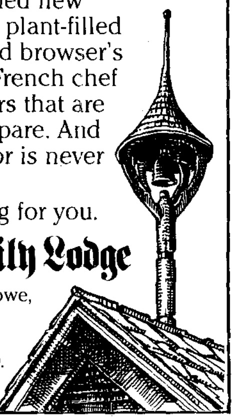

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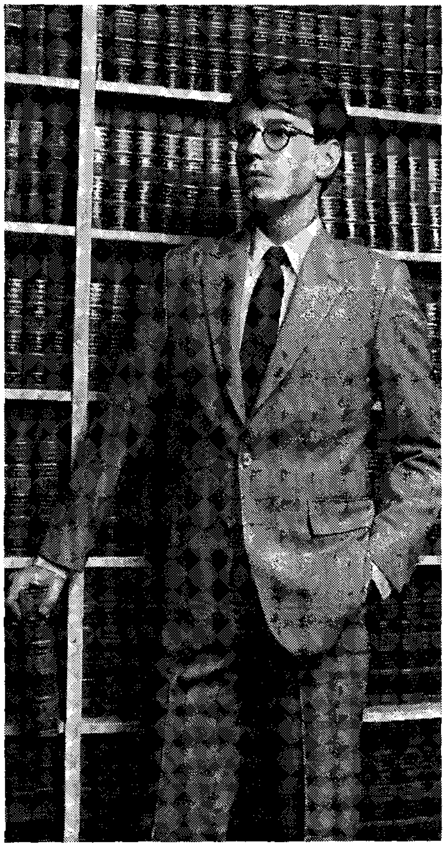

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Times, revealed that while Cuomo took credit for this symbolic step, in fact the Governor's staff did not shrink, because Cuomo used the payrolls of various state agencies to add dozens of executive-chamber employees.) Cuomo then returned to Del Giudice's question about new spending. "We don't have the money to do all we want to do with new programs," he said. "We could delay for two years doing something for, say, the homeless, but I prefer keeping the agenda alive." By balancing the budget, he would communicate responsibility. By pushing new assistance programs, he would communicate hope. He said he would like to see a fresh effort to help the homeless; three million dollars for a neighborhood crime-control program he wished to initiate—"to keep it alive;" textbook aid for parochial schools. These and other efforts, he said, were not "big-number items."

True, Finnerty said. He then pointed out that before this administration could spend new money it had a mammoth deficit to narrow. The Governor's advisers were being asked to accomplish two things that appeared contradictory, he said—cut more and spend more.

The Governor said he was well aware of this conflict, and well aware that it posed "a potential communications problem." He said he was pleased that there was now a freeze on state hiring, which he had imposed in his first days in office. "A freeze is important, because it sends a nice, clear message," he said. "No matter how clearly we see it, I'm sure there are legislators and members of the public who won't believe it. And a freeze says something to the unions." He then asked what else his administration could do immediately to convince people that this crisis was real.

Dullea said that one option was to start layoffs right away.

"It's too early to commit ourselves to layoffs, because I want to get something from the business community for it," Cuomo said. "I don't want to give it away." Later, he said, "I want to be able to send a clear message before I release the budget that times are really hard." He said he was worried that labor and business and legislators did not have the right "mind set."

"The unions understand what's coming," Finnerty said. "I don't know about the outside world." The unions, he reminded everyone, re-

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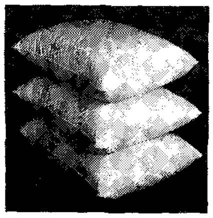

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ceived actual increases of about twenty-five per cent over three years in their last contract with Carey, and were not willing to renegotiate that. (Actually, their pay rate over three years will climb more than thirty per cent, but because of a deliberate lag in payment they won't receive the full amount until they retire or leave the state system.) "They would prefer a personnel-shrinkage strategy," Finnerty said. "They would prefer layoffs, but only if layoffs were forced upon them; in their heart of hearts I think it's most palatable to them." Union leaders, like most elected officials, prefer to anger some constituents rather than all of them. The unions were one constituency that Cuomo must consider. Another was Wall Street, which the administration needed in order to sell state bonds and notes. Voluntary furloughs of state workers would not send the right message to the financial community, Finnerty said, because, being voluntary, they would not produce a predictable budget saving. Wall Street wanted to count real bodies. Layoffs were thus unavoidable.

Sighing, Cuomo agreed. He then recalled an occasion when his father had taken the family to a restaurant. A bottle of wine had spilled, and Andrea Cuomo had blamed Mario, saying, "You're young and can take the blame." Turning now to his thirty-eight-year-old budget director, Cuomo said, "We'll call this Finnerty's Budget."

Del Giudice laughed at the story and then, trying to keep the meeting moving, said that in addition to deciding where to recommend budget cuts the administration had to decide within only a few days how to raise new revenues. User taxes were one source, Del Giudice suggested—taxes on alcohol, on cigarettes, on motor vehicles. "A user tax is at war with our notion of how it ought to work in a democracy, but it's practical," he said. Cuomo agreed.

After further discussion, Finnerty said that after this meeting he would prepare a memorandum outlining for Cuomo his options on when and where to impose a spending freeze; his options on which agencies he could reduce; his options on furloughs for state employees.

A few minutes later, Cuomo looked around the table and, as if convinced that the increased fees, sales taxes, and user taxes he would recommend were not taxes, asked, "Is there a Northeast-

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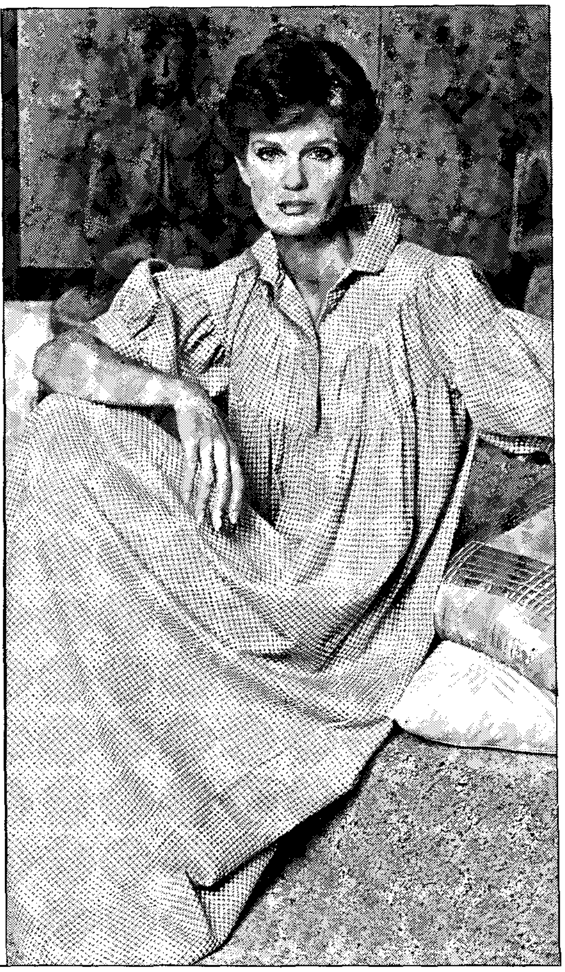

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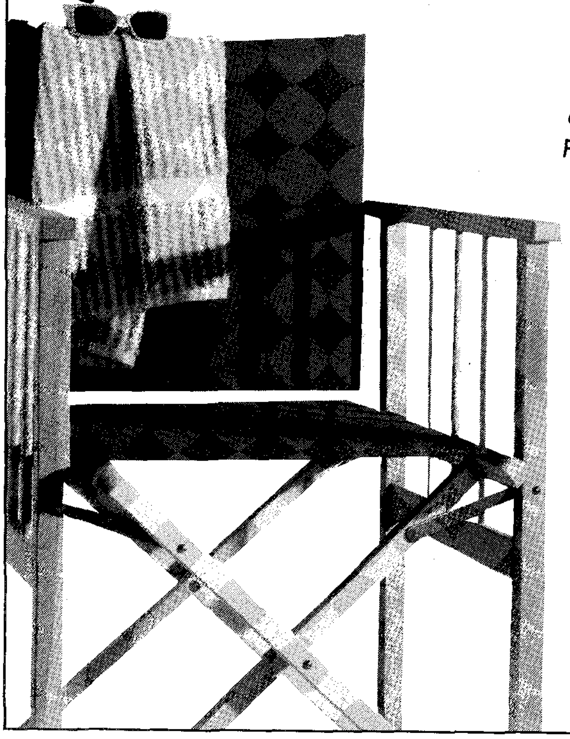

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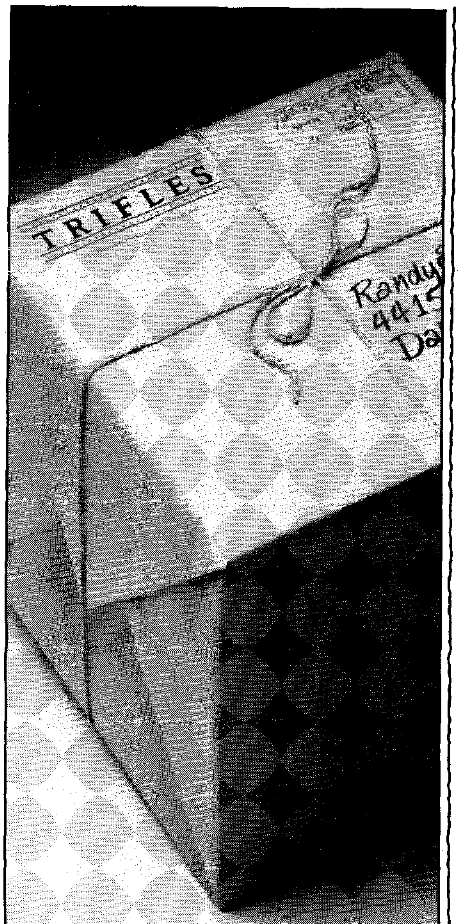

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ern state that will not raise taxes this year?"

Vermont and New Hampshire, Finnerty replied.

Mindful of another audience in the budget drama—the media—Cuomo told Russert to have a press release drafted announcing that the executive budget would be cut and that this contrasted favorably with the legislative and judicial budgets, which, he said, would rise by five million dollars and seventy-three million dollars respectively. Cuomo said he was constitutionally powerless to block these increases. "My position is, I'm not going to criticize them," Cuomo said. He added that the press would do the criticizing. There was a pause, and he asked, "What else?"

"School aid," Finnerty said. "The *fundamental choice you've got to make* at the start is whether you want to deal with the redistribution issues. Do you want to take back money from essentially suburban schools where property values are high and enrollment is often down but state aid is up?" The spending disparity between school districts in the state ranged from a low of $2,109 per child to $4,390. The Carey administration tried to redistribute some school aid in 1976 and 1977, Finnerty pointed out, but the Legislature wouldn't agree. Another idea, he said, was Governor Carey's proposal to use enrollment as a basis for awarding aid to school districts. Still another possibility, he said, was "simply to say there is no more money for school aid."

Cuomo asked what the views of local school boards and teachers' unions were.

"Increase state aid," Del Giudice said, and he observed that school aid was probably the most popular budget item in Albany—one reason that the Legislature had increased Governor Carey's school-aid requests by anything from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and ninety million dollars in each of the past four years.

"This is not the time for expansion," Cuomo said.

Dullea noted that there were built-in increases in the present school-aid formula, and said, "If we do nothing with the formula in the school year, that adds up to an increase to school districts of a hundred and ten million dollars in the next school year." Without a change, he said, the state would funnel two hundred million dollars into "districts that don't need it."

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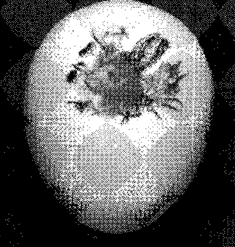

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Finnerty pointed out that school-aid reform was critical for New York City, and so was some revision in the Medicaid formula. "The long-term solution for long-term city budget balance is the structural reform of the school-aid formula and relief from Medicaid costs," he said. "New York City is the only municipality required to make a direct local contribution to Medicaid." And the state school-aid formula, he went on, didn't recognize New York's special school costs. (The city's percentage of poor, of non-English-speaking, and of handicapped children is the highest in the state.)

By the end of the meeting, Cuomo had made it clear that he wanted a new school-aid formula. "You must make sure you get Al DelBello's input on this," he said. He then asked Finnerty to come back in a few days and outline the options on how to distribute state revenue-sharing funds.

"You'll get options," Diesel said. "But the key is that you have to keep it"—the money available for revenue sharing—"at eight hundred million dollars."

The meeting had lasted almost three hours. At three o'clock, slumped in his chair at the end of the table, Cuomo gazed at the windows of the Trade Center and said, "I'm glad the windows don't open."

—KEN AULETTA

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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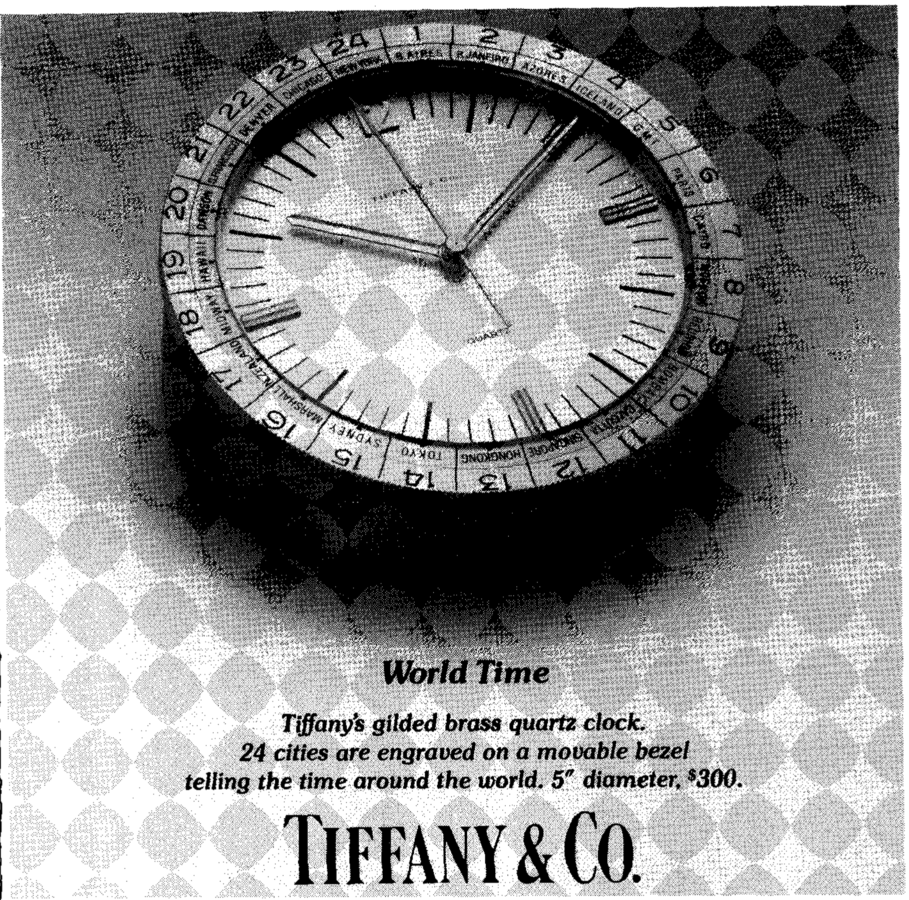
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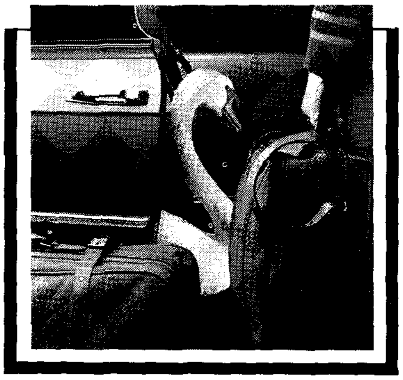
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MUSICAL EVENTS

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Tamino, in "The Magic Flute," enters a grove where stand three temples, bearing inscriptions to Wisdom, to Reason, and to Nature, and declares the place an abode of sagacity, industry, and the arts. These peaceable virtues and pursuits—and also the joys of wedded love—are hymned in "Solomon," Handel's glowing triptych of a Golden Age. Act I pictures the dedication of Solomon's Temple—a scene of national industry and piety crowned by God's approval. It recalls the celebrations that open "The Trojans at Carthage." Then Solomon turns to his Queen and promises that his next building will be a splendid palace. She sings simply and radiantly of her love for him, with a candor that Victorian editors bowdlerized. They retire to the cedar grove, and the choir sings the Nightingale Chorus, "May no rash intruder," which is perhaps the loveliest chorus ever composed. The long, enchanted love scene may also bring "The Trojans" to mind, although Handel's delicate, rapturous idyll does not have the sultry, tragic overtones of Berlioz's garden scene. In Act II we see the wise laws of this happy state in operation, and justice is acclaimed. The plaint of the first woman, the true mother of the disputed child, is interrupted by a spiteful interjection from the second woman which cuts into the cadence and perverts the tonality. Solomon's calm "Justice holds the lifted scale" restores order. As the three pursue their own themes, the air becomes one of the earliest dramatic trios. Solomon sends for a falchion to divide the babe: the second woman sings a flashing, triumphant air, and the mother a deeply moving air in which she resigns her child so that his life may be spared. Solomon pronounces his judgment; the mother's final air, "Beneath the vine, or fig-tree's shade," is verbally irrelevant, but its lulling rhythms and drone basses seem at once to depict her cradling the child in her arms, gently rocking him while she pictures his growing up, and to afford a glimpse of Solomon's enlightened rule spreading from the magnificent capital to bring contentment through all the countryside. In Act III, the Queen of Sheba pays a state visit, inspects the sights, and is entertained by a command performance, at which music's powers to lull, stir to action, tear at the emotions, and then calm are demonstrated. Rightly, the Queen admires the performance: "Thy harmony's divine, great king."

Georgian England may have been the starting point for this Triumph of Peace, but it is not occasional music. As Winton Dean has said, Handel in his last oratorios moves toward transcendence and "begins, perhaps unconsciously, to give a firmer expression to his personal beliefs." "Theodora" deals with pleasure, virtue, and a conflict of moral codes. "Jephtha" makes final, shattering statements on man and destiny. "Solomon," their predecessor, is a vision of what a world well governed might be, and is warm with Handel's benevolence, his delight in nature, and his joy in generous, apparently effortless creation. (In fact, sketches survive that show the pains he took with the precise shaping of some melodies.) "Solomon" is one of the glories of English music. It covers an enormous range: the textures vary from massy splendor (several of the choruses are in eight parts) to the lightest tracery; the orchestration is rich. Musica Sacra, conducted by Richard Westenburg, performed it complete last month, in Avery Fisher Hall—the first complete performance, perhaps, since the three Handel gave in 1749. The oratorio seemed not at all long. Although Dean talks of "a certain amount of dead wood" and advises the pruning out of seven airs and one chorus, there was nothing one heard with impatience or would willingly have lost. Mr. Westenburg reversed the positions of the last two choruses. "Praise the Lord with harp and tongue!" is a grand, extended affair, and a more obviously effective finale, but Handel's earlier placing of it and his brisk signing off with "The name of the wicked shall quickly be past" is surely a deliberate artistic effect—unconventional, and worth trying.

The principal parts were written for two prima donnas Handel had trained. The mezzo Caterina Galli, who specialized in male roles, was the first Solomon. (Joseph, Othniel in "Joshua," Alexander Balus, Joacim in "Susanna" were other parts she took.) The soprano Giulia Frasi had the wonderful triple role of the two queens and the mother. (Susanna, Theodora, Iphis in "Jephtha" were other parts Handel composed for her.) Kathleen Battle, the Musica Sacra soprano, yielded the central panel to another singer, and that was a pity: it lessened the emotional range Handel had devised, and, moreover, Miss Battle's singing of the two queens was so exquisitely beautiful and distinguished that one wanted to hear as much of her as possible. To put it simply: I thought her account of the Queen of Sheba's "Will the sun forget to streak Eastern skies with amber ray" the most ravishing performance of a Handel air I have ever heard. Throughout the evening, her timbre was clear, pure, and lovely. She felt the words, and she felt the phrases: her

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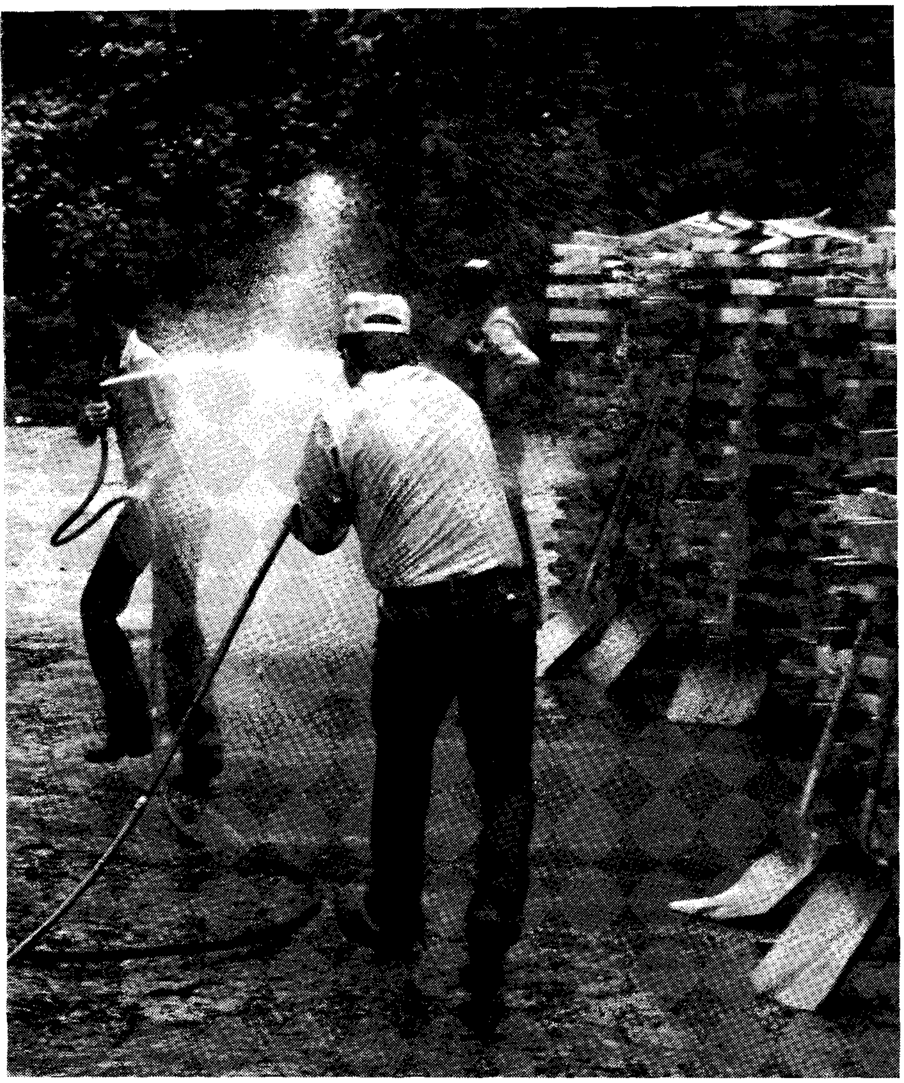
inflections were subtle and charming; there was wit in her delivery, piquancy in her well-chosen variations. She held one intent on each turn of each line. Miss Battle came to notice at a Brahms Requiem in Spoleto twelve years ago; at the Met five years later her Shepherd in "Tannhäuser" was delightful. But her more recent stage appearances, a shade pert and overbright—and her Despina in the Salzburg recording of "Così" (Angel)—had hardly prepared one for this Handelian perfection. A Tully Hall lieder recital last month, given jointly with Florence Quivar, had: there, too, Miss Battle's tones were flowing, steady, and unforced, newly full and lyrical; her words were alive (in Purcell, *arie antiche*, Strauss's Brentano songs); and her presentation was at once candid, poised, and keen. She has matured into not just one of our better singers but one of the very best: a soprano whose sweet, sure voice—now smooth, now sparkling—and whose feeling for line, words, and musical character set one reaching back toward comparisons with Alma Gluck and Elisabeth Schumann. Good news that she is singing Semele in Carnegie Hall next season; may Susanna, Theodora, Iphis follow.

To choose a countertenor for the mezzo title role was curious: one might as aptly—as inaptly—cast a countertenor as Cherubino or Octavian. Singing mezzo roles is one of the things that women—at any rate since gelding for art's sake was abandoned—do better than men, on the whole. James Bowman, the Musica Sacra Solomon, was steady, and he was precisely in tune; he has a good sense of rhythm and of stylish articulation. But the sounds he made fell unpleasingly on the ear: notes around treble C were sometimes shrieked and sometimes just faintly touched in. Janice Dixon, the mother, had a ripe timbre but one too vibrant for Handel. Susan von Reichenbach, the false claimant, was spiky, but that could be deemed not inappropriate. Carroll Freeman (Zadok, the High Priest) and John Cheek (a Levite) phrased squarely, dully, and showed no command of dramatic recitative. The Musica Sacra chorus, thirty-six strong, was in fine form—precise, clear, and deft. The band of thirty-eight instrumentalists was alert; Jerry Grossman was a supple continuo cellist. Mr. Westenburg directed from the harpsichord, sometimes with a nod and a wave, sometimes standing up to point the choral entries while the key-



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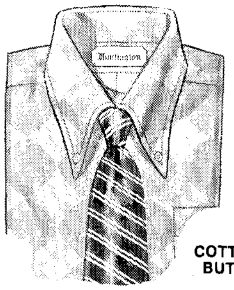

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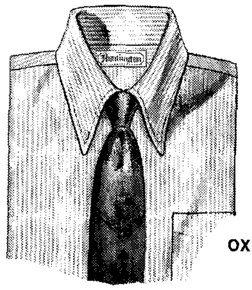

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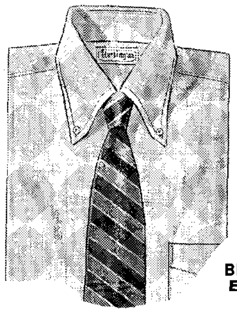

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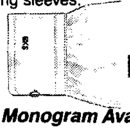

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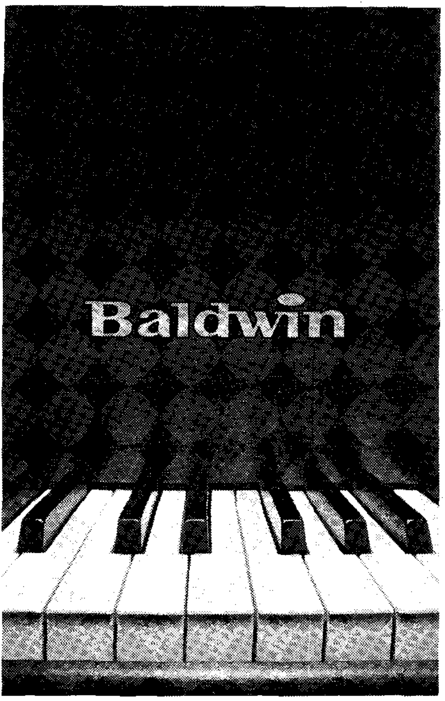
board continuo passed to a chamber organ. His tempi were often brisk—*convincingly* so. There was no plodding, but there were some unwanted gaps between movements. The recitatives were generally too slow, with delayed instrumental cadences that functioned as full stops, not as colons springboarding the sense into the following statement. The director's feeling for both the whole huge work and its marvellous details made the passing criticisms unimportant. This complete "Solomon" was a high point in New York's musical season. The lights in the hall were kept on, which not only allowed listeners to follow the libretto (printed in the program book) but added a sense of brightness and immediacy to the work and its performance.

IN Carnegie Hall, the proud parade of visiting orchestras—this season, it seems, richer than ever—continues. After the Vienna Philharmonic, the Czech Philharmonic. I heard the first of its three concerts, which was devoted to Dvořák: the Carnival overture, the Cello Concerto, and the Seventh Symphony. It was slightly disappointing. Václav Neumann is a rather tight, dry conductor, and he seemed to have drained off some of the warmth of tone and the easy (though not undisciplined) charm of phrasing for which the Czech Philharmonic has long been famous. The strings sounded somewhat thin. To the concerto Mr. Neumann and Nathaniel Rosen, the American soloist, brought different approaches: the conductor was strict and the cellist wayward, even sloppily rhapsodic. The result was incoherent. In the D-Minor Symphony, a stern, tragic composition, which Tovey had "no hesitation in setting . . . along with the C major Symphony of Schubert and the four symphonies of Brahms, as among the greatest and purest examples in this art-form since Beethoven," Mr. Neumann stressed formal logic, at the expense of emotion. Eloquent woodwind soloists and a happily blended woodwind chorus provided the more striking moments of the evening. An encore, Dvořák's First Slavonic Dance, was played both subtly and joyfully.

Next came the Houston Symphony, conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, which brought with it a work new to New York, Paul Cooper's fifth symphony (1983), entitled Symphony in Two Movements. Like the other Cooper pieces I've heard—the Fourth



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Symphony, the Fifth and Sixth String Quartets, all recorded on CRI—it's an agreeable, thoroughly listenable composition, soundly constructed and attractively scored. There were passages whose timbres and texture brought the Ritual Dances in Tippett's "Midsummer Marriage" to mind. The concert closed with Tchaikovsky's First Symphony, "Winter Daydreams," which was given an elegantly understated reading, well matched to its mild melancholy. The Houston Symphony is a refined and accomplished orchestra.

I didn't hear the Orchestre National de France, conducted by Lorin Maazel, which played two concerts with a Rachmaninoff symphony in each, or the New Orleans Philharmonic, conducted by Philippe Entremont, which played Shostakovich's Ninth. The next visitors were the Rochester Philharmonic, conducted by David Zinman. They played Elgar's First Symphony. As someone who grew up with Elgar's Enigma Variations, "Dream of Gerontius," and Introduction and Allegro in his ears, who shouted "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" on high days at the local cathedral and piped "As Torrents in Summer" in prep-school singing class, who later got to learn and to love "Falstaff" and the Cello Concerto, and even "Caractacus"—in short, as an enthusiast for about three-quarters of what Elgar composed, I'm bothered, and have been for years, by an inability to connect securely with the First Symphony. Musicians I admire acclaim it, and its appeal is not only to British ears: Solti, Daniel Barenboim, and Bernard Haitink have recorded it. I keep on trying—most recently, at the Rochester Philharmonic concert last week. Mr. Zinman has been championing Elgar in Rochester—with the Enigma, the Introduction and Allegro, the Serenade, "Falstaff," and now the First Symphony. The Carnegie performance was trim and definite. The orchestral playing was clear-cut, not expansive; there was no rich string portamento of the kind the composer expected. This is the modern way with Elgar: I see that a British colleague approves Haitink's record highly because "several apotheoses are pushed towards their conclusion with something approaching impatience," the sound is "much leaner and harder-edged" than usual, and "the musical structure, the totally convincing symphonism, becomes paramount." I continue to find the themes beautiful and their assemblage, with much se-

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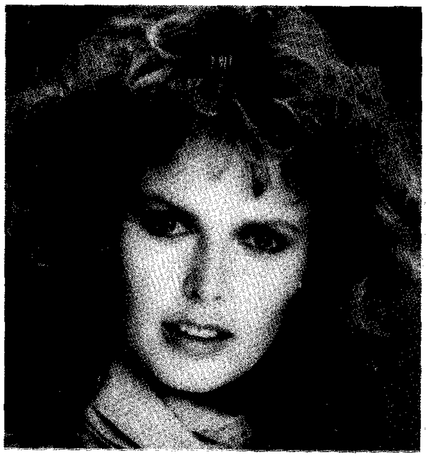

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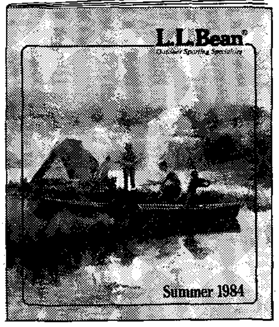

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quential linkage, less than cogent; "the passionate culmination of his long early struggle, the fullest of all his triumphs . . . Elgar's supreme masterpiece" (phrases from another record review) still eludes me. The Rochester Philharmonic was impressive—a well-tuned and well-balanced orchestra, lively in tone, vigilant, never blatant. Only the harps sounded tinkly and tinny, unblended into the general ensemble.

Two earlier Carnegie concerts deserve a belated note. London's Philharmonia Orchestra gave an ample, well-shaped performance of Sibelius's Second Symphony, with Vladimir Ashkenazy as conductor. This was my first encounter with him in that role, and he was impressive. In the first half of the concert, he was both pianist and conductor, in Beethoven's Second Concerto, of which he gave a modest, gentle, and pleasing performance—but gentle almost to the point of being soft-edged.

The Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Michael Gielen, brought Jonathan Kramer's "Moments in and out of Time" to Carnegie Hall four days after its Cincinnati première. It is one of seven large-scale pieces commissioned, from the seven faculty composers of the University of Cincinnati, by WGUC—a radio station that takes broadcasting seriously—to celebrate its twentieth anniversary. Kramer had the curious idea of using only six of Western music's twelve notes: a gapped hexatonic scale, C, D-sharp, E, F-sharp, G, B, C (comprising the triads of C major and B major—but that's not the way the music sounds). In a program note, he writes, "I chose to limit my material in this way to create a hypnotic stasis, a celebration of each moment as an unchanging eternity. . . . The piece moves and stands still *simultaneously*." The work was interesting for a while; there were ostinatos, chords with fragments of melody darting through them from one part of the orchestra to another, passages of very densely woven counterpoint. But it lasted a good half hour, and that seemed too long. I missed the central work in the program, Berlioz's "Nuits d'Été," with Maria Ewing as the soloist, in order to slip into Carnegie Recital Hall and hear some new music there, but returned in time for the orchestral "suite" from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Gielen is a sterling conductor, renowned for his command of large, difficult contemporary composi-

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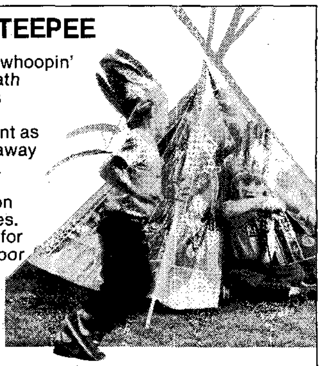

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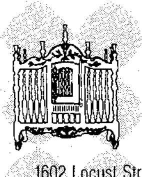

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tions—such works as Zimmermann's "Die Soldaten" and Nono's "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore." There is a Vox record of the Eroica, made with the Cincinnati Symphony, which shows that he can also be a stirring conductor of classical music. The symphony receives a pure, strong, precise performance, held strictly to tempo. It's hard to define why a conductor like Mr. Neumann should seem "tight" and "dry," while another, no less strict, can ignite new, excited responses to a familiar work. Perhaps it's the intellectual energy in Mr. Gielen's approach that makes the difference—that and the energetic, precisely balanced, rhythmically taut playing he obtains. The "Romeo" excerpts weren't exactly memorable. Romance, sensuality, and abandon were absent. But in a lucid, rational way they were colorful and satisfying.

At all Carnegie concerts this season, even the Vienna Philharmonic's, I've regretted the newfangled orchestral seating plan, with the high strings grouped on the left and the lower strings grouped on the right. It probably sounds good to the conductor, who still has everyone facing him. But out in the hall the balance becomes lopsided and unblended. The audience that left the Vienna Philharmonic concerts was handed a brochure illustrating the orchestra in its home hall, the Musikvereinssaal, and in the traditional Romantic formation: cellists playing out to the audience; double-bassists in a long row at the back, spanning the platform from side to side, providing a full central foundation and also playing out into the hall, not into the opposite wing. (An early photograph of the hall, in the "Vienna" entry of the New Grove, shows the double-basses similarly positioned.) I suppose there's a good reason for the modern disposition, else it would not have been so widely adopted. I've yet to hear it convincingly expounded. I'm old enough to remember the richer, warmer, fuller orchestral sound that came from the old, balanced seating plan.

FOR a March concert with the New York Philharmonic, in Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein reseated the orchestra (which usually plays on a flat floor) on risers—as the Vienna Philharmonic sits in Vienna, though it didn't in Carnegie. I like risers: I have a feeling that if there is a direct sightline from the listener to, say, a solo oboe there may also be a direct acoustic line that makes the solo

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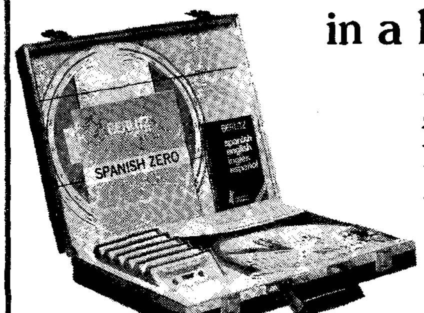

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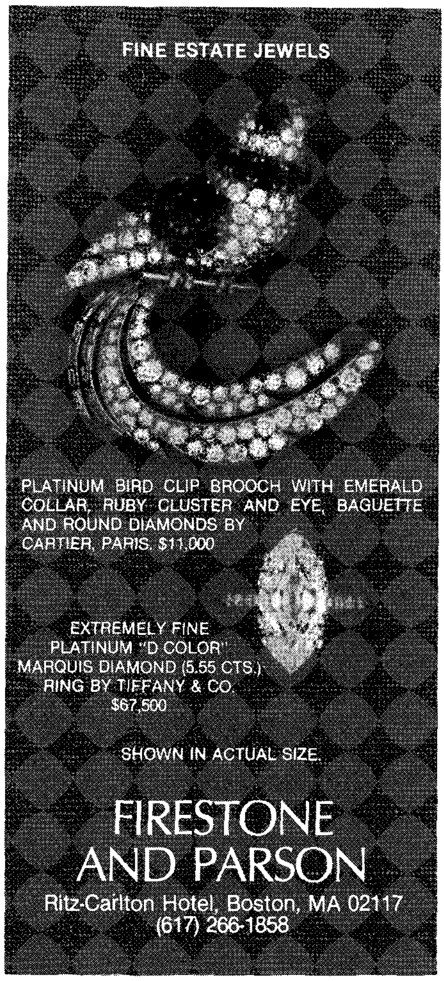
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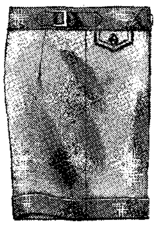

more vivid. It's possibly an acoustic illusion: at the Vienna Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie nothing was visible to listeners on the main floor but a solid bastion of strings, yet the woodwinds were clearly audible. And probably the effect differs from hall to hall. In Fisher Hall, the new eminence of the Philharmonic brass made them seem even more raucous than usual; and Mr. Bernstein did not observe the fourth and sixth of Richard Strauss's Ten Golden Rules for a conductor: "Never look encouragingly at the brass" and "If you think that the brass are not playing loud enough, damp them down two degrees." The program celebrated—rather earlier than Nature did—the arrival of spring, with Copland's "Appalachian Spring," Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, and Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." After the "Rite," one felt like echoing Stravinsky's terse comment on an earlier Bernstein performance of the piece: "Wow!" The Copland, insofar as it could be heard above the Philharmonic audience's foot-shuffling on Cyril Harris's resonant floor, danced along attractively. (The suggestion I once made that people should enter Fisher Hall as they would a Japanese temple or a Bavarian palace, having doffed shoes or donned felt overslippers, was not flippant; the audience noise both at "Solomon" and at this concert was such as to disturb the attention, again and again, of any serious listener.) The Philharmonic welcomed Mr. Bernstein with playing more exuberant and more ardent than usual, and he was in exuberant form. The Schumann was broadly laid out, but the sound of the orchestra was robust, not rounded, and the great new Bernstein who had conducted the Vienna Philharmonic became at times the old Bernstein whose enthusiasms overflowed. —ANDREW PORTER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Times*]

Mr. Hitchcock predicted that charter flights and regional airlines might offer lower fares, putting pressure on the major carriers to drop their prices. "It's something of a game of chicken," he said. "The industry has run a fare increase up the flagpole and is now waiting to see if it sticks."

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BRITAIN SAID READY
TO GIVE UP TAIWAN
—*Anchorage Daily News.*

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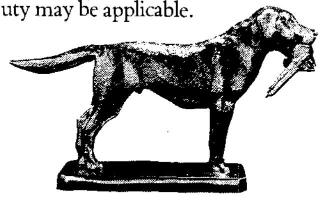

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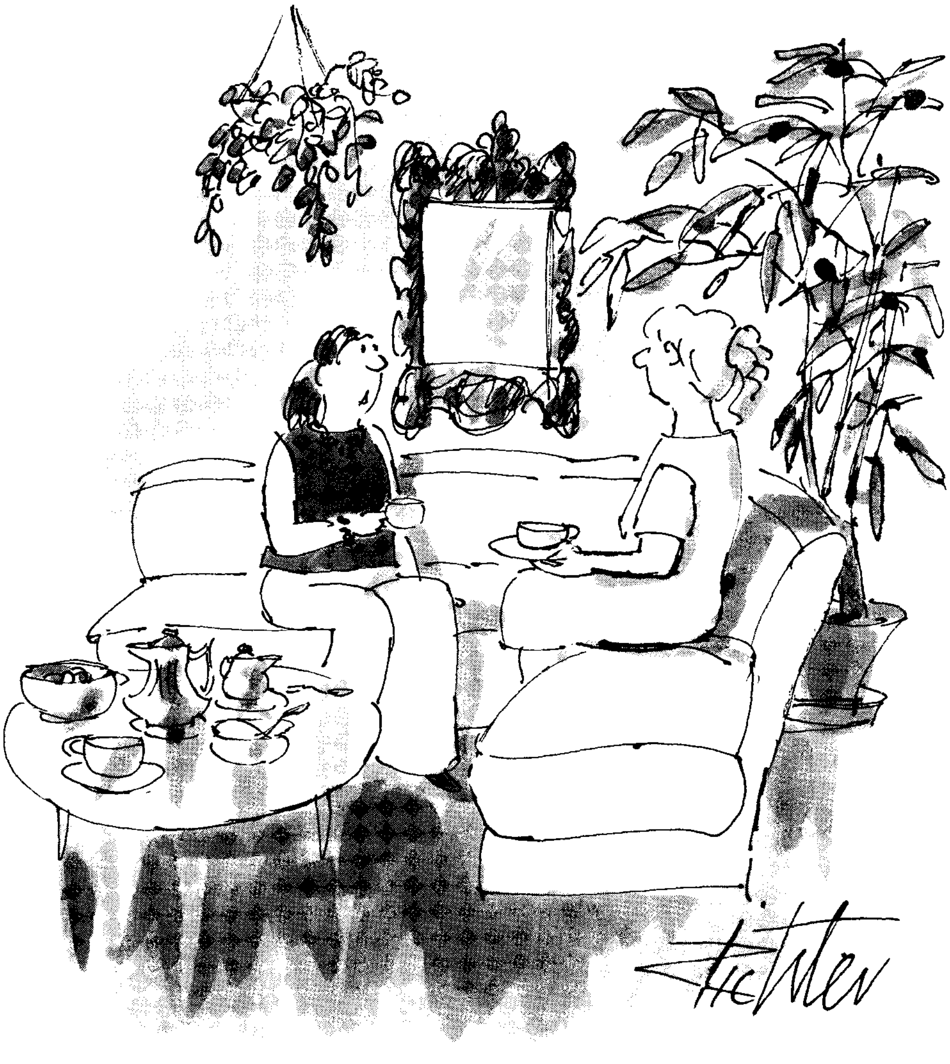
THE THEATRE

Tears for Willy Loman

FROM the moment of its first production, in 1949, with a cast headed by Lee J. Cobb and Mildred Dunnock, Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" has demonstrated its ability to seize an audience by the throat and never let it go. The play is relentless in its manipulation of emotions arising out of family life—emotions so primordial that our ancestors must surely have felt them as they crouched, waiting for the centuries-long rains to end, in the sooty cave mouth of Lascaux. Mr. Miller is out to break our hearts, and he comes perilously close to doing so, for here in all their troubled mingling of affection and antagonism are the relationships that bind and divide father and son, mother and son, husband and wife, and brother and brother. Only a daughter and *her* assortment of connections within a family group have been omitted from the intricately woven plot, which, taking place within a period of twenty-four hours, manages to encompass some thirty-five years in the communal life of the Loman family, in their little box of a house somewhere in the far reaches of Brooklyn. That life has reached a point of dissolution, as the title of the play hints even before the curtain rises; from our earliest glimpse of an exhausted Willy Loman dragging his sample cases across the stage, how can we resist weeping over such a family's lost hopes, foolish as they may have been? The weeping I speak of is real and has been evoked in countries all over the world, decade after decade. To this day, I recall the astonishment I felt back in 1949 at the ease with which the playwright was exacting tears from me. In the row behind me on that occasion, at the Morosco Theatre, sat the celebrated author Thomas Mann, well known to be not of a demonstrative nature; I turned and glanced at him, and he, too, was dissolved in tears. The present production, at the Broadhurst, is a worthy match for the first; at the performance I attended, so many people were sobbing aloud during the last few minutes of the play that they threatened to interrupt the actors onstage.

A common question in theatrical circles of late has been "What sort of Willy Loman will Dustin Hoffman make?" The answer is that he makes a superb one—very different from Cobb and every bit as impressive. He has no difficulty convincing us that he is an elderly man at the end of his physical and psychological tether; touchingly, he conveys Willy's narrow view of the world and of how to achieve success in that world ("Be well liked"), to say nothing of how to achieve success as the head of a family. He also brings an unexpectedly ample degree of humor to a role that would otherwise teeter toward the maudlin. From time to time, Willy catches sight of himself and drolly takes his own measure; he is not so much blind to the person he has become as lacking any means of accommodating to that person. Gallantly, in failure he pursues the only reward available, which will be bestowed not upon him but upon his family—the life-insurance money that is to come to them through his death.

Mr. Hoffman has taken care to surround himself with an able cast. Kate Reid plays Willy's wife, the devoted, much-put-upon Linda, who, defending Willy as someone to whom "attention must be paid," finds the courage to call her sons bums and animals. John Malkovich as Biff, Willy's favorite son, employs a peculiar voice, veering between a moan and a whine, and a rather zombielike manner, but he reaches the necessary robust passion in his climactic scenes with Willy. Stephen Lang is excellent as Happy, the womanizing, no-account younger son, and so are David Huddleston as Charley, the kindhearted neighbor; Louis Zorich as Willy's long-vanished, prosperous brother; and David Chandler as Bernard, the classic greasy grind who makes good. Ben Edwards' set is agreeably reminiscent of the one that Jo Mielziner designed for the original production. The costumes are by Ruth Morley, the lighting is by Thomas Skelton, and the incidental music (written for the original) is by Alex North. The direction, which seemed to me without a flaw, is by Michael Rudman. —BRENDAN GILL



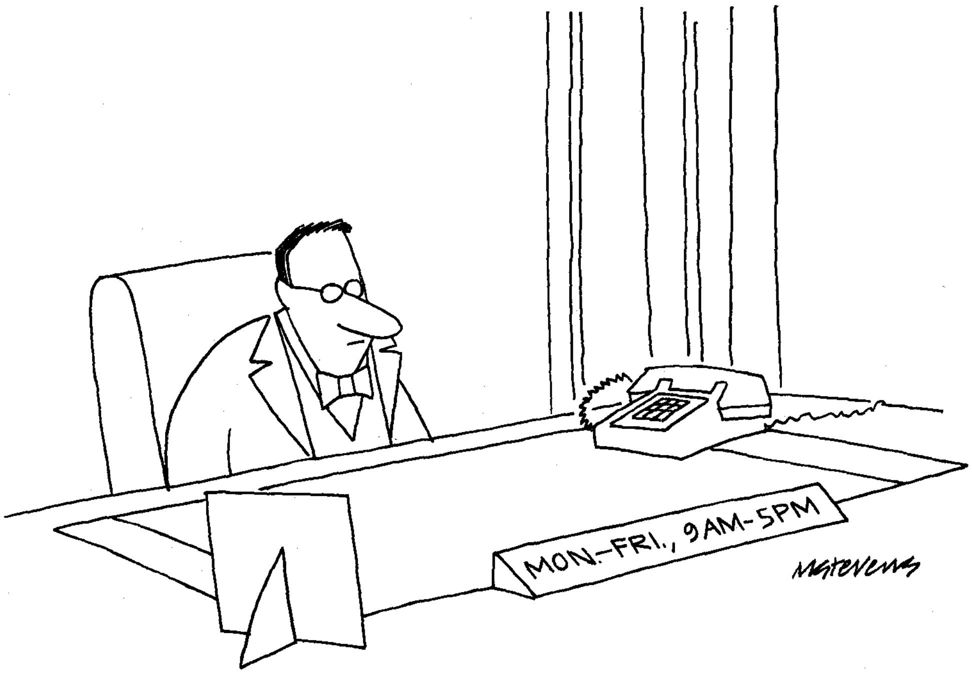
"Ann Landers is beginning to play an important role in my life."

AROUND CITY HALL

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

SOME weeks here are busier than others. The big local news on Monday, March 19th, was the installation of John J. O'Connor as New York's new archbishop, responsible for overseeing the spiritual lives of a million eight hundred thousand Roman Catholics in the New York Archdiocese. The ceremony at St. Patrick's was only the second such event since 1939; during the same period, seven mayors had been inaugurated in this city, some of them two or three times. Near the start of his address, after the ornately embroidered mitre was placed on his head, Archbishop O'Connor told thirty-five hundred people crowded into the cathedral that, not meaning any disloyalty to his home town of Philadelphia or to Scranton, where he had served most recently, "now *ich bin ein* New Yorker." He thus invoked the image of America's only Roman Catholic President without meaning to imply, surely, that this was a divided city. A short while later, the new archbishop held up a New York Mets baseball cap in a gesture of sports-world ecumenism; at the vesper service the afternoon before, his first formal appearance as archbishop, he had waved aloft a Yankees cap, explaining that it had been sent to him by the team's owner, George Steinbrenner, to wear along with his mitre. At the vesper service, New Yorkers had a demonstration of his readiness not to stand on ceremony: Looking down at the hushed crowd, he suddenly leaned forward and asked, "How're you doin'?" As they filed out of the cathedral, some members of the audience suggested that he had stolen the line from Mayor Edward Koch. Others, possibly registered Republicans, pointed out that, in contrast to the Mayor's "How'm I doin'?," O'Connor's question concerned not his own well-being but that of his listeners. On the morning of the installation ceremony, soon after declaring himself *ein* New Yorker, the Archbishop spoke half a dozen lines in halting Spanish, for the benefit of Hispanics, who now make up about thirty-five per cent of the archdiocese, assuring them, "I feel very close to you spiritually in spite of my Irish name." Later, he said to New Yorkers as a whole, "St. Thomas Aquinas defines beauty as unity in variety. What beauty there is in the variety of cultures, of ethnic backgrounds, of experiences and employments . . . of life at its calmest, life at its most turbulent, life in all its exciting splendor—that's New York!" The people in the cathedral looked around at each other, preening a little. In fact, the well-dressed, largely white crowd was far from being as varied as the crowds that the new New Yorker will encounter in other appearances around the city. There was some religious variety. Many Jewish leaders were on hand; they had been seated in the first row. It was a good sign that so many had attended, since O'Connor had angered some Jewish figures—and other New Yorkers—a few days earlier by comparing those who encourage abortion to the perpetrators of the Holocaust. More will undoubtedly be heard on that subject from both sides after the fiercely anti-abortion Archbishop gets settled in. Diversity was represented, to a degree, among the politicians at the cathedral. The state's two Roman Catholic United States senators, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Alfonse D'Amato, and its Roman Catholic governor, Mario Cuomo, were present, and so were City Council President Carol Bellamy, who is a Presbyterian, and Mayor Koch, who is Jewish.

Two days earlier, Koch had drawn the loudest cheers of any politician marching in the St. Patrick's Day parade. His practice of shouting "Brits Out of Ireland!" is sure-fire with St. Patrick's Day crowds. Moynihan, on the other hand, has taken the position that the problems of Northern Ireland require far more complex answers, and, as a result, one of the very few Irish-Americans holding significant political office in the state was booed as he marched along. From time to time, the general cheering for Koch from the sidelines was mixed with shouted compliments for "Mayor," his political memoir, which continues to be first on the *Times* nonfiction best-seller list and to enhance the bank account of the hundred-and-ten-thousand-dollar-a-year Mayor, who, nonetheless, thanks to his down-home style (New York version), is still viewed by many of his constituents as representing the city's jus' folks. Koch wore his usual bulky hand-knit Irish sweater for the parade. At City Hall ceremonies, he often tries on hats—a Park Ranger hat, for example, to demonstrate his enthusiasm for cleaning up the city's parks, or a sombrero in honor of Mexico Week. On St. Patrick's Day, he wore a very becoming red-and-green plaid tam-o'-shanter. During the installation ceremony, the new archbishop demonstrated to the Mayor that he was a bit of a tease. Having evidently taken note of the comments about his "How're you doin'?" question of the day before, he at one point leaned forward and asked, "Mr. Mayor, how'm I doing?" Koch made a pleased comment to Cuomo, sitting beside him. After a pause, O'Connor then said, "You may think that I was speaking to Mayor Koch. I wasn't. I



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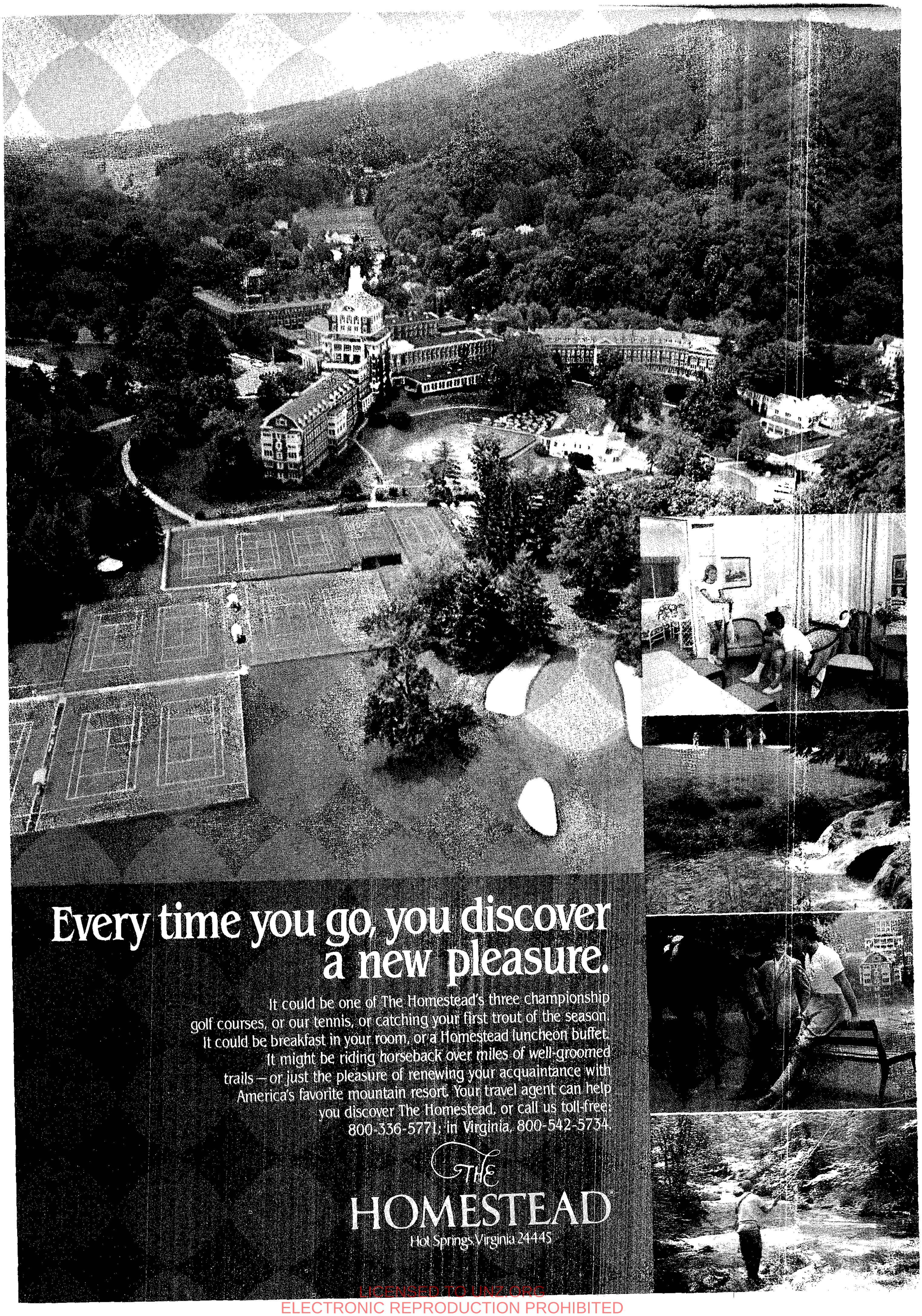

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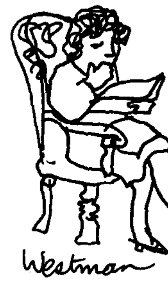
was speaking to Mayor McNulty, of Scranton”—who was also present. It appeared that from now on the Mayor of New York would have some uptown competition in the one-liner, common-touch, and even smile-provoking-headwear departments.

THAT morning, before coming uptown for the installation service, Koch had endorsed former Vice-President Walter Mondale for the Presidential nomination. Until then, Koch had been one of the few prominent New York Democrats who had not yet declared his support for a candidate in the race. Carol Bellamy had come out for Mondale last June, for example, and Moynihan and Cuomo had endorsed him in October. During an interview with the editorial board of the Staten Island *Advance*, published on February 1st, the Mayor had conceded, rather disconsolately, that he had misjudged the situation in failing to endorse Mondale sooner. Now he couldn’t play the kingmaker, since “it looks like Mondale has it locked up.” At the time the Democratic National Committee held its annual fund-raising dinner here early in February, when the political know-it-alls assumed that Mondale would have an absolute lock on things after Super Tuesday, former Florida Governor Reubin Askew was the only one of the contenders who bothered to turn up. Local politicians had just got adjusted to the idea that the April 3rd New York primary would be no more than an offstage noise in the long election-year drama when Colorado Senator Gary Hart’s upset victory in New Hampshire forced the junking of the original story line, and before long Mondale was describing the primary here as a shoot-out “at the O.K. Corral.” The Reverend Jesse Jackson, who has the support of most of New York’s black leaders—though not that of the highest-ranking local black politician, Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, who is national vice-chairman of the Mondale campaign—would doubtless have favored a reference to “Blazing Saddles.” The Mayor has said that if Jackson were to be the Democratic candidate he would stay home on Election Day, and during the press conference at which he endorsed Mondale he spent some time denouncing Jackson for having had his picture taken in 1979 embracing Yasir Arafat, the Palestine Liberation Organization leader. Reporters at the City Hall endorsement ceremony noted with surprise that, contrary to custom at such events, neither the endorsed candidate nor any member of his campaign staff was on hand. It was the day before the Illinois primary, and there was speculation that the former Vice-President, needing votes that might otherwise go to Jackson, was not keen just at this moment on having his picture taken embracing the outspoken New York mayor. Koch’s endorsement meant that he wouldn’t be on the sidelines—most politicians’ least favorite location—in the New York primary, but there were predictions that not many of the Mayor’s joint appearances here with his chosen candidate would be in pro-Jackson neighborhoods. Most leading blacks in this city, citing what they consider to be hostile treatment by the Koch City Hall, are bent on handing the Mayor a political defeat in his 1985 bid for reëlection, and there was always the danger that they would get their years mixed up.



Koch’s endorsement of Mondale got minimal media attention. There was some puzzlement over why the Mayor, who is usually very canny about such matters, had chosen to make his announcement on a day when so many other things were going on in town. Besides the scheduled pageantry at St. Patrick’s, a major focus of media attention for more than two weeks had been the controversy surrounding Schools Chancellor Anthony Alvarado—particularly the question of whether the increasingly disturbing revelations about his private financial dealings would cast such doubt on his personal and professional integrity that the first Hispanic (and, indeed, the first member of a minority group) to be in charge of the nation’s largest school system could not continue in office. “Mr. Alvarado, Please Go” had been the headline on a recent *Times* editorial. Alvarado had spent the day before in a ten-hour conference with his advisers, including his lawyer, Thomas Puccio, who was the chief prosecutor in the Abscam trials, and some announcement was believed to be imminent. The lead story in the *Times* that morning concerned the latest developments in the controversy over the finances of White House adviser Edwin Meese, President Reagan’s nominee for attorney general, which had turned particularly on the question of whether there was any connection between the large loans made to him by friends and the appointment of the lenders soon afterward to government posts. In the case of Alvarado, one question was whether there was any connection between large loans made to him by school subordinates and the fact that soon afterward most of the lenders were promoted or received large amounts of extra income from Board of Education funds. On March 21st, a cartoon by Paul Rigby in the *Post* showed a poor wretch grovelling before the desk of a loan officer, who is saying, “Sorry, we can’t help. Have you ever considered becoming schools chancellor or attorney general?” Both Alvarado and Meese received attention in last month’s musical satire put on by the Inner Circle, whose members are present and former City Hall reporters. The Meese character’s lines, reflecting another controversy that had caused the Reagan Administration embarrassment, were “Give me your tired, your poor. There are no hungry. And no homeless.” A loud aside as the reporter playing Alvarado came on was “He makes money the old-fashioned way—he borrows it.” The supposed Alvarado then sang the number “Money, Money, Money”—or, in a variation, “*Dinero*, *dinero*, not a care-o.” The cynical message was in depressing—indeed, tragic—contrast to the high hopes that many New Yorkers had had last May. That was the month when the forty-year-old Alvarado, brought up in the South Bronx and now hailed as a creative and energetic educator who, as a district superintendent, had apparently worked miracles in improving the reading scores of children in largely Hispanic East Harlem, made ethnic history—and, many believed, could make educational history—by taking over the New York school system. In the same Inner Circle skit, as a reminder that in this city the Mayor is in charge of just about everything, Koch was shown singing of Alvarado, “But in the game at City Hall I’m the bat and he’s the ball.” All through the week that began with Archbishop O’Connor’s formal arrival in town, reporters and public officials raced back and forth across the East River between Board of Education headquarters, at the first subway stop in Brooklyn, and City Hall, at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, finding out what the Board and Alva-

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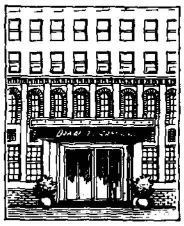

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rado were up to and then seeking a comment from the Mayor. For many, there was often a further East River stop, near the South Street Seaport—at the offices of the Department of Investigation, which was preparing a full report on Alvarado.

MOST people know the feeling. You've been away someplace, had a great time. You get home and, before you can even unpack your souvenirs, dreary old problems surface, dreary new problems crowd in, and soon some uninformed person—all right, some wacko—asks who's been minding the store. In the company of friends and a bodyguard, Koch spent eight days in Italy and Germany in February, arriving home on the twenty-seventh. The high point of the trip, he said, was his audience with John Paul II. Asked by Rome reporters whether he had discussed the Pope's 1982 meeting with Yasir Arafat, he said that protocol forbade him to answer but that he and the Pope had "hit it off beautifully." During three days in Germany, he warned on several occasions that the German government must not sell war planes to Saudi Arabia, because the German people's responsibility for the Holocaust left them with "a moral obligation" never to provide arms that might be used to kill Jews. He added that he rejected the excuse of Chancellor Helmut Kohl and other leaders that they should not be blamed for the Holocaust, since they had been children at the time. When he visited the Berlin Wall, he did not declare himself a Berliner. Instead, he shouted to East German soldiers, "I'm here! It's me! It's Mayor Koch! I'm here!" This spectacle astonished some Berlin-based reporters, who, unlike New Yorkers, were not used to his ebullient egocentricity—an aspect of his character that the Mayor himself cheerfully owns up to. In the traditional mayor's-rebuttal performance at the end of last month's Inner Circle show—rehearsal for which was another Koch preoccupation during his first days back home—he portrayed a statue of himself. Dressed in a gold spangled leotard with a mechanical pigeon on his head, he sang "'Swonderful!—'Smarvellous! That I should care for me." According to press notices, everywhere he went in Europe people had asked about his book and expressed astonishment that a busy man like the mayor of New York could find time to write a best-seller. And on his first day back at City Hall he told reporters that everywhere he had gone Europeans who had visited here told him what a wonderful condition the city was in compared with the way things had been "before January 1, 1978"—the day he took office.

The welcome-home party didn't last long. The episode that set off the inquiry into Alvarado's financial affairs happened on the very day of the Mayor's return. It was not your routine prologue to an investigation of possible bookkeeping lapses in a school system. John Chin had once been a mathematics teacher under Alvarado in East Harlem, but in the last few years, under Alvarado's sponsorship, he had been promoted to positions in the school administration—most recently at Board of Education headquarters, as assistant to the deputy executive director of pupil personnel services, overseeing, among other things, student-truancy problems. Early that morning, in a highly agitated state and complaining that radiation was coming through the walls of his upper West Side apartment, he fired three shots through the walls into an adjoining apartment. When the police arrived and, armed with a search warrant, opened a small safe, they found in it three loaded guns, a small quantity of drugs, five thousand dollars in cash, and documents indicating that Alvarado had borrowed from Chin more than ten thousand dollars—never, apparently, repaid. A report issued by the Department of Investigation on March 22nd put the amount supplied to Alvarado at twenty-six thousand dollars, some of it lent at a time when Chin was making eighteen thousand dollars a year, and charged that Alvarado had insisted on Chin's promotion although the chancellor had been informed that Chin toted a gun, was involved with drugs, and was himself a truant, not doing the work for which he was on the public payroll. According to the report, the total that Alvarado had borrowed and rarely repaid, most of it from subordinates under what Commissioner of Investigation Patrick McGinley called "inherently coercive and intimidating" circumstances, was close to ninety thousand dollars. This amount counted only loans of a thousand dollars and over; the chancellor conceded that he had received a number of other loans for lesser sums. By the end of the week, T-shirts saying "Help the Needy: I Loaned Money to Tony Alvarado" were available around town.

The Alvarado matter was only one

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of the events involving ethics, possible corruption, and questions of law which the Mayor had to deal with and answer questions about in his first weeks back in town. On February 23rd, four days after he left for Europe, a new thirty-count indictment was issued charging Alex Liberman with extorting one and a half million dollars in kickbacks from building owners seeking to rent their property to city agencies, and with attempting to extort a million more. The indictment, based on new evidence, supplanted one that was filed last October, in which the cited extortion totals had been smaller. Liberman, who was suspended after the first indictment, had served for five years as Koch's director of lease negotiations, arranging for leases for which the city was paying out eighty million dollars a year. According to the Department of Investigation, it was the largest bribery case in local history.

The day after the new Liberman indictment was handed up, Commissioner McGinley and his deputy, Rachel Gordon, came to the City Hall pressroom and told reporters of the arrest of a high-level city employee whom McGinley described as "a flimflam artist." The employee's impressive résumé, which had led to his being hired in August, 1983, had listed credentials that included degrees from Amherst and Columbia Law School, and a hundred-and-sixty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year partnership in the Washington law firm of Joseph Califano, who had been Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Carter Administration. Without so much as a cautionary phone call from city officials to Califano, the flimflam artist, who had given his name as Courtney Isaac Saunders, was put on the payroll at sixty-three thousand dollars a year as assistant deputy commissioner for policy and program development in the Human Resources Administration, which dispenses funds to the city's poor and also issues periodic reports on clients who have been kicked off welfare because they understated their income by a few dollars. It takes many weeks for a new city employee to get himself included in the city-payroll apparatus, and the new man asked for and received nearly eight thousand dollars as an advance on his salary. Two months later, an H.R.A. employee who had gone to Columbia Law when he claimed to have been a student there realized that she did not remember him. He was

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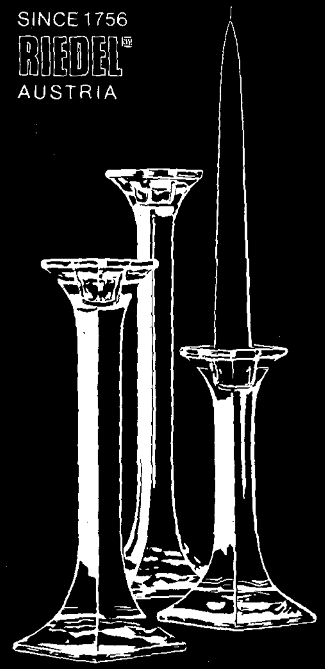

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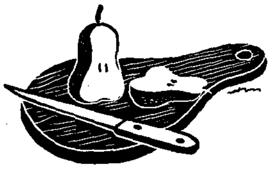
told that questions had been raised about the educational credentials given on his résumé, which, it turned out, were entirely fictional, and on October 21st he skipped town. McGinley now told reporters that the former assistant deputy commissioner was a career criminal who had a record, under various aliases, of fourteen arrests, in seven states, on charges of impersonation, forgery, and bad checks, and had served two years for forgery in Michigan. McGinley said, "His real name—we think—is Isaac J. Coleman, but he is also known as Courtney Isaac Saunders, Dr. Slade, Ike Saunders, Courtney Andrew Elliot, Elliot J. Dubois, James Patterson, and—we think—D. J. Wilson." Asked whether the man was black or white, McGinley said that he was black. "So he *claims*," said Chris Olert, of the Staten Island *Advance*. McGinley noted with some asperity that he and the Investigation Department had not known of the assistant deputy commissioner's existence until late in January. Officials at H.R.A. had kept quiet about their expensive gaffe until bills that their former employee had charged to the city began to roll in—over six thousand dollars from such creditors as the Harvard Club, the University Club, and the Ritz-Carlton. After McGinley was finally notified, an inquiry had begun. The fugitive had finally been tracked down and arrested that same day in Washington, where he was being held on fifty thousand dollars bail, and an extradition warrant from Governor Cuomo would soon be on its way to the capital.



A few days later, on February 28th, it was revealed that Donald Grimm, who was the sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year deputy executive director of Bellevue, one of the largest of the city's municipal hospitals, had been fired after it was discovered that over the previous three years he had been dipping into a Bellevue petty-cash fund to the extent of at least twenty-five thousand dollars. The case was turned over to a special deputy state attorney general charged with prosecuting cases involving fraud in the health-service field. It was also revealed that the deputy executive director had left his previous job, at a Yonkers hospital, after being accused of stealing from the petty cash there; Bellevue had nonetheless given him a job that permitted him free access to petty-cash funds. The day after the announcement about Grimm, his superior, Madeline Bohman, who made eighty-three thousand five hundred dollars a year as Bellevue's executive director, was fired. She admitted that she had known about Grimm's Yonkers history, and explained that he had promised he "would never do anything like that again." The matter might have caused some embarrassing questions to be asked of Stanley Brezenoff, who for the last three years had been head of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, which runs the municipal hospitals, but on February 1st he had moved on to City Hall as Koch's deputy mayor for operations.

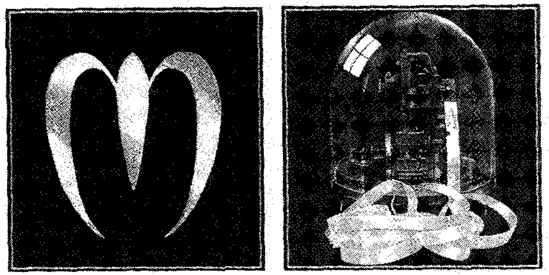
The first week in March, the city's new police commissioner, Benjamin Ward, charging that in his predecessor's last months in office there had been a police coverup in connection with a series of shootings in the Penn Station area, said that it amounted to corruption ("You remember Watergate"), and he abruptly transferred three police officers, including two inspectors. And that same week Brooklyn City Councilman Luis Olmedo, whom the Mayor had relied on as his most helpful ally in the Hispanic community, was convicted of extorting twelve thousand dollars in return for arranging city approval of a business operation, and also of trying to shake down a construction company; unfortunately for him, both companies had been sting operations set up by the Department of Investigation. Olmedo was the fifth councilman to be convicted and sentenced to jail in the last eight years but the first to be convicted of corrupt use of the powers of his Council office, and he was the first Hispanic among those who had fallen afoul of the law.

Olmedo was caught as the result of a government sting, but a disturbing question raised about some of the other employees now in great trouble was whether they might have continued conducting funny business as usual—or, at least, remained unexposed—if they had not pushed their luck too far or just got unlucky. What if John Chin hadn't fired a gun into his neighbor's apartment, or the flimflam artist hadn't got too greedy and continued to run up bills that were sent to the city, or the alleged pilfering of Donald Grimm over at Bellevue hadn't got too conspicuous? Alex

Liberman, the city lease negotiator, had routinely filed financial statements required by the city; they showed far larger assets than he could plausibly have afforded on his salary, but, apparently, no one had looked at the statements. In the end, the case against him was brought not as a result of alert government oversight but because one of the landlords who had paid him off developed a guilty conscience and came to the authorities himself. "If the person who came forward hadn't come forward, we might never have found out," Rachel Gordon, the deputy investigation commissioner, told Bruce Lambert, Jr., of *Newsday*, who suggested that the winner of the Mayor's contest to find a suitable city mascot—a caper Koch had launched a few days after he returned from Europe—might appropriately be a watchdog.

After the early revelations in the Alvarado case, the Mayor sent a letter to the Board of Education suggesting that the board would be well advised to have its officials voluntarily submit to the city's Department of Investigation process, as all upper-level city employees in mayoral agencies were required to do. The existence of this procedure, however, had clearly not prevented the hiring of, say, the con man with the long rap sheet. The city has begun a crash program to tighten and restructure various city oversight procedures. But at a press conference last month Koch said that city workers, after all, are drawn from all New Yorkers, who, he noted, include quite a few crooks, and he added, philosophically, "There are a hundred and ninety-five thousand employees in city government, and I can tell you some of them are stealing right now."

EARLY in the week that the city got a new archbishop, Koch appeared on two successive days on the Phil Donahue show in Chicago, where Mayor Harold Washington complained that Donahue held up "Mayor" so often that he was "selling the hell out of the book." On Friday of that week, Koch flew to California to push the book on the Johnny Carson show. During his appearance there, he said he would never run for President, and he urged Carson to move back to New York. On this point, Carson was noncommittal, but he called Koch's book "marvellous." On Thursday of that week, the flimflam artist and former assistant deputy commissioner of the Human Resources Administra-



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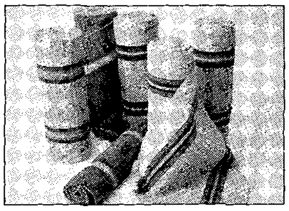

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tion was brought here and sent to the Tombs, but his record of getting out of tight spots had almost held. On the morning of his scheduled appearance in a Washington court, it turned out that, nearly four weeks after his arrest, the extradition warrant had not arrived from Albany; by no means all bureaucratic lapses bear a New York City dateline. Fortunately, the document appeared in the nick of time. Otherwise, the former assistant deputy commissioner would have been released and would have been free to disappear again, possibly into the bar of the Cosmos Club. The same day, the long-awaited Department of Investigation report on Alvarado charged him with a long list of deficiencies that, at the very least, raised questions about his fitness to continue presiding over a school system with a budget of three and a half billion dollars a year. It charged, for example, that Alvarado had failed to pay eleven hundred dollars in parking tickets, had bounced a hundred and twenty-four checks, had failed to declare a hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars in income to various governmental authorities, and had falsified documents. The Investigation Department was also looking into the validity of the reported upward leap in reading scores in Alvarado's East Harlem district, which had been one of his major credits as an educator. All these charges, like many of those recently levelled against other local-government figures, would, of course, have to be tested in one court or another. In the case of Alvarado, the district attorneys of Brooklyn and Manhattan and the United States attorneys for two federal districts were jostling over who should play the leading role in possible proceedings against him, and on March 25th he was put on indefinite suspension by the Board of Education, pending a trial on the Department of Investigation charges, though he would continue to collect his ninety-five-thousand-dollar-a-year salary. Alvarado told *El Diario*, the local Spanish-language daily, that "*los americanos no comprenden*" Hispanic ways. The day of his suspension, O'Connor's saying of Mass at St. Patrick's was disrupted by a bomb scare, and the Archbishop and a cathedral full of communicants had to be evacuated. It was not an example of "life at its calmest"—one of the varied attributes of his adopted city which O'Connor had mentioned at his installation ceremony, six days earlier.

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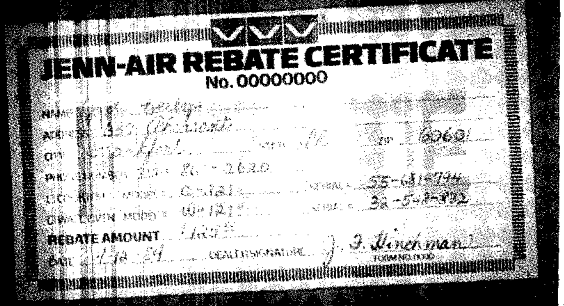

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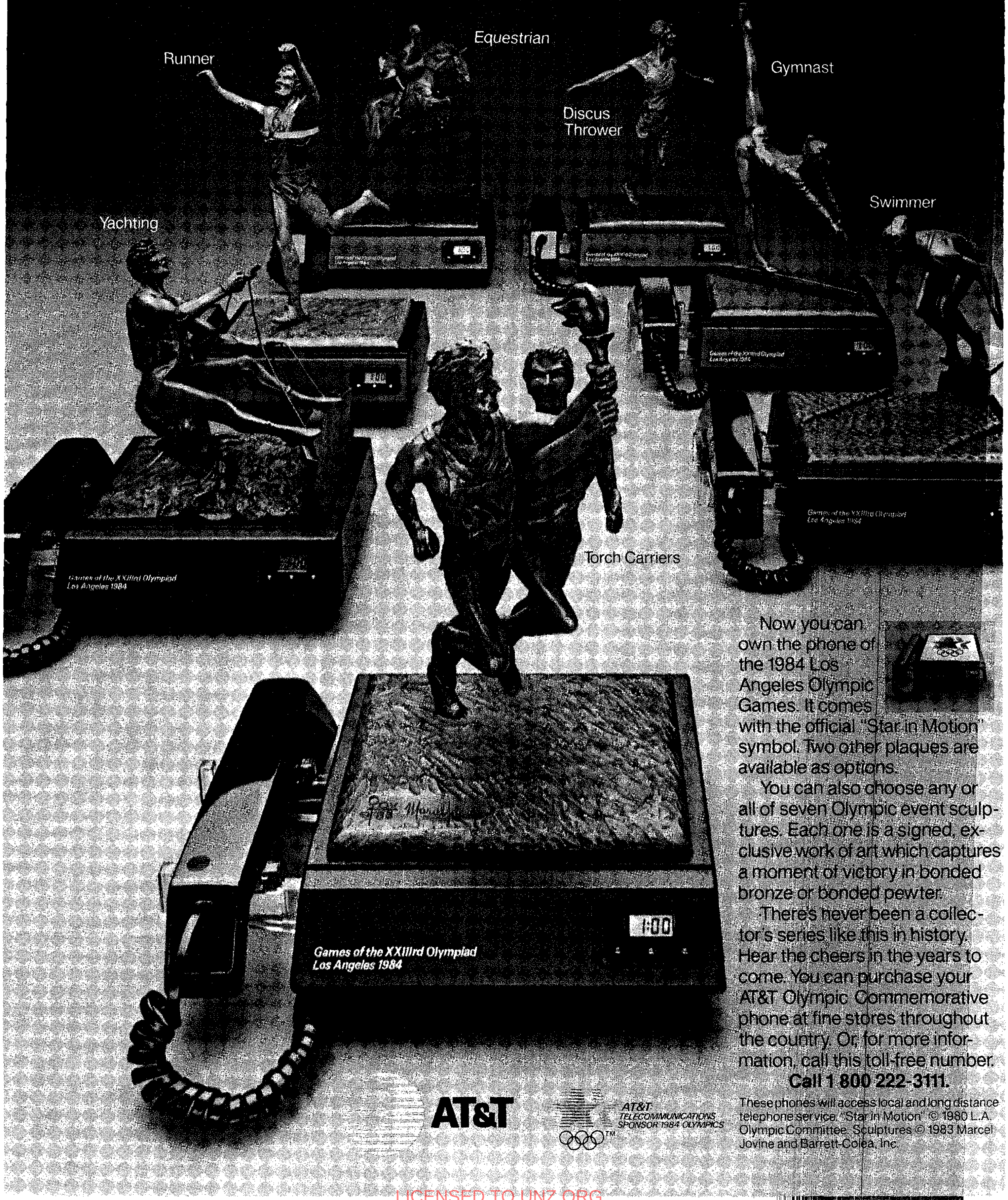
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DANCING

Slouching Toward Byzantium

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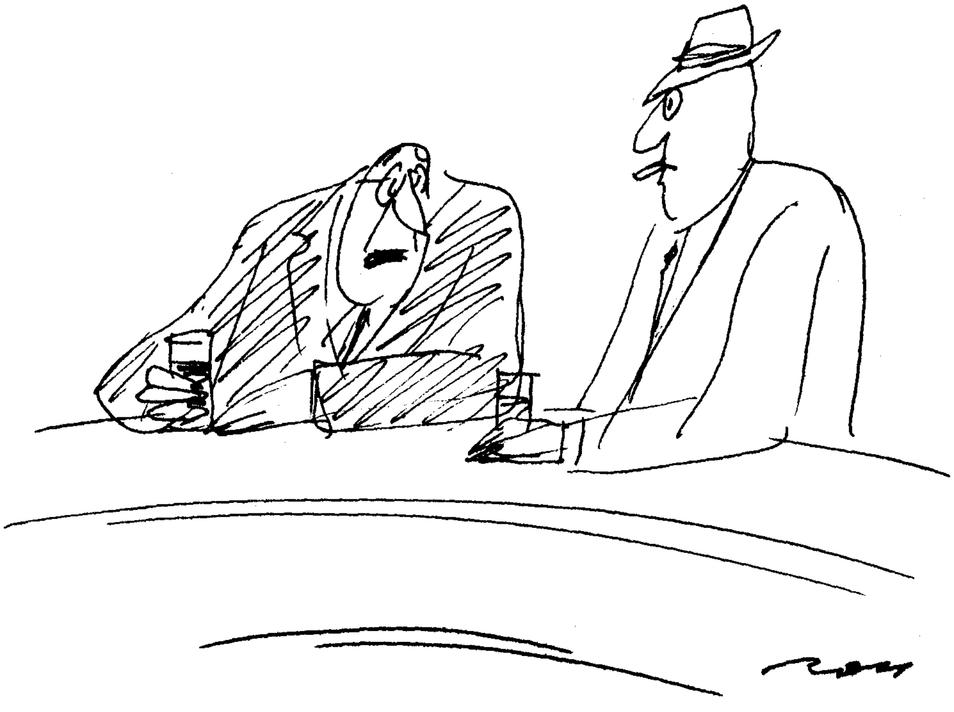
Different again—very different—is Taylor's newest piece. It's neither slow with a fast inner tempo, like "Sunset," nor fast with a slow inner tempo, like "Mercuric Tidings." It's fast inside and out. It's also compulsively watchable from start to finish and very nearly incomprehensible. Before I try to describe it, let me say that I saw three performances and pieced things together afterward, often revising a previous impression. A description seems to nail down meanings. Barring some obvious passages like the opening half of the first scene and the whole of the second scene, the happenings I describe are only things I thought I saw when I came to think about them later. Normally, Taylor's meanings hit me and expand inside like dumdum bullets. This time, I wasn't sure I was being hit at all.

Taylor calls the piece ". . . Byzantium," after Yeats' "Sailing to Byzantium." As an inscription he uses the poem's last line—"Of what is past, or passing, or to come"—and he divides his choreography into three corresponding sections. "Passing" comes first. The scene is America today. The dancers are young Americans in jeans and shorts and sleazy dresses, and they're galvanized by sexual energy, bounding along in fever heat, doing wild disco dances, leaping and twisting one at a time or writhing en masse on the floor. Taylor's attitude, as always when he shows us lewd-and-lascivious, is dispassionate. The point this time is that everyone flails away individually, in alien rhythms, without taking on anyone else. The writhing clump on the floor is made up of couples who grope each other indiscriminately. One boy seems to have turned into a robot against his will. (Or maybe he's a prisoner of rigid beliefs—the meaning isn't clear.) A girl, completely isolated, offers a cry of protest. But both boy and girl are seized and swallowed up in the mass shuffle. All this movement passes across the front of the stage—it's literally a passing parade. Before the crowd disappears, however, one tall woman makes a solo crossing followed by a young man bearing an ecclesiastical banner; like the robot, she assumes a rigidly beatific pose as the crowd lifts her and carries her away. The "icons" may be Taylor's notations on the survival of belief in a secular—no, a profane—society. These people are so crudely self-gratifying they profane their own bodies. The religious images, fleetingly seen, are all that connect this scene to the next, "Or Past," which is different in every respect. The lights come up on four figures ranged one behind another staircase fashion in the deep center of the stage. Linked close together, never unlinking, they tilt this way and that like the fingers of one hand. They wear silk chasubles of purple, blue, green, and magenta; the drapes, the



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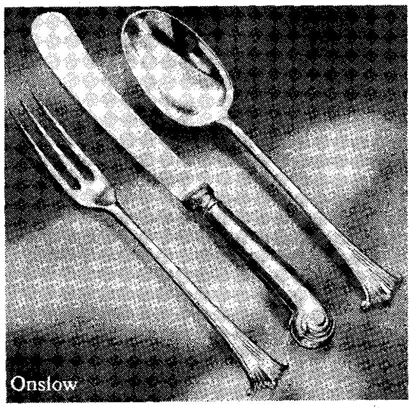

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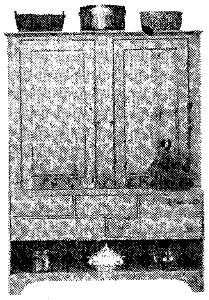

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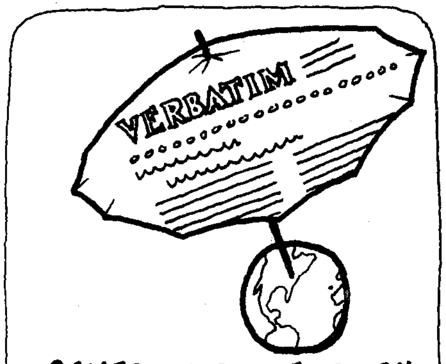

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little bald heads, the stylized hands recall the ranks of saints stacked up in Byzantine mosaics. They are also birdlings in a nest, opening their mouths skyward and being fed from above. The play of arms and hands, with palms extended stiff or curved with beaked fingers, is birdlike. One thinks of the Holy Ghost, of Holy Communion. This scene, with its monocellular development, unfolds in "Or to Come" into a spectacle of big-scale unison movement. The four priests preside over metrical drills performed by the inhabitants of a futuristic golden city, who wear gold-mesh versions of the first scene's 1984 sleaze. In this scene, which brings Gibbon and Orwell together with a clash like a pair of cymbals, Taylor is at his most ambivalent. The authoritarian drills, in which the dancers stomp out contrapuntal rhythms, are also an expression of group ecstasy, of blissed-out perfection. But—to quote from the Yeats poem that may really have inspired Taylor—"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold." If this is the New Byzantium, as Byzantium was the New Rome, it is strangely similar to the Old America of hedonism and anomie. Or is it? The piece ends with fanaticism sliding into anarchy. Or does it?

Taylor's technical virtuosity these days approaches a kind of genial cynicism. He's always fun when he's tossing himself weird challenges: he works with the utmost seriousness, and yet he's cockily self-confident, letting chips fall where they may. He expends a tremendous amount of technical muscle on ". . . Byzantium." But he's not just using his technique for the hell of it; one understands that he wants to say something, too, and that this something stems from convictions to which he has already given a great deal of thought. In ". . . Byzantium" he isn't going for one of those unpremeditated utterances that glimmer in the cross-fire of music, décor, and dance. Not that the unpremeditated Taylor—"Nightshade" is the current extreme example—lacks conviction. But having one's thoughts organized by one's material is different from having them carried by unexpected confluences in unforeseen directions, and Taylor doesn't often risk the totally unforeseen. Nor does he often speak from prior certitudes. I don't want to exaggerate the a-priori aspect of ". . . Byzantium" or to make it seem—because it *is* a baffling piece—that Taylor is out to tease us with cryptic

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meanings. The point is that "... Byzantium" is neither one of the "dark" pieces that he occasionally dredges up out of precognitive musings on a subject nor one of those more common miracles of his that jell somewhere along the way and give us both the Taylor who seeks and the Taylor who divulges meaning. Watching these pieces—they range from "Nightshade" to "Sunset" and "Runes" and "Cloven Kingdom"—is a little like overhearing Taylor talking to himself, constantly questioning his material and trying to catch himself unawares. The provisional quality that emerges from this inquiring process is without slipperiness. Like the great dancer he used to be, Taylor can throw himself far off balance without losing his center.

"... Byzantium" represents a different sort of Taylor adventurism. It seems as schematic and sealed as "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)," which isn't being done this season, or "Big Bertha," which is (on programs with "... Byzantium"). But it isn't nearly as adroit as those two pieces; the parts that are supposed to lock together don't quite fit—the pattern doesn't come clear. This time, what's provisional about the work is the very idea of a scheme, and that's the thing that is never in question in the "Sacre" piece or in "Big Bertha." The Scheme, by enclosing with ever tightening logic a whole series of incongruities, is what gives those works their incomparable dreadful fascination. In "... Byzantium," the Scheme is given to us sequentially, in three movements, and not even when the ballet is over are we in possession of all the pieces of the puzzle. In "Big Bertha" and the "Sacre," we are given all the pieces at once, and we watch in astonishment as Taylor fills in his picture. In "... Byzantium," we have a triptych and—what is almost as unusual for Taylor—a musically nonpropulsive, sonically atmospheric score: three orchestral pieces by Edgard Varèse. (Strange to think that this most perplexing Taylor work could have been induced by the Varèse centennial.) This music allows Taylor to do just about anything he wants to do—it even lets him impose a rhythm when he needs one. And the triptych, which lets him deal with one part of his subject at a time, postpones the effect of incongruously juxtaposing contemporary America and "the holy city of Byzantium." We don't know where we've been till we know where we're going. William Ivey Long's

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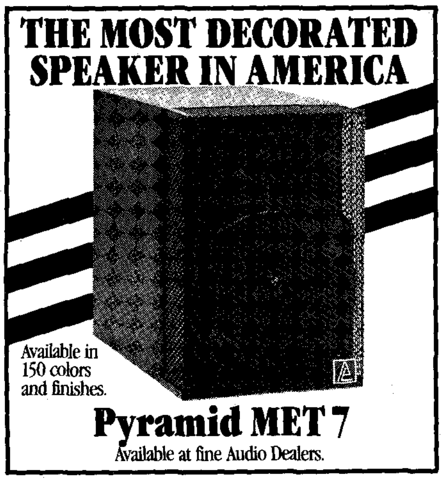
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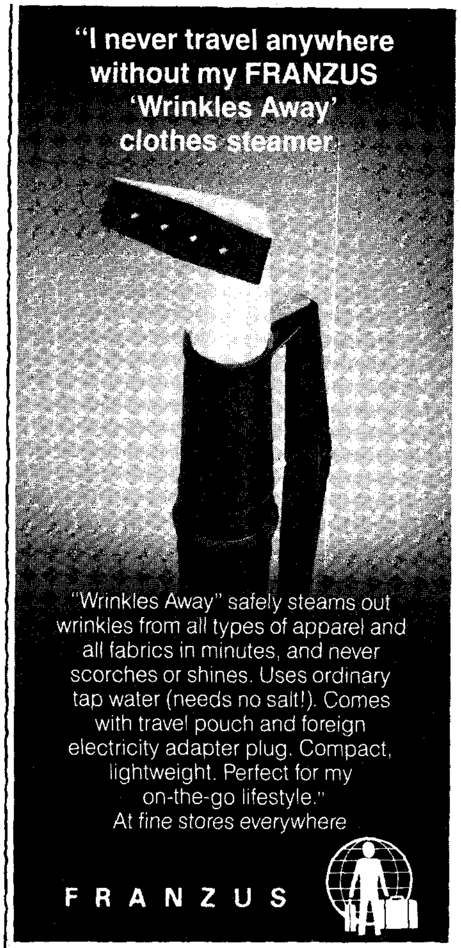
costumes and David Gropman's scenery furnish the necessary associations. (Gropman's strips and panels suggest the Stars and Stripes, then mosaics and marble walls.) The piece left me feeling that I understood the separate sections and the connections between them well enough, but I wasn't satisfied that all Taylor's cards were on the table. Somehow, in using these materials he's playing with less than a full deck. Varèse's glittery metallic turbulence is right for the *idea* of Byzantium, but it doesn't keep Taylor going places; he has to provide his own incitements. This means that when we get an inkling of what's going on we may get it only from the choreography, not from the choreography working together with the music. It also means that Taylor, with so little to pace him or to force him to recapitulate, goes too far too fast.

This happens in the third scene: right at the last second the authoritarian structure looks about to topple, but how this comes about I can't say. There appears to be a lone dissident among the citizens of Byzantium ("The best lack all conviction"), and there's a tall, thin, gold-robed idol—a Pope or an Emperor—who's borne aloft and speaks in inscrutable gestures and *seems* to be a false prophet and actually is played by the woman who in the first scene crosses the stage in front of the ecclesiastical banner. When an indiscriminate orgiastic clump of Byzantines rolls across the ground upstage, it even seems that there's going to be a return to the beginning. Taylor stops short of this, and I don't think he succeeds in planting the cyclical idea. We have to infer it from the logic of incident. That other, fantasy logic has escaped his control. ". . . Byzantium" winds up a self-propelled piece with an inner rhythm so fast it's incoherent.

And yet such is Taylor's power of incantation that I would be happy to see it all again. In effect, it's like sitting through a fiery sermon filled with obscure language that is nevertheless rhetorically compelling. Sitting through "Nightshade" is like tapping into somebody else's nightmare; you *know* there's no understanding it. "Nightshade," which is disembowelled Victorian pornography, is being revived this season with one role recharacterized. Raegan Wood dances the same steps that Carolyn Adams used to do, but she's costumed as a child in a frilly pink satin dress. The revision deepens the lurking tone of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prurience; it also changes the balance of forces in the drama. Carolyn Adams wore African primitive dress and played a kind of nature spirit reminiscent of Rima the Bird Girl. When she perched on the shoulder of Elie Chaib, who wore—and still wears—a black net face mask and wild witch-doctor hair, she seemed to be his familiar. Raegan Wood seems to be part of the crazy white polite society whose repressions churn through the piece; she becomes another of Chaib's intended victims, like the ever prostrate white-skinned blonde danced by Karla Wolfangle. And the change brings the underlying comedy of the piece closer to the brackish surface. When "Nightshade" was first done, five years ago, it appeared to be an abstract dance drama, bizarre but perfectly serious. Perhaps it was the Victorian costumes that made me think of Martha Graham's "Deaths and Entrances;" perhaps it was the random, inexplicable character of the action. Taylor does have a talent for abstract drama, but in "Nightshade" its organizing principle is aleatoric. The Graham ballet is, or was, great *symbolic* drama. (I speak without reference to the shabby production given by the Graham company last month.) Its outcome, arranged to coincide with the climax of Graham's own performance, was controlled and aimed at from the beginning. I'm not excluding the possibility that Graham's performance, which I saw only once, contained an aleatoric element; and the Graham repertory certainly has its share of dream logic. But Taylor's repertory, seen this year so soon after Graham's, does not look as closely connected to hers as it once did. Without a doubt, he rather than Graham herself or any of her other heirs is the choreographer who has moved Graham theatre ahead in the second half of this century. However, it takes an unusual Taylor piece like ". . . Byzantium" to point out the affiliation.

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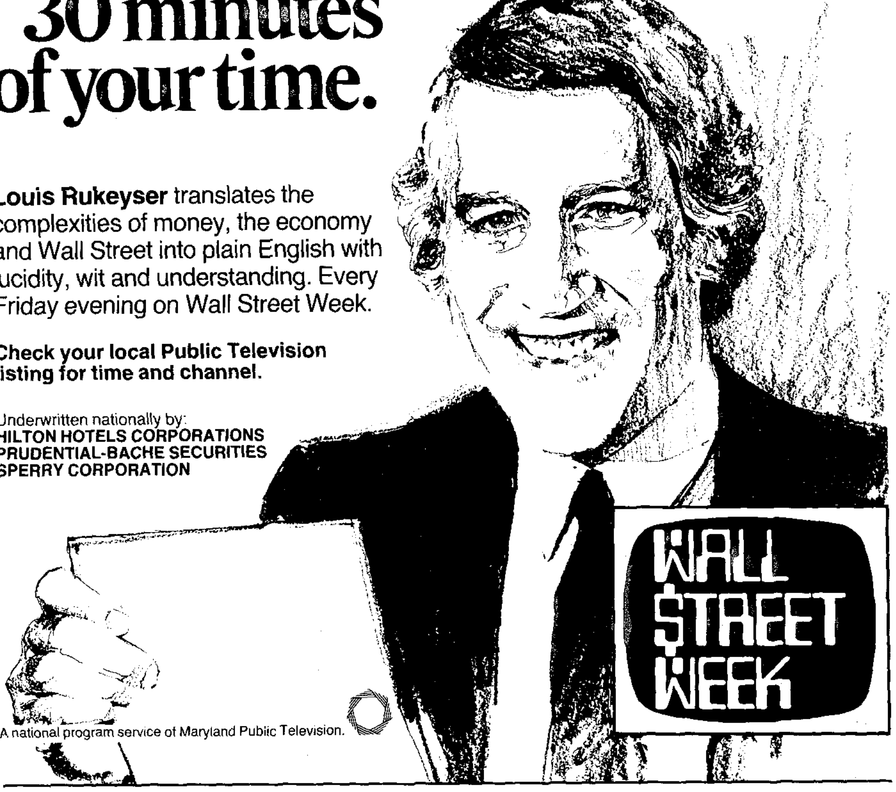

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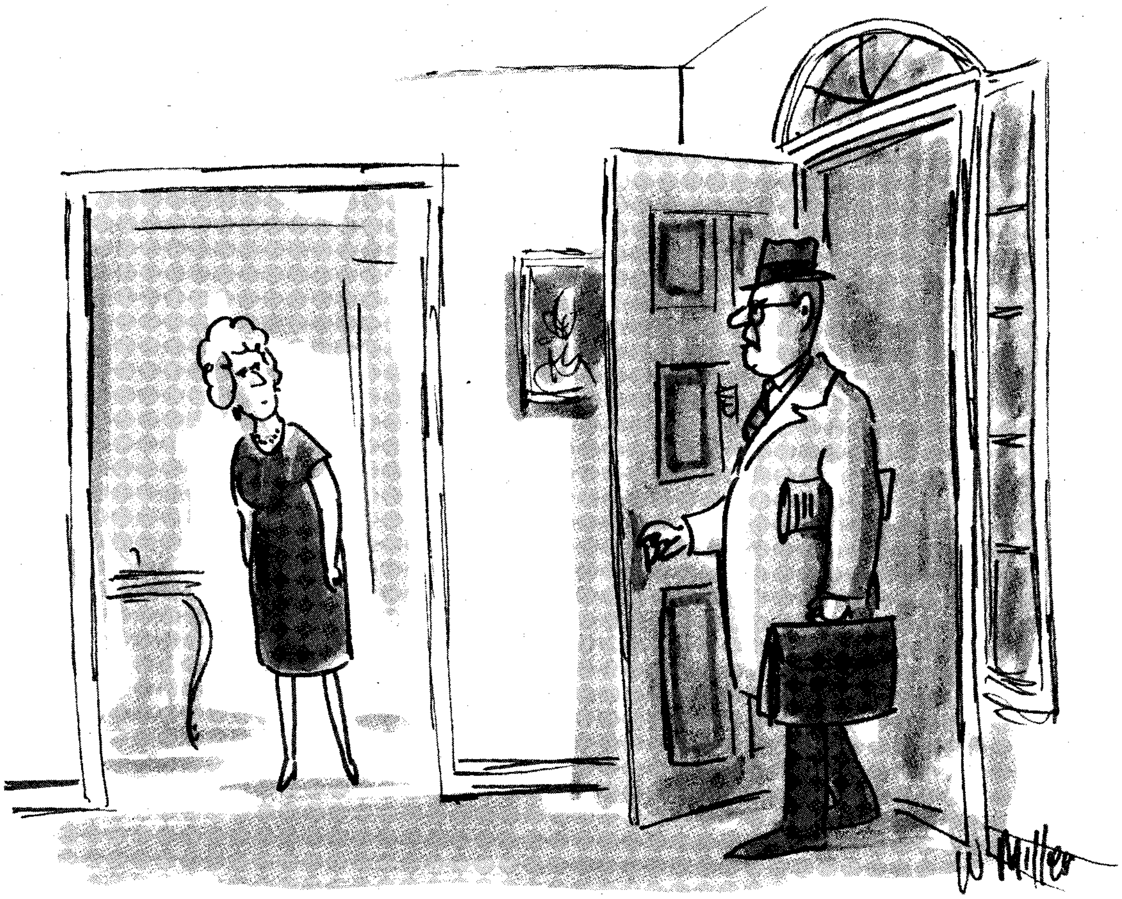
Muddling Through

IN terms of melodrama, the seagoing part of the First World War ended on June 1, 1916, when the main German fleet, after an inconclusive engagement off Jutland against elements of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's fleet, broke free and retreated back to Wilhelmshaven, where the British had held it blockaded since 1914. The British press and the Royal Navy, both of which had expected nothing less than a second Trafalgar, were keenly disappointed in the battle's visible results—three modern British battle cruisers sunk, as against only a single German vessel of the same class—and the apparent escape of the German fleet, which was considerably smaller than Jellicoe's. The Germans, whether from conviction or from a sound sense of international public relations, claimed a victory, and many observers, then and since, have gone along with them. However, as Richard Hough points out in his latest naval history, "The Great War at Sea: 1914-1918" (Oxford; $25), "Germany could play with figures for as long as she wished, but British control of the world's sea lanes was unimpaired, the blockade of the enemy as tight as ever." And control of the sea lanes was what the war at sea was all about—maybe, once the Western Front was locked into stasis, what over-all victory was about, too. In certain private moments, the men in charge of Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany realized this perfectly well, and they responded to their knowledge with the unrestricted submarine warfare that eventually brought the United States in on the British side.

The long-anticipated outbreak of war found the participants in a condition of elaborate preparedness and unusual ignorance. For a hundred years, Britain had imposed the Pax Britannica on most of the world's oceans. Aside from one badly botched conflict in the Crimea and a few small-craft actions, there had been little to test the skills of its sailors and the efficacy of its weapons. The American Civil War had taught some obvious lessons about the need for armor-plating and steam propulsion, but the only recent military laboratory accessible to Europe's naval observers had been the Russo-Japanese War of 1905, and particularly the Battle of Tsushima, which established Japan as a genuine naval power. The partly digested analyses of that far-off war had further confused Europe's naval strategists—men who were already at intellectual full stretch thanks to several decades of uninterrupted and virtually untested development in ships, guns, and new weapons (such as the mine and the submarine). At the start of the World War, then, both the Germans and the British knew that they had arms of vastly greater force than the world had yet seen afloat, but both were nervously ignorant of what those arms could do in a real battle.

The situation was complicated by the uneven quality of leadership in each of the two nations. Kaiser Wilhelm, one of the few rulers in history to have deserved all the bad press they have received, was a hysteric of very limited ability, motivated almost entirely by resentments and manipulated by his subordinates. The German Navy was—in his mind, at least—his own new creation, and his admirals, notably Reinhard Scheer and Alfred von Tirpitz, had long been eager to challenge the hated British. The Royal Navy was still paralyzed by the success of decades. Its reformist First Sea Lord (the military head of the service), Admiral Sir John Fisher, who had devoted his career to dragging the Navy into the twentieth century, had been replaced in 1910 by the courageous but unimaginative Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson. Even from outside the Admiralty, Fisher continued to make his opinions felt, but he was now almost seventy, and the forcefulness and enthusiasm that had enabled him to ride over many of his reactionary colleagues were turning to petulance and, on occasion, to something near mad-



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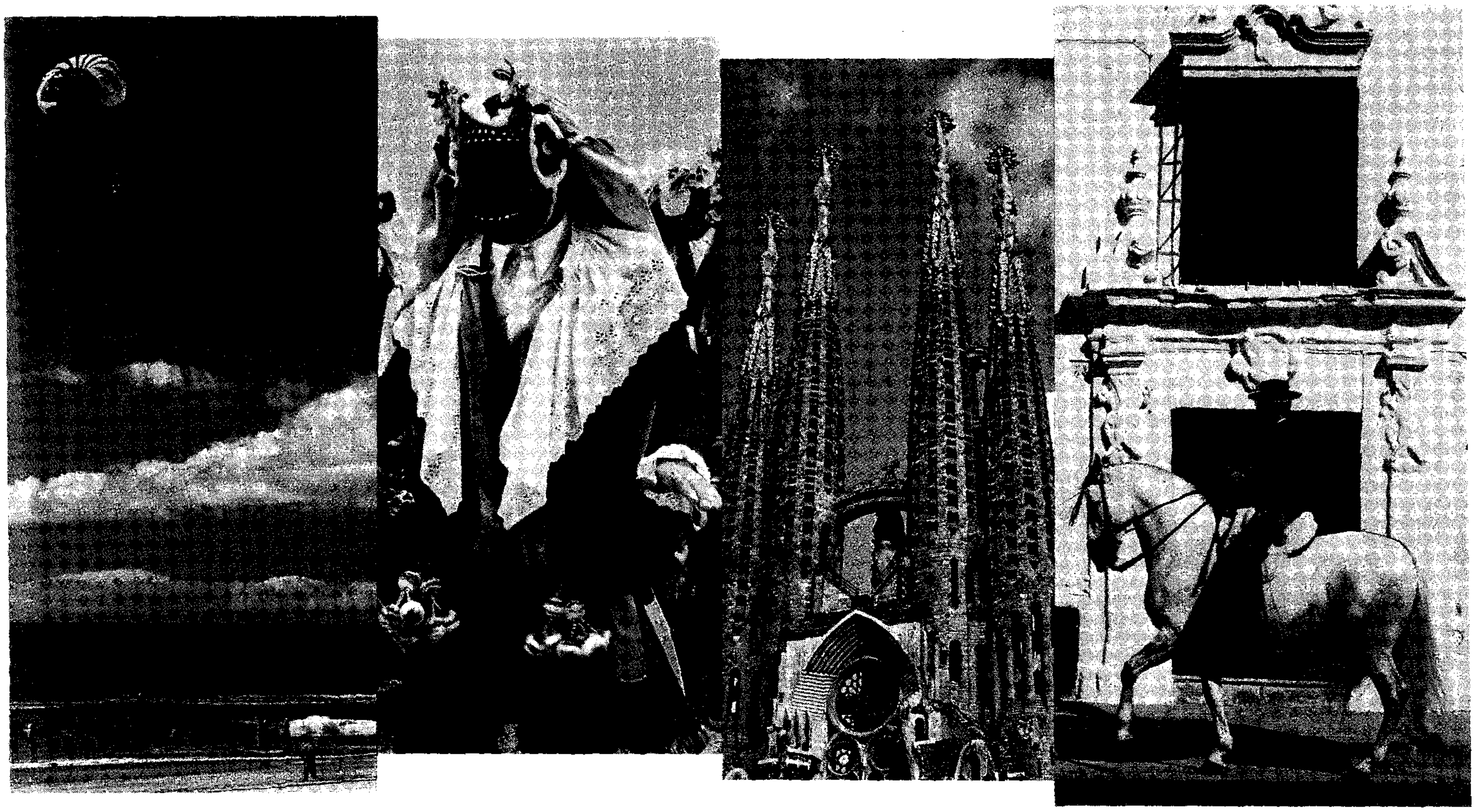

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ness. Fisher's strategic protégé was the young, desperately ambitious Winston Churchill, who took over as civilian head of the Admiralty in October, 1911. Almost exactly three years later, Churchill managed to reinstate Fisher as First Lord, partly because of the older man's strategic views but also, as Mr. Hough makes clear, because the two men felt themselves to be soul mates. It was a combination that was more yeast than dough: two uncontrolled enthusiasts setting each other off repeatedly, to the dismay of less creative but occasionally more realistic colleagues. Within the Navy, there still existed a clique of Fisher haters—mostly elderly (and thus high-ranking) officers, exemplified, if not led, by Lord Charles Beresford, a Neanderthal admiral from a prominent Anglo-Irish family, who had engineered Fisher's removal from the Admiralty. The Navy had good officers, too, of course, but the best of those with enough rank to command significant fleets lacked the fire and prescience of a Nelson or a St. Vincent. Jellicoe, who was constantly aware that he was, in Churchill's words, "the one man who could lose the war in an afternoon," seemed concerned more with husbanding his huge fleet than with risking it; his subordinate Admiral Sir David Beatty, a more aggressive and more colorful commander, might have been able to make a decisive battle of Jutland if he had been in command of the entire British effort instead of only part of it. In the end, of course, it did not matter; but surprisingly few Englishmen were able to evaluate the purpose and the effects of the British blockade.

Mr. Hough, who tells his story almost entirely from the British perspective, manages to impose a kind of cause-and-effect structure on the sea war instead of looking at it—as many naval historians have been tempted to do—as a collection of discrete engagements. Certainly by 1914 telegraph and wireless communications had made it impossible for a commander to be unaware for weeks or months at a time of what was going on in the rest of the world. Every British admiral, for example, was almost instantly aware of the obloquy that descended on Admiral E. C. T. Troubridge, in August of that year, for cautiously allowing the German cruiser Goeben to escape his somewhat smaller vessels in the Mediterranean. Mr. Hough makes a good case that Admiral Christopher Cradock's loss of his flotilla off Chile,

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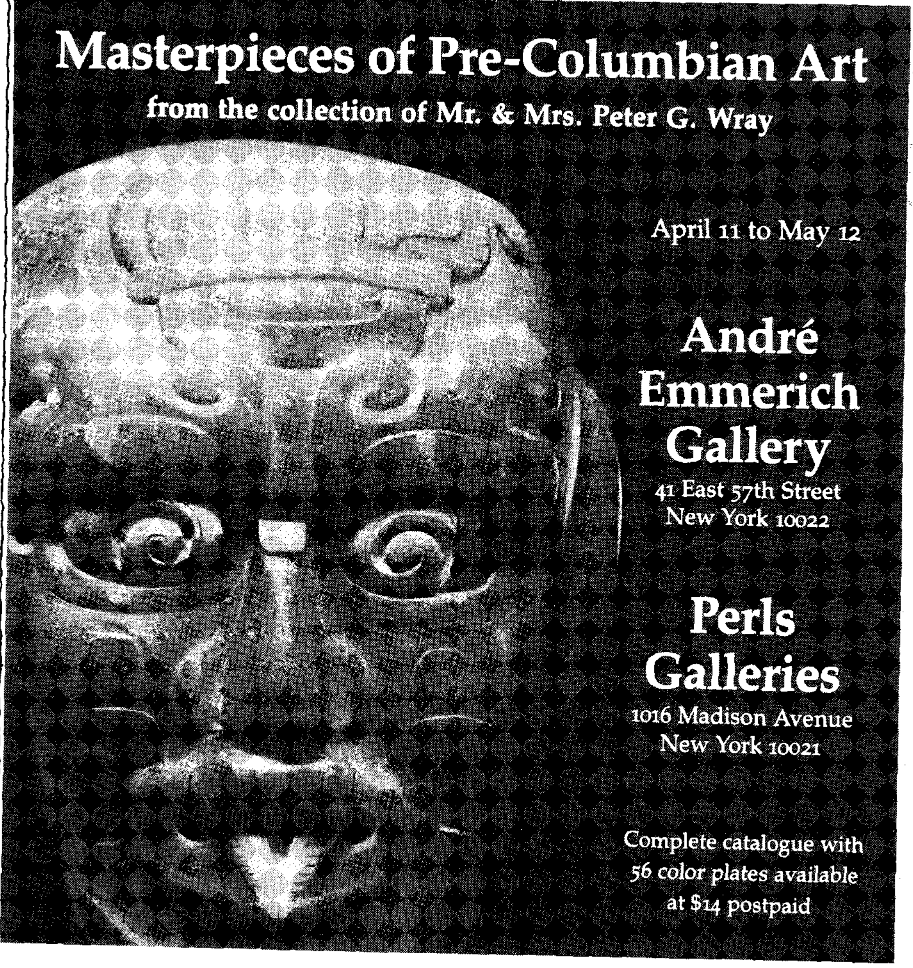

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three months later, was caused in part by his belief that public outrage over the Troubridge debacle, half a world away, could be assuaged only by a show of suicidal aggressiveness. Even so, a certain amount of leaping back and forth is necessary in Mr. Hough's account, because the scenes of the war's prominent episodes were so widely separated—the Falkland Islands, the North Sea, and, most tragically, the Dardanelles.

The Dardanelles campaign, which drove Churchill and Fisher from office, was nominally intended to divert forces from the shaky Russian front, by opening a new theatre of military operations in Turkey. It was also, to be sure, a reaction to what was not happening on the Western Front and in the North Sea in 1915. The nucleus of the campaign was Fisher's, but Fisher had the knowledge and the experience to realize, once serious planning was under way, that trying to force the Turkish forts guarding the Dardanelles was a risky proposition indeed, especially (as early schemes specified) without supporting troops ashore. Even with those troops, success depended on the Turkish guns' being outranged by those of the British fleet, and on a hoped-for weakness of the Turkish garrisons. No one gave serious thought to floating mines or to the possibility that torpedoes might be employed against the largely obsolete British battleships. The ensuing, drawn-out disaster showed how wrong the British staff could be, and showed what was likely to happen when Churchillian enthusiasm, belligerence, and ignorance were whipped to a froth. Mr. Hough's summing-up is unflattering but hard to dispute: "Before his youthful self-confidence and arrogance had matured and mellowed, Churchill was an almost impossible leader for sailors to work with. The influence with which Churchill invigorated the Navy before the fighting began was almost wholly baleful after August 1914."

Following Jutland, when it became apparent that the German fleet would not risk another sortie in strength, the Germans' only hope for a victory at sea lay in the submarine, that ungentlemanly weapon. Mr. Hough quotes Admiral Scheer's cold-eyed appraisal of the situation at the end of 1916: "If we did not succeed in overcoming England's will to destroy us then the war of exhaustion must end in Germany's certain defeat." At the beginning of February, 1917, with Germany's

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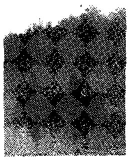

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Army dreadfully reduced by the battles on the Somme, unrestricted submarine warfare began in earnest. For a while, as the losses of British, Allied, and neutral shipping mounted, it looked as if the new strategy might succeed. But the answer to the U-boats was the convoy of merchantmen under Navy guard—a practice that had been successful during the Napoleonic Wars against a different variety of *guerre de course*. For several months, Jellicoe (now First Sea Lord) and others at the Admiralty opposed the convoy system; having no alternative solution to offer, they at last bowed to the urgent representations of a committee set up by Beatty. The convoys were begun in Scandinavian waters in April, 1917, as an experiment. Almost immediately, the loss of merchant vessels went from twenty-five per cent to one-quarter of one per cent. Despite that, the public and the press could see no positive, war-winning steps being taken, and Jellicoe was hounded from office with victory in sight. The convoy system remained, to be successfully revived in the next war, and so did the submarine, the naval mine, and the aircraft carrier.

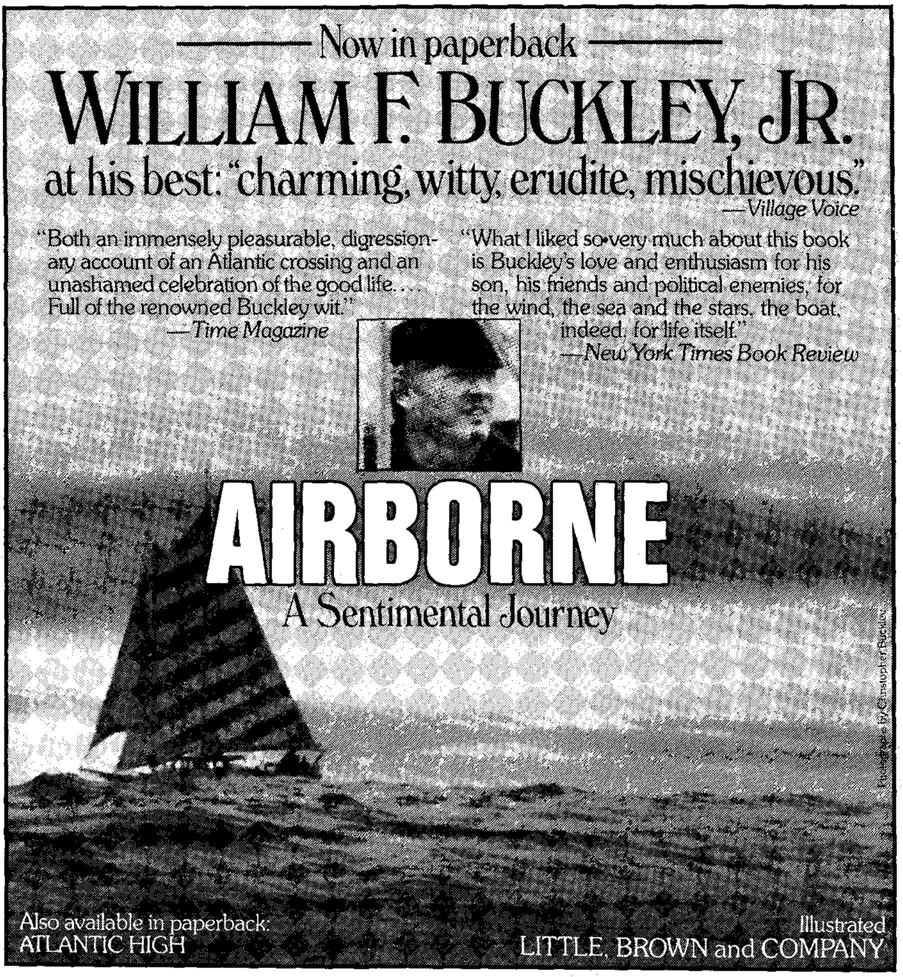
Mr. Hough has been concerned to recount only the naval side of a war that seems distant history, and—probably wisely—he has avoided drawing parallels between the overarmed Britain and Germany of 1914 and the overarmed United States and Soviet Union of today. His story is well told, especially in its clear rendering of such potentially confusing actions as Jutland and the Falkland Islands and in its careful delineation of the main participants on the British side. If his account lacks a hero, it has plenty of honest strivers, not a few tragic victims, and several buffoons. Unlike many current histories, "The Great War at Sea" is well illustrated, with forty-one photographs and eleven maps; no fewer than seven of the maps deal with the Battle of Jutland.

—TONY GIBBS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

INCIDENTAL MUSIC, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by C. J. Richards (Dutton; $13.95). Twelve light, airy, mildly ironic stories about men and women falling in love, being in love, or, especially, falling out of love. The time and the place vary—Austria in 1883, the vanquished France of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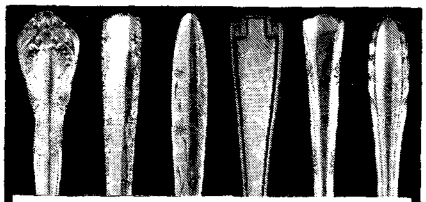

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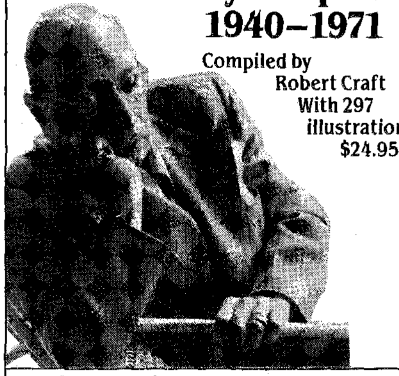

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1940, turn-of-the-century Baden-Baden, early-nineteenth-century Naples, contemporary Paris. But the people are almost always the same—people for whom romance (or sex) is everything—and so are the neatly (often transparently) plotted stories. A man (in "A Question of Timing") sits wondering how to tell his mistress that he has tired of her, when she suddenly announces that she is leaving him. The book's title, with its suggestion of momentary, undemanding pleasure, is most appropriate.

THE WALL JUMPER, by Peter Schneider, translated from the German by Leigh Hafrey (Pantheon; $11.95). "The man whose story I want is caught in a back-and-forth motion over the Wall, like a soccer goalie in an instant replay, always taking the same dive to miss the same ball." Five other stories punctuate this rueful little work about the Berlin Wall, which appears on West Berlin maps as "a dotted band, delicate pink." The narrator, a West Berlin writer "ten years older than the state that has grown up around me and in me," crosses the Wall frequently (at established checkpoints) to listen to two friends, an East Berliner and an ex-East Berliner, and then to trade their stories of Wall jumpers: of the three East Berlin boys, for instance, who would go to the movies on West Berlin's Kurfürstendamm every Friday, and of the restless spy, for sale to nearly any bidder, who "got himself into a situation where he stayed truest to himself when he betrayed each German state to the other on orders from both." Mr. Schneider's real subject is "the Wall in our heads;" even the word "our" can become a point of contention when it is meant to embrace Berliners in both halves of their city. By the end, his open-mindedness has made him, in a way, the man whose story he wants.

PROVIDENCE, by Anita Brookner (Pantheon; $13.95). An airless, overwritten novel about a tense and prim young university lecturer, an expert on the Romantic Tradition, who is in need of extracurricular, lower-case romance. A foppish professor is her candidate for "the unfettered man, the mythic hero, the deliverer," but he seems content with the "strange comradely routine" (her words) into which their love affair has settled. "It is charac-

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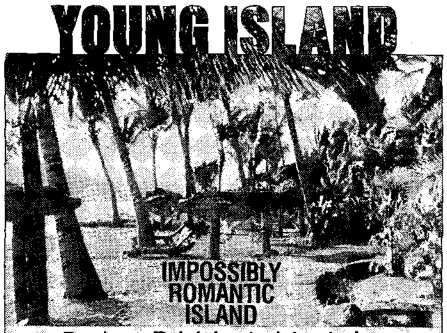

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teristic of the Romantic to reason endlessly in unbearable situations, and yet to remain bound by such situations," she tells her students, between disappointing rendezvous; were her students assigned this novel, they might scribble in the margin "Heroine's tragic blind spot," or "N.B.: irony." Fifty-seven pages earlier, she put it more precisely: "I am a total bore as I am." She is as she is to the end.

GENERAL

WRITING IN A STATE OF SIEGE: ESSAYS ON POLITICS AND LITERATURE, by André Brink (Summit; $15.95). Compelling essays by a dissident Afrikaans novelist. Mr. Brink maintains that the present regime misrepresents the Afrikaner's tradition, which from the seventeenth century to the recent past was emotionally committed to Africa and by no means estranged from black Africans. He discusses advantages and disadvantages of writing in two languages, and notes that some works seem to form themselves in the mind in English, others in Afrikaans. While the brutalities of racism are far harsher for blacks, Mr. Brink reminds us that apartheid is also a deprivation for whites. His account of the vagaries of censorship suggests the intellectual fortitude required to be a writer in the Republic of South Africa. Even so, he cannot renounce an optimistic expectation of a saner, multiracial South African society.

THE COMMITTED OBSERVER, by Raymond Aron, with Jean-Louis Missiska and Dominique Wolton, translated from the French by James and Marie McIntosh (Regnery Gateway; $17). These interviews, which were originally made for French television, were designed as an encounter between left-wing youth and right-wing age. M. Aron (1905-83) was a liberal democrat who could have been considered "right-wing" only as a member of the French intelligentsia who was not a Marxist. The interviewers questioned Aron as a witness to modern history. He was a lecturer in philosophy in Germany when Hitler came to power; he was drafted into the French armed forces in 1939; and after the Fall of France he joined de Gaulle in London and edited the journal *La France Libre*. He could describe the past as if it were the present, yet he

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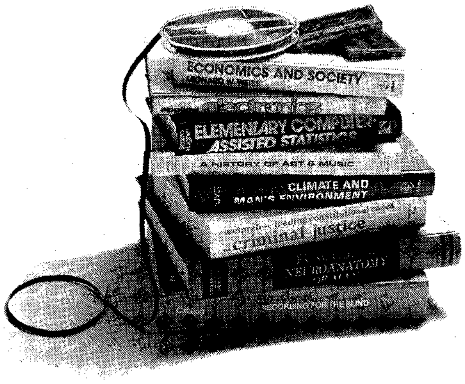

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was also capable of cool assessments. The mildness of his judgments—of, for example, Marshal Pétain—shocks his young listeners, who admit that they "were taught a more Manichean view of history," but it is evident that his efforts to convey complexity and many-sidedness in history and politics interest them. Aron's intelligence works a spell on readers of whatever generation.

PAULA MODERSOHN-BECKER: THE LETTERS AND JOURNALS, edited and translated from the German by Arthur S. Wensinger and Carole Clew Hoey (Taplinger; $29.95). Paula Becker (1876-1907) was a German painter who during her brief career was not very well known but whose journals and letters, first published in Germany in 1917, immediately attracted a loyal following; this translation is based on a definitive German edition, edited by Günter Busch and Liselotte von Reinken, which was published in 1979. From the first page—a letter written in Paula's teens—it is obvious that she was a rare kind of person, who had a will of iron about her artistic vocation yet was never egocentric. Indeed, she is consistently likable. Her life was not eventful: she was a schoolgirl in Germany and England, an art student in Berlin and Paris, and a resident of an artists' colony near Bremen. She became the second wife of Otto Modersohn, a widower and fellow-painter eleven years her senior; they separated in 1906, and were reconciled. However, Paula found an immensity of experience in the smallest occurrences. She was loving, forthright, and open, and had a lively sense of the ludicrous. In short, she got the point of everything.

STRAIGHT STUFF: THE REPORTERS, THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE TRUTH, by James Deakin (Morrow; $17.95). Firsthand experience of and splendid common sense about the strained relations between press and President. The author, who was the White House correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* from 1955 to 1980, recalls his greenhorn days, when the Administration lied successively (and successfully) about President Eisenhower's heart attack, ileitis, and stroke, and recounts how and why the once-upon-a-time trustfulness of the White House press corps has abated. He does not regard all Presidents as flawed, but

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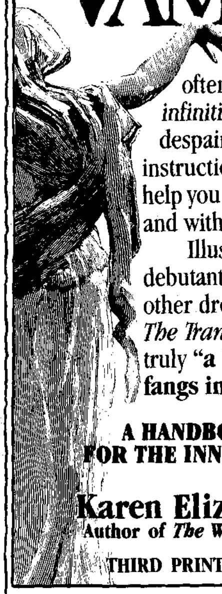

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he discovered that even John F. Kennedy, who genuinely liked reporters and enjoyed talking to them, never quite appreciated that reporters and editors regard themselves as neutral observers, not supporters. Mr. Deakin has a wonderful storehouse of anecdotes. His concluding reflections on the power—and powerlessness—of the media are intelligent and persuasive.

Stones of Empire: The Buildings of the Raj, by Jan Morris, with photographs and captions by Simon Winchester (Oxford; $25). A hundred and fifty years of the Raj produced a millennium's worth of eclectic buildings. In a chapter headed "Domestic" we acquire some essential architectural neologisms, such as Himalayan Swiss-Gothic and High Victorian Pathan, while we get a glimpse of a memsahib's household, from the Thermantidote (a bullock-driven air-conditioner) to squatters on the veranda and scorpions in the sponges. In "Practical," the Howrah railway station is identified as a cross between Tibetan monastic and English penal, but Simla's "wobbly wooden" post office reminds the author of nothing more than "a monster tree-house." Occasionally, a tourist helps out with a word or phrase. Government House, Calcutta, was dubbed Hustlefussabad by Edward Lear; Kipling dismissed the whole city as "a surfeited muck-heap;" S. J. Perelman likened Bombay's Taj Mahal Hotel, with its Mauro-Gothic crenellations, to a college dorm; and "various observers" looking at Simla's "skew-whiff and lop-sided" government buildings saw "discarded tramcars, toast-racks, salvaged junk, or armadillos." Jan Morris's vivid and amusing text makes photographs almost superfluous, but without them there would be none of the facts that Simon Winchester has contributed: that Rose Aylmer, for instance, buried in Calcutta's South Park Street Cemetery (and celebrated by Walter Savage Landor), died "of a surfeit of pineapples."

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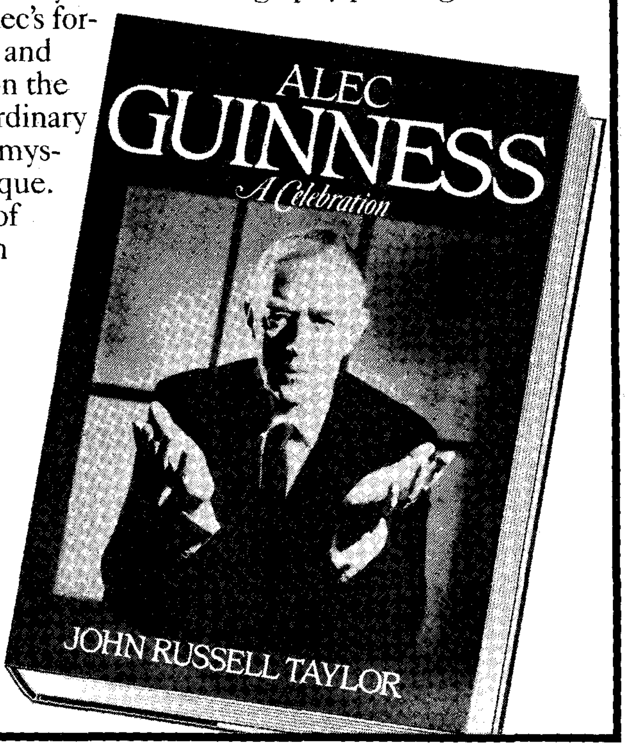

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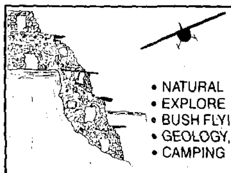
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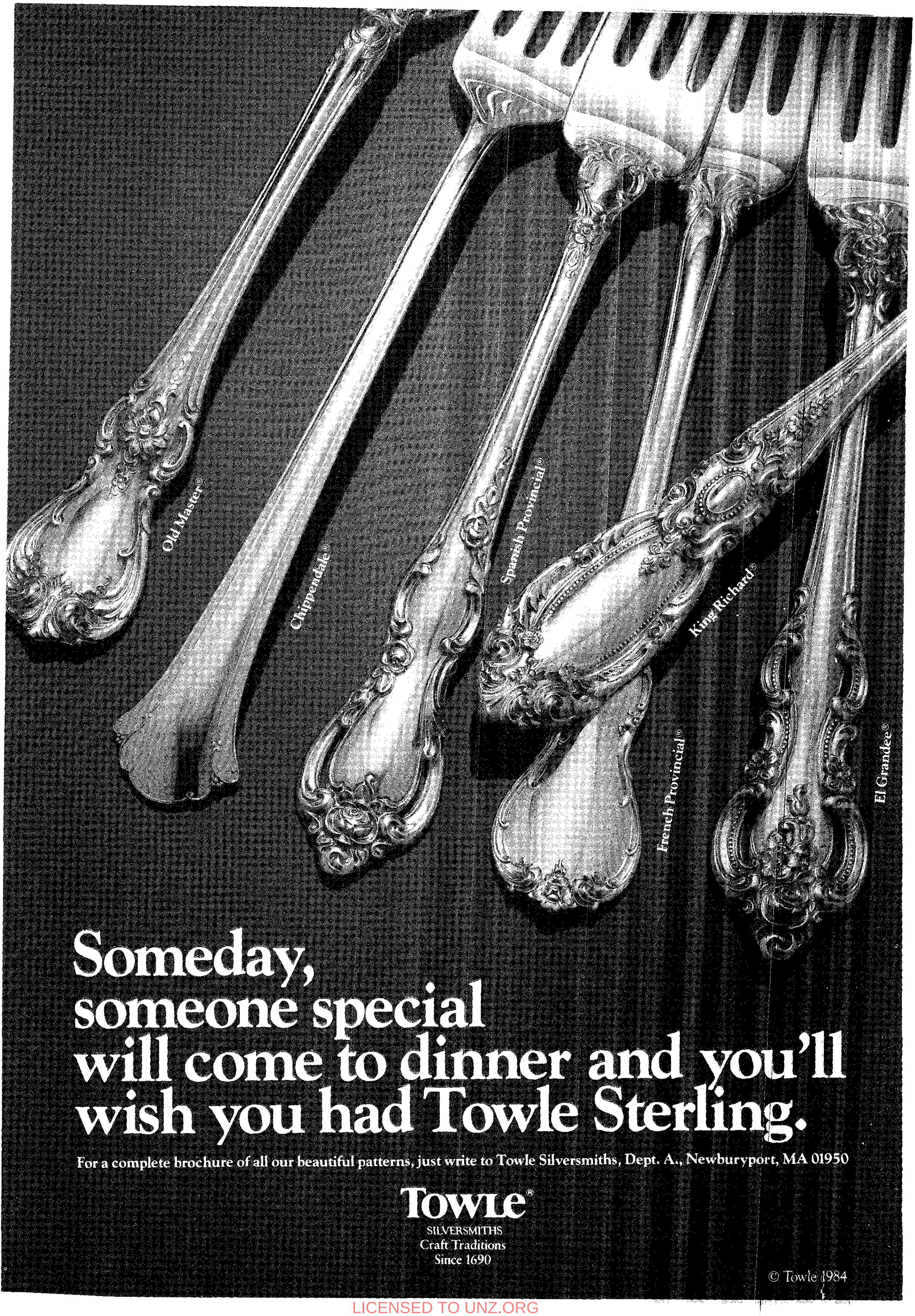
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It's a luxurious, 20 inch deep, body-contoured whirlpool, with a control panel that eliminates spouts; making sharing comfortable as well as beautiful.

Your dreams of Infinity can be realized in Expresso or a variety of Kohler decorator colors. Whether you're interested in luxurious bathing, invigorating massage or just togetherness, the Infinity∞Bath Whirlpool offers more for one...or for two...than tea.

For a full spectrum of Kohler colors and products for kitchen, bath and powder room, check the Yellow Pages for a Kohler Showroom or send $2 for a 48-page color catalog of great ideas to Kohler Company, Department AU4, Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

THE BOLD LOOK
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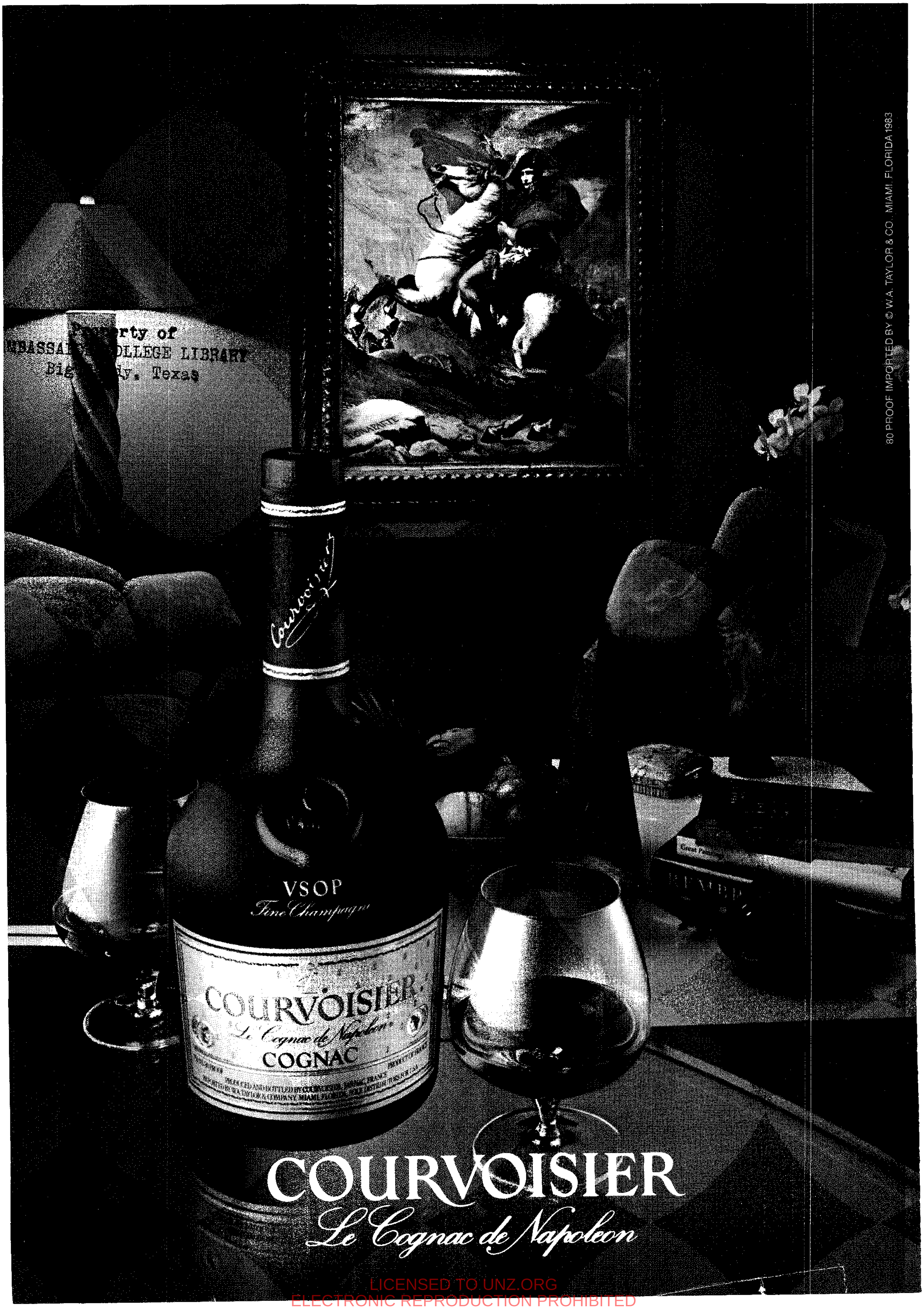
Courvoisier
VSOP
Fine Champagne
COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
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